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PLAYBOY

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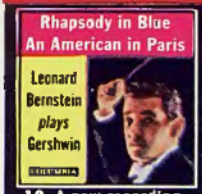

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47. "Lighthearted approach, winning informality"—HiFi Review

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8. The inimitable Mathis sings Let it Rain, Stairway to the Sea, Flame of Love, You are Beautiful, etc. "Warm and vivid"—HiFi Review

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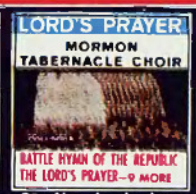


30. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.

20. Also: The Great Pretender, Magic Touch, Enchanted, etc.

11. When Day is Done, It's a Good Day, Crazy Rhythm, 9 more

5. Just in Time, My Funny Valentine, News From Blueport, 5 more

12. A score as colorful as the natural wonder that inspired it

46. The Man I Love, But Not for Me, They All Laughed, 9 more

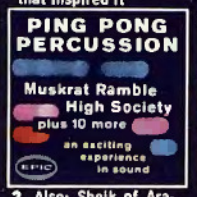
57. "Glowing intensity, has snap and brilliance"—High Fidelity

55. Also: Arrividerci Roma; Oh, My Papa; Moonlight Love; etc.

19. Cheek To Cheek, Blues in the Night, Night and Day, 9 more

17. Also: The Best of Everything, Smile, On the Beach, Gigi, etc.

15. "Altogether memorable experience"—Amer. Record Guide



2. Also: Sheik of Araby, When the Saints Go Marching In, etc.

16. Blue Tail Fly, On Top of Old Smoky, Skip To My Lou, 15 in all

61. I Still Miss Someone, That's All Over, One More Ride, etc.

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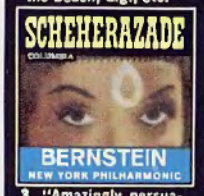

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28. Also: The Song from Moulin Rouge, Ebb Tide, Intermezzo, etc.

27. I Could Have Danced All Night, Rain in Spain, 13 more

26. "Hamp" plays 12 solos: Funny Valentine, High and Mighty, etc.

39. A popular adult comedy record. "Side-splitting" — Billboard

6. You will "find her impressive in sound" — Washington Post

58. Let's Put Out the Lights, It's Been a Long Long Time, etc.

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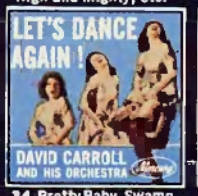

34. Pretty Baby, Swamp Fire, Bouncing Ball, Irene, plus 9 more

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14. Pennies From Heaven, Moonglow, I Should Care, 9 more

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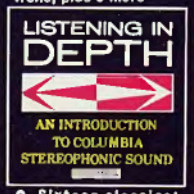

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IT'S CLEAR ♪ ♫
IT'S CLEAN IT'S

VASELINE HAIR TONIC

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PLAYBILL

THE POWER OF MIND OVER MIND has fascinated man since time immemorial. The modern word we use for the scientific application of this psychic phenomenon is hypnotism. There is a growing public awareness of this still little-known and less-understood power; in fact, as our lead article makes clear, it is much *mis*understood — as a result of its being deemed by the medical and psychiatric professions too arcane and potent to be shared with the layman, and its theatric exploitation as mumbo-jumbo occult entertainment. Add its recent popularity as a hip party stunt, and the reasons for the ignorance and confusion concerning its true nature are easy to adduce. This month, Ken Purdy, a long-time lay student of the subject, lets in the light of knowledge where darkness has prevailed. We believe hypnotism has never enjoyed such thorough explication nor such complete clearing of the controversial air surrounding it.

Few commentators are better equipped to talk of matters monetary than J. Paul Getty, whose lucid polemic in this issue, *Money and Conformity*, is the first of a series of analytical articles by him probing men, money and values in society today. Getty, now a vigorous sixty-eight, was a roustabout in the Oklahoma oil fields in 1914, soon began wildcatting for himself. By 1917, he was a millionaire. Today, he owns a couple of oil companies, an aircraft plant, a string of hotels, property in Iran, Turkey, Italy, Denmark, England (as well as in the U.S.), more than a million tons' worth of tankers, and one half of the "Neutral Zone" oil concession in the Persian Gulf. Getty is generally acknowledged to be the richest man in America and, probably, the entire world. Estimates of his wealth range up to seven billion. That's dollars, not pfennigs. He also has an enviable reputation as a collector of fine art, a self-effacing philanthropist, and an iconoclastic nonconformist in business.

Magnificently moustachioed Bernard Wolfe went through Yale in the mid-Thirties hell-bent on becoming a psychiatrist. On graduating, he kicked that goal in order to take on the world — as a Merchant Marine, news reel staffer, war correspondent, magazine editor, novelist, TV scribe and, most recently, Hollywood scriptwriter. He heads up this month's fiction roster with *Come On Out, Daddy*, a tautly wrought tale of a writer torn between personal integrity and the temptation to wield corrupting power in attaining the goal of his passion. Herb Gold's also on hand in the fiction department with *That Sweet Sinner and Traveling I*, a happy, swinging yarn about a guy who knew what his girl wanted — and wanted it, too, but on his own itinerant terms.

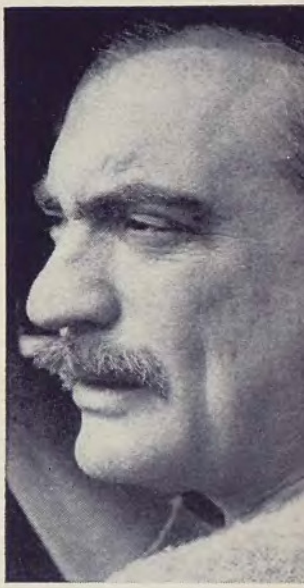
February is the time for all good cats to huddle over our Jazz Poll results. In this issue, climaxing our fifth annual plebiscite, we list your choices for our All-Star dream band, and those jazzmen deemed most notable by last year's poll winners themselves, our All-Stars' All-Stars — plus a sapient year-in-retrospect summary for diggers of the jazz scene.

Another scene we know you'll want to dig: *The Girls of New York*, a photo-and-text paean to those charming chicks of The Apple, the glamorous gals of Gotham. Call him beat, sick, dyspeptic, bizarre, far-out, insane, wild, kookie, insalubrious or, as his fans would have it, one of the funniest new cartoonists to come along in a long while. He's Howard Shoemaker and you've seen some of his cartoons in recent issues. Howard, who's exclusively with PLAYBOY, wended his wacky way to us after stints as TV art director, ad agency art chief and free-lance designer. The twenty-nine-year-old Omaha resident blows blues on an alto sax, races his Porsche Speedster for inspiration — of which he had a plenitude when he concocted his first full-length feature, *Goodbye, Cruel World!*, a morbiferously risible treatise on occupational suicide.

Saying goodbye to a cruel world for different reasons are some of the howlingest Broadway flopperoos ever to bomb on the theatrical boards, here bid a not-too-fond adieu in *The Voice of the Turkey*, penned by novelist-playwright-PLAYBOYite Al Morgan. You'll be taking no gamble in perusing *Best Bets in Gaming Gear*, a choice selection of games and other divertisements to enliven any bachelor pad. And when the games end, take Thomas Mario's advice and turn yourself into *The Midnight Chef*, with the know-how to assuage witching-hour appetites. A feast for the eyes is February Playmate Barbara Ann Lawford. We focused on Barby in a ski setting and we're confident she'll thaw male hearts for miles around. Now, light the fire, pour yourself three fingerfuls, plop down in your most comfortable chair, and take in the rest of what we aver is a fun-packed issue.

GETTY

MORGAN



WOLFE

SHOEMAKER

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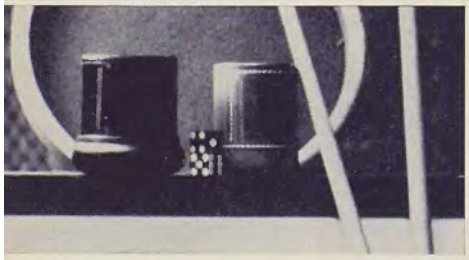

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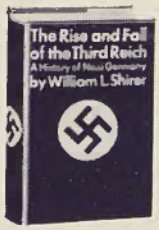
TWENTY-FIVE OUTSTANDING

Just for self-appraisal: CHECK THOSE YOU BUT FAILED TO . . . THROUGH OVERSIGHT



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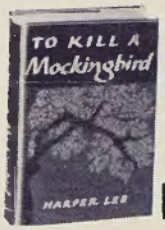

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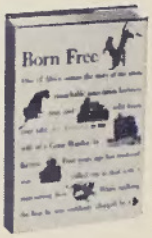

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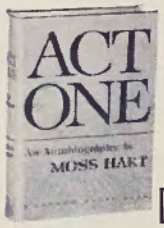

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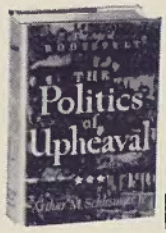

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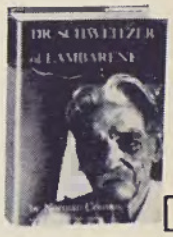

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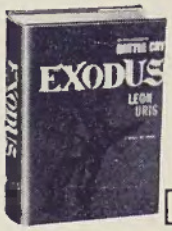
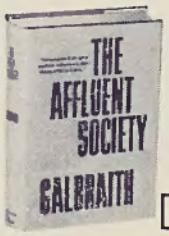
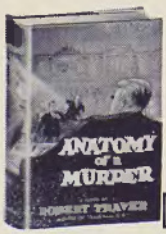


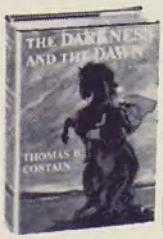
101. EXODUS *by* LEON URIS. (Retail price $4.50)



126. THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY *by* JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH. (Retail price $5)



113. ANATOMY OF A MURDER *by* ROBERT TRAVER. (Retail price $4.50)



187. THE DARKNESS AND THE DAWN *by* THOMAS B. COSTAIN. (Retail price $3.95)

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193. TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM *by* NEVIL SHUTE. (Retail price $3.95)

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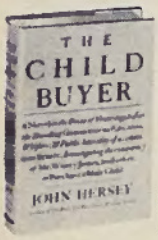
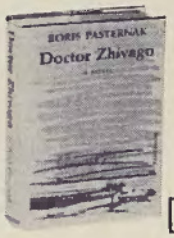


430. THE CHILD BUYER *by* JOHN HERSEY. (Retail price $4)

433. TIMES THREE *by* PHYLLIS MCGINLEY. (Retail price $5)

409. THE AFFAIR *by* C. P. SNOW. (Retail price $4.50)

191. GRANT MOVES SOUTH *by* BRUCE CATTON. (Retail price $6.50)



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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PLAYBOY PANEL

November's panel on *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician* was interesting and informative. I was particularly fascinated by the material on police tactics and in the panel's agreement that addiction should be handled by doctors rather than cops.

Alfred R. Lindesmith
Department of Sociology
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

I found the article on *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician* unique, one of the most interesting I have read on the subject. The opportunity to hear leading musicians discuss their experiences and thinking about addiction was a rare treat and extremely enlightening. As Director of the National Institute of Mental Health's Center on Drug Addiction, and as a psychologist treating addicts privately, I found the ideas expressed well-informed.

Leon Brill
National Institute of Mental Health
New York, New York

We would like to correct the statement made by Dr. Winick regarding Buddy DeFranco, whom we represent. Buddy said he was unable to form a sixteen- or seventeen-piece band because he was not able to get enough musicians without utilizing any who used narcotics. At no time did he state that he was unable to form a trio because of this problem.

Ed Hilson
The Jack Hampton Agency
Beverly Hills, California

Sincerest congratulations on *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician*. Your feature will do a great deal of good both here and in other parts of the world, where jazz musicians are constantly striving to copy such people as Diz, Duke and Shelly Manne. Their blunt disavowal of narcotics makes timely reading, and Duke's inclusion of "juiceheads" needed saying, too.

Steve Race
Jazz News
London, England

I thought the panel hit the nail on the head by saying, even though somewhat indirectly, that jazz has no necessary relationship to addiction. Addiction can happen to anyone and, as Mr. Cohen pointed out, happens to musicians less frequently than to doctors and members of several other occupations. The major factor in addiction seems to be availability — those who can get it easily are more likely to use it.

Howard S. Becker
Kansas City, Missouri

Addiction, as your panelists indicate, is a social disease and its transmittal agent is the user. Addiction rates are certainly less than exposure rates. Young fans of musicians and other celebrities seek to emulate and in other ways identify themselves with their heroes. This is where a real danger exists. The effect on immature audiences can be very destructive.

Eric D. Brown, Director
Psychiatric Social Service
Department of Hospitals
New York, New York

I do not think that the article *Narcotics and the Jazz Musician* has much value. The musicians who were in a position to give a factual basis for discussion virtually deny the existence of the problem. In any event, they do not give any insight into the matter. It was not, therefore, possible to bring about an intelligent discussion.

John M. Murtagh
Chief Justice
Court of Special Sessions
New York, New York

HARPY-ING

Harpy, in your November issue, probably appeals to sadists and other sexual perverts. I can't go along with your move in the direction of certain other so-called men's magazines that confuse sadism with masculinity.

L. Mues
Denver, Colorado

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Rand Rintoul
Arnprior, Ontario

What can I say except my mouth is dry as cotton and my body iced with horror.

Mrs. Laura Floody
Anaheim, California

TALKING PICTURES

I read Ben Hecht's November article on Hollywood and was vastly amused and interested by his reminiscences of the old days. His is a magic pen and a fine, agile mind. We worked together many years ago and I recall the collaboration — and our friendship — with pride and pleasure. This article is a splendid example of his talent for never being dull — a state of being with which he was and is always justifiably intolerant.

Douglas Fairbanks
Kensington, England

Ben Hecht's article left me with the pleasant feeling of having attended a darn good movie.

Jason Maddock
St. Louis, Missouri

If Ben Hecht is going to write fiction he should use fictitious names.

David Kopf
Tujunga, California

As you are well aware by this time, Ben Hecht's article created quite a furor here in Los Angeles. Mr. Hecht may or may not be correct about Paul Bern's death being murder, but he should have gone one step further and told the truth about Jean Harlow. MGM was so afraid that the scandal of Bern's death would ruin her career, they stopped production of *Red Dust* (the film she was making at the time) and were going to oust her from the studio.

Leslie Harrison
Hollywood, California

SECOND CITY

Congratulations on your excellent coverage last October of the activities of *The Second City* in Chicago. You are helping to bring proper attention to one of the most fascinating entertainment forms ever devised. I know this art form like the back of my hand, since it was with many of these same people in a similar group a few years back that I had an opportunity of developing my craft. It is only a matter of time before the eight superb actors and actresses of this group will be recognized as important stars, *en masse* or individually.

Shelley Berman
New York, New York

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Tolerant fellow and world-traveler that I am, I have always tended to admire rather than scorn your loyal, hard-working and slightly pathetic efforts to present your home town, Chicago, as a serious rival (in the realm of sophistication) of New York, San Francisco, London, Paris, Rome, Antibes, etc. This may impress those who have never been to Chicago—and/or those who have never been to New York, San Francisco, London, Paris, Rome, Antibes, etc.—but it merely produces a hoarse, coarse chuckle from the rest of us. Your latest effort along these lines is *The Second City*, and it is here, O Hog Butcher to the World, that the woolen undies are plainly visible under the Bermuda shorts. Then there is the matter of one of the purported mummers in your cider-saloon Chatauqua, designated as, and I quote, "Eugene Troobnick." "Eugene Troobnick," forsooth! Now, come on, Chicago, whom do you expect to believe that? If anyone had really been born with a name like that, he would long since have changed it to something really hip, like, say, "Avram Davidson." No, no, my provincial friends; the truth of the matter is, in fact, that the whole charade was gotten up in the PLAYBOY offices on glamorous, sophisticated East Ohio Street.

Avram Davidson
New York, New York

ODES TO JUNE

Regarding Miss Wilkinson and her November appearance, when we compare her measurements with the standard ones, we find that she has astonishingly small waist and hip measurements. As far as any other comment I might make, I can only say "Wow!"

Joseph A. Coleman, M.D.
President, Maiden Form Brassiere Co.
New York, New York

We feel it is an insult both to your readers and The Bosom to devote only two pages to her.

Joel R. Jacobson
Steven M. Loft
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

How did you ever expect to cover such a large subject in that limited space?

Willard Schwartz
Fort Wayne, Indiana

PLAYBOY CLUBBED

Well-earned pride is a dignified mantle, when quietly worn. But the smugness of your playboy cult makes itself heard, and it is getting a bit odious. Keep your weather eye on yourself. Such a low relative humility indicates you're not likely to reign. Drop one subscriber.

James A. C. Thom
Indianapolis, Indiana

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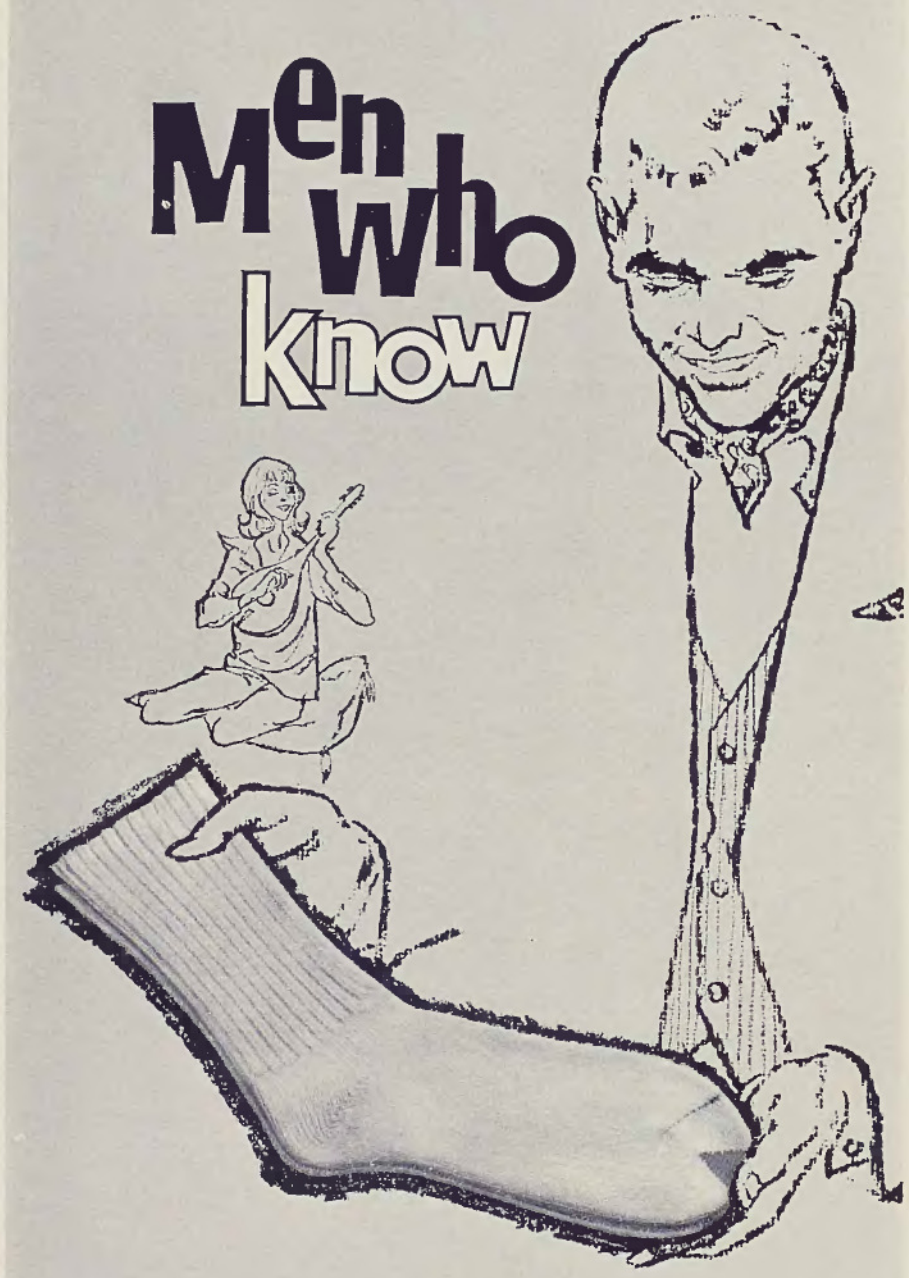

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JOYLAND

I greatly enjoyed reading James Dunning's *Let Joy Be Confined* in the October issue. It is an excellent bit of satire, and I shall probably quote it one of these days when I get around again to discussing sex puritanism in America.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D.
New York, New York

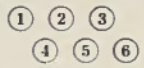
James Dunning is all wrong. Does he realize what would happen to the fair sex if men treated us like women again? We'd have to retreat to the kitchen where we belong and there'd be no time to exploit sex or rule the roosters. Good old days — phooey!

Roberta Fox
South Gate, California

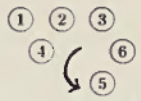
COVERING BETS

I followed the directions in *Bar Bets* on how to make a hexagon out of six similar coins in three moves perfectly and then made my bet. My bar companion counter-bet me that he could do it in two moves. Well, ever loyal to PLAYBOY, I made the bet, and lost. Here's how he did it:

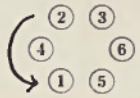
Given arrangement:



First move:



Second move:



I finally recouped my losses with the dollar-catching bit.

Mark S. Ellentuck
Bradley Beach, New Jersey

The only article in your November issue I didn't like was the one on bar bets. Two days after I received your magazine, I had to go to a convention in London, where, by your bar bets, I won me a hangover that will last for the next three days.

Karl-Josef Freiherr von Ketteler
Lippstadt, Germany

THE BOOK OF TONY

My reaction to Ken Purdy's *The Book of Tony*, in October, is exactly the same as I had after reading his *The Noise* (March 1959) and *The Fifty-One Tones of Green* (October 1958): absolutely superb! The really frightening thing about these stories — more credit to Purdy — is that I am desperately afraid I know each of the protagonists.

Diana Bartley
New York, New York

Ken Purdy's latest yarn proves what I've been telling other writers for years:

Playboy Tours were designed by PLAYBOY's globe-trotting editors to give leisure-minded young men and women something **really** different in vacation travel . . . the distinctive PLAYBOY touch that has set a standard for unique and tasteful good times.

Wherever you go on a Playboy Tour you will be cordially welcomed as an invited guest. With a PLAYBOY staff member as your host you will enjoy a heady behind-the-scenes atmosphere . . . including invitations from local celebrities, clubs and gourmet restaurants. There will be private yachts, villas, estates, sports cars . . . and so much more that conventional tours will seem, by comparison, about as thrilling as a bus ride.

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JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

YOUNG'S MARKET CO., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

poor Ken's one of the most handicapped writers around. He just can't write a dull story or even a blah paragraph.

Murray Teigh Bloom
Great Neck, New York

I read Ken Purdy's story with interest. I think it is excellently written, but then I am prejudiced. I consider him not only the foremost automotive writer in this country, but an exceptional writer of stories such as this one.

W. F. Robinow
Daimler-Benz of North America
New York, New York

The Book of Tony is the best damn story I've read in years.

James C. La Marre
Peugeot, Inc.
New York, New York

JONI

My husband and I enjoy your magazine tremendously. May I say your November Playmate is a refreshing change from the usual voluptuous but vapid offering. Here's a girl with character in her face.

Mrs. Louis H. Fisher
Forest Hills, New York

Your November issue starring Joni Mattis has infatuated an alarming number of students, and a Joni Mattis Fan Club is being formed.

Danny March
Penn State University
State College, Pennsylvania

Joni Mattis is, without a doubt, the most beautiful Playmate to date.

Stanley Lubin
Ann Arbor, Michigan

PEN PALS

Thanks to George Johnson for his bit of nostalgia *Take Pen in Hand* in the October issue. I was beginning to think I was the only one in this preoccupied mass of humanity that disliked using a ballpoint pen. Glad to find someone who shares my sentiments.

Howard Little
Camp Connell, California

You are not alone in your interest in fountain pens. The Fountain Pen and Mechanical Pencil Manufacturers Association figures for 1959 show an estimated fountain pen volume, at factory prices, exclusive of tax, amounting to $33,493,472. We are confident these sales will go even higher.

Greg Rouleau, Advertising and Merchandising Manager
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co.
Fort Madison, Iowa

LUNCH-COUNTER ENCOUNTER

We found the humor on page 130 of your November issue neither enjoyable

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I BELIEVE / MAHALIA JACKSON / CL 1549 / CS 8349*

FAIR "CAMELOT"

Lerner and Loewe, the magicians who conjured up "My Fair Lady," cast an even lovelier spell with their latest musical triumph, "CAMELOT." It's a happy mixture of old English legend and enchanted new melodies, presented by Richard Burton, Julie Andrews and the entire Broadway Original Cast.

CAMELOT / ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING / KOL 5620 / KOS 2031* TAPE: TOB 100 (2-TRACK) OQ 944 (4-TRACK)

JACK DOUGLAS' BROTHER'S BROTHER

JACK DOUGLAS, the "My Brother Was an Only Child" fellow, is a sabre-toothed comic. He was captured (by a tape recorder) one typically riotous evening in a New York nightclub (the Bon Soir), complete with deadpan delivery and delighted audience.

JACK DOUGLAS / AT THE BON SOIR / CL 1567 / CS 8357*

EVERYBODY'S GIRL IRMA

IRMA LA DOUCE is a wayward but good-hearted little Paris girl, the heroine of a smash Broadway musical of the same name. The show is a kind of French "Guys and Dolls," brash but adorable, full of beguiling songs. Fresh off the New York stage in an Original Cast Recording.

IRMA LA DOUCE / ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST / OL 5560 / OS 2029*

THE B. M. O. C.

THE BROTHERS FOUR, who left Washington University to join the fraternity of folk song best-sellers, now represent the B.M.O.C. (Best Music On/Off Campus). B.M.O.C.*

BEST MUSIC ON/OFF CAMPUS / THE BROTHERS FOUR / CL 1578 / CS 8378

There are other splendid sounds of "CAMELOT" too. PERCY FAITH arranges and conducts a suave instrumental version of the score.

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It's an historic occasion when the spirited DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET is joined by a singing voice – the sturdy baritone of JIMMY RUSHING. The resulting Quintet produces a rousing jazz "collaboration."

THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET FEATURING JIMMY RUSHING CL 1558 / CS 8358*

"SIN AND SOUL"

OSCAR BROWN is a stunning poet-actor, a composer-philosopher. He swings a classic fable, writes a powerful work song, re-enacts the slave auctioneer's shocking chant. It's all a uniquely startling blend of folk song and jazz styles.

SIN AND SOUL / OSCAR BROWN / OL 1577 / CS 8377*

LOVE SONGS REVISITED

RAY CONNIFF, his Orchestra and Chorus remind you that fondest memories are made of songs like "My Foolish Heart," "Only You" and "Love Letters in the Sand." CONNIFF'S ingratiating arrangements keep these favorites unfadingly bright.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS / RAY CONNIFF / CL 1574 / CS 8374*

Pianist ANDRE PREVIN and his jazz trio joust merrily with the tunes.

ANDRE PREVIN / CL 1569 / CS 8369*

*STEREO

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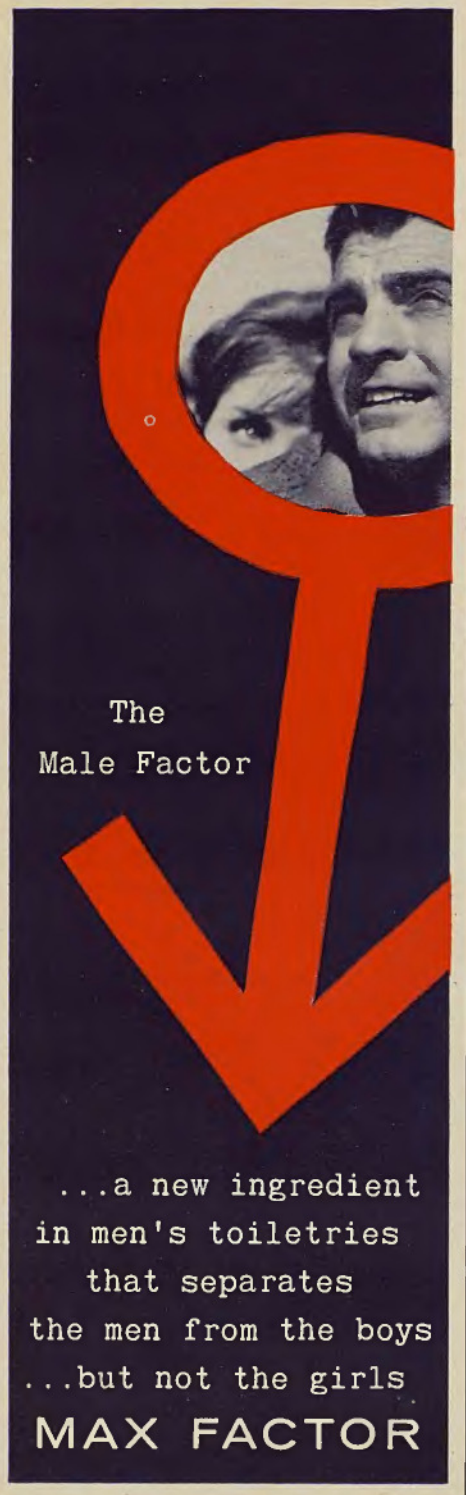

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nor creative, and our respect for your staff has decreased tremendously. We definitely feel a printed apology is necessary, but doubt sincerely that it will repair the damage already inflicted. Bigotry has no place in a publication.

Larry Tepper
Steve Heald
Lon Zimmerman
Syracuse, New York

Those who seek out bigotry and find it where none exists, play into the hands of bigots. PLAYBOY, *and cartoonist Shoemaker, were lampooning those who deny anyone service at a lunch counter (or anywhere else, for that matter) on the basis of skin color. The cartoon, we think, uses the sharp tool of wit to point up one of the ludicrous inconsistencies of bigotry.*

PARADISE REGAINED

November's Acapulco piece was really the greatest. It brought back memories of the four months I spent there last year living on the beach next to the El Presidente Hotel. I must correct something. The shot labeled "greeting the sun on a near-deserted beach" would have made more sense as "the sunset." But I really loved it all, from Las Brisas Hilton to Rio Rita's. Keep up the good work.

Sylvia Boecker
Denver, Colorado

Your article gave a very real picture of Acapulco. There is one correction we'd like to make, however: our shop is named La Nao, instead of La Noa as reported. Note to playboys: We always have beer and rum drinks on ice in the back room for the end in relaxed shopping.

Frank Longoria, Jr.
Acapulco, Mexico

What timing! As I was enplaning for Acapulco, I picked up a November issue with its article on the Riviera of the Americas. The reporting was truly accurate and broad enough to serve as a guide to the area. Thank you for making my trip PLAYBOY perfect.

Dr. Justin Altshuler
West Newton, Massachusetts

Your take-out on Acapulco was very descriptive and complete. In other words, it was the most. Who needs a travel agency when we have PLAYBOY?

Robert Tucker
Jim Crocker
Philip Collins
Kalamazoo, Michigan

For new and exciting developments on the PLAYBOY *travel front, check Playboy's International Datebook, page 136.*

The singer who creates the hits. "A Woman, A Lover, A Friend," "Night," "All My Love," many others.
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

As if you didn't know, thirty days hath September, April, June and November, while all the rest have thirty-one — except February. Why February? Blame Caesar Augustus, who robbed February to enlarge his name-month of August. Now, we're content to let dead Caesars lie, but, as Mark Antony pointed out, we're not wood or stones, and we can't help being touched by the remarkable accomplishments of little February. Here's the month in which the ground hog chooses to come out (he might just as easily have chosen March). Here's the month without which Washington and Lincoln would have had nothing to be born in, the month that gave us Charles Dickens and Jimmy Durante, Babe Ruth and Adlai Stevenson, Gloria Vanderbilt and Gypsy Rose Lee, Elizabeth Taylor and Kim Novak. Think what additional genius, talent and pulchritude February might have created had she gotten the two or three days that were coming to her. But there she's been standing for centuries, smaller than all the rest, braving the fiercest weather of the year, with few friends to her name, which comes, incidentally, from a Sabine word meaning cleanliness. Now, at long last, a chap we've heard from is organizing a society to right the injustice. The Friends of February, he tells us, will crusade to get back all the days stolen from their favorite month down through the ages — roughly, two days a year for the past two thousand years. After he has rounded up these many lost weekends, our man proposes bunching them into one long month, each day of which will recur upwards of one hundred and forty times before the next day appears. Offhand, it sounds OK. While a stretch of a hundred and forty ground-hog days might begin to pall toward its end, we look forward expectantly to those weeks and weeks of nothing but St. Valentine's Days. Of course, as your accountant will point out, there may be some strain in meeting first-of-the-month bills one hundred and forty February firsts in a row, but remember, after this trying period we'll all have a breathing space of more than ten years before March 1 rolls around.

•

According to a report by Columnist Terry Turner in the *Chicago Daily News* television guide, a new form of video fare may usurp *Gunsmoke*'s place in the hearts of viewers. Describing it (with the misguided aid of a linotype operator), Turner noted: "It's my guess that WGN's program that night, *Seat Hunt*, drew a higher rating than any of the network shows."

•

"The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak" was one of the phrases fed into an electric computer during recent experiments in translation by machine. The computer dutifully translated it into Russian, but when a translator put it back into English it came out: "The liquor is still good, but the meat has gone bad."

•

Euphoria is here and nirvana is just around the corner, some of the big pharmaceutical houses would have us believe. The descriptive literature sent to doctors by one drug company had this to say about one of its pills, which seems to transcend simple tranquility. The drug will be widely useful, its maker says, in relieving distress marked by ". . . discouragement and pessimism, tearfulness and depression, anxiety, nervous fears and phobias, irritability, excitability and agitation, sensations of weakness and exhaustion . . . unsociability and loss of interest, and overeating." Reminds us of a game some of the agency folks were playing awhile back, in which they thought up patent medicines for neurotic ills, and the accompanying ad campaigns. There was, for instance, "IQ — The Gum For The Dumb." "Fight That Death Wish!" went another. "Take Necro-Seltzer!" Then there were Schizo-Tabs ("Just pop one into your mouth whenever you feel your personality splitting") and another that cautioned, "Don't take other people's things . . . take gentle, fast-acting Klepto Bismol!" Perhaps someone will come up with a cure for a disease newly discovered by Buddy Hackett — anti-acrophobia — the fear of *not* being high.

•

The *Rock Island* (Illinois) *Argus*, reporting the adventures of what can only be a child prodigy: "Stanley E. Knudson, 8, of 410 49th St., Moline, was fined $100 for fornication, $25 for discharging a firearm in the city and $25 for disturbing the peace."

•

Variety's Abel Green, after pondering the "efficiency" of the efficiency experts, circulated among his cronies the kind of report a time-and-motion-study man might turn in after a visit to the Salzburg Music Festival: "For considerable periods, the four oboe players had nothing to do. The numbers should be reduced and the work spread evenly over the whole of the concert, thus eliminating peaks of activity. . . . There seems to be too much repetition of some musical passages. No useful purpose is served by repeating on the horns a passage which has already been handled by the strings. . . . All the twelve first violins were playing identical notes. This seems unnecessary duplication. . . . The conductor agrees generally with these recommendations, but expresses the opinion

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that there might be some falling off in box-office receipts. In that unlikely event, it should be possible to close sections of the auditorium entirely, with a consequential saving of overhead expense. . . . If worse came to worst, the whole thing could be abandoned, and the public could go to the Bayreuth Festival instead."

RECORDINGS

"Genius" has become a two-bit word in the lexicon of the liner-note literati; it is tossed with wild abandon and equal fervor at Wanda Landowska and Lawrence Welk. We have no quarrel with the approbation, however, when it's applied to Gerry Mulligan, the poet laureate of the baritone sax. ***The Genius of Gerry Mulligan*** (Pacific Jazz) is a meaningful chronicle of the years (1952-1957) of Mulligan's ascendancy to the ranks of the jazz greats. It includes a number of previously unreleased items and a reexamination of several by-now historic efforts. One facet of Mulligan's genius is his ability to attract and inspire such lights as Chet Baker, Bob Brookmeyer, Chico Hamilton, Red Mitchell, Lee Konitz, et al. They are sprinkled liberally throughout the time-tested Mulligantuan memorabilia, including *Get Happy* ('52), *Bernie's Tune* ('52), *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me* ('53) and *Polka Dots and Moonbeams* ('54). Through it all, the incandescent Mulligan horn reigns supreme.

•

We are spilling no beans when we say that Paul Weston and Jo Stafford (his frau) have achieved the pinnacle of pathetic perfection as ***Jonathan & Darlene Edwards in Paris*** (Columbia). Their first offering, *The Piano Artistry of Jonathan Edwards*, was a masterpiece of multiple clinkers, horrendous arpeggios, and flatted fifths, sixths, sevenths and eighths, with Jo singing like Carmen Lombardo on an off night, and Paul Weston's piano sounding as though he were playing it with his feet. Now, that initial effort seems positively mellifluous by comparison. Paris recovered magnificently from the German occupation; we defy it to do the same after Jonathan and Darlene's merciless attack. There is devastating artistry involved in the murder of *La Vie en Rose, April in Paris, Paris in the Spring* and *Mademoiselle de Paris*; it is extremely difficult, for example, for Jo Stafford, with her near-perfect pitch, to sing so consistently off key. But, with steely nerve and ear of tin, she carries it off beautifully. Put us down as charter members of the musical

masochists club for whom the Westons' dissonance lends enchantment.

•

Nina at Newport (Colpix), etched during this past summer's abbreviated festivities, is an attractive sounding of Miss Simone's musical depths. With a rhythm section as a backdrop, Nina plays piano and sings her way through a ditty-bag full of ballads, blues and stomp tunes delivered with a contagious gusto and a highly communicable sensitivity. Miss Simone's voice, rough-hewn around the edges, always seems on the verge of cracking but never does. Instead, Nina takes to varying tempi with an astonishing ease and adaptability worthy of a far more experienced hand. The change of pace is particularly delightful as Nina and friends go from the poignant *Porgy* (the Jimmy McHugh–Dorothy Fields version) to the trip-hammer *Little Liza Jane.*

•

Former Sid Caesar sidekick Carl Reiner plays straight man for TV comedy writer Mel Brooks on ***2,000 Years with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks*** (World Pacific), a set of satiric dialogs recorded before a studio audience. Interviewer Reiner pursues Brooks in a slew of settings, from coffeehouse to Argentine jungle to psychiatrist's office to Army base, with Brooks playing the various interviewees. As the headshrinker confronted with a twisted chick who spends her days shredding paper, Brooks advises, "Go out and meet people. Go to a social function." As folk singer Charlie Grape, he chants *Twenty-Two Men Fell Down and Broke Their Knee.* In the disguise of singing-rage Fabiola, whose latest platter sold seventeen million copies, Brooks defines his successful crooning style: "It's dirty, man." The best moments, however, occur during Reiner's interrogation of a two-thousand-year-old Brooks. Says the latter: "I'll be two thousand on October sixteenth . . . I never, ever touch fried food . . . I have over forty-two thousand children and not one comes to visit me. How they forget a father! . . . Let 'em be happy, but they could send a note." Asked to name the "greatest thing man has devised," Brooks responds with "Saran Wrap." And when Reiner pleads for the old-timer's philosophy, the ancient replies, "Keep a smile on your face and stay out of small Italian cars." Not all the tries, most of which seem to be ad lib, hit the mark, but Brooks, a curious combination of Irwin Corey and Sid Caesar, has enough lively moments to sustain matters. Lively is the word, too, for much of the cavorting of Britisher Peter Sellers on ***The Best of Sellers*** (Angel). Juggling situations and dialects alike, the film comic lampoons the stock political speech, a radio panel discussion, a production of *My Fair Lady* in India

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1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

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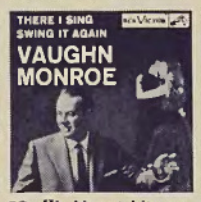
204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song,* etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own,* etc.



69. His biggest hits recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina;* etc.

16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers,* etc.

244. His 12 zaniest hits. *Cocktails for Two, Chloe, My Old Flame, Glow Worm, Laura,* etc. *Regular L.P. only.*

239. Britain's top marching band. *76 Trombones, March of the Siamese Children, Get Me to the Church on Time,* 9 more.

148. Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus No. 1,* etc. *Regular L.P. only.*

243. Tenor sings hits from Romberg operetta: *Drink, Drink, Drink; Serenade; Deep in My Heart, Dear;* more.

202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio,* Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

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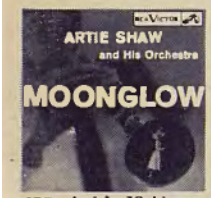

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(in which the heroine is a Bombay Untouchable who becomes Touchable), a nine-year-old pop singer, the hoary movie travelog (*Balham — Gateway to the South*) in the manner of Fitzpatrick, the folk-song rage and a rock-'n'-roll entrepreneur. In the latter, Sellers portrays The Major, discoverer of Clint Thigh, Nat Lush and The Fleshpots. During an interview with a staid lady of the press, The Major introduces his current cretin, Twitt Conway. When the lady asks Twitt, "Are you fond of Shakespeare?" the hip-twitcher replies, "We're just good friends." Sellers wraps up his first LP with a track tagged *Peter Sellers Sings George Gershwin*. That's exactly what he does. He sings, "George Gershwin."

•

After undergoing the emotional blitz of hearing Sviatoslav Richter's American debut with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (under Erich Leinsdorf), and concurring in the audience's thrilled ovation, we wondered to what degree we'd been influenced by mass reaction to his readily apparent technical brilliance. ***Brahms Piano Concerto Number 2 in B-Flat*** (Victor) gave us the opportunity to hear that part of the concert over again. We did so three times, over a long weekend, and compared Richter's recording with two other readings, those by Rubinstein and Serkin, both of which are of the highest excellence. Yet Richter, on rehearing, seems — incredibly — to have topped these acknowledged masters. Beneath the mastery of the instrument is a matchless comprehension of the composer's intent, whether delicacy or lyricism is called for, or power, or fantastic virtuosity — as in the second movement, designated *allegro appassionato*, which Brahms, with wicked humor, described in a letter as "a little wisp of a scherzo." The fact that the transcription was accomplished under difficult circumstances in record time is interesting but beside the point; the finished product, which is what counts, may stand as *the* major recording of this romantic masterpiece.

•

Shelly Manne & His Men at the Black Hawk (Contemporary) is an ambitious four-volume taping of a date the group played at San Francisco's famed modern jazz showcase. Only Volumes 1 and 2 have been released to date, but let us be grateful for the tasty half-loaf proffered. The men on hand are bassist Monty Budwig, trumpeter Joe Gordon, Richie Kamuca on tenor, and Victor Feldman, abandoning his vibes here for the less exotic 88s. From Volume 1's opening bars, it becomes excitingly apparent that the on-the-scene atmosphere has put a most salutary glow on the proceedings. *Summertime*, Frank Rosolino's jazz waltz *Blue Daniel*, Benny Golson's *Step*

Lightly, Charlie Mariano's *Vamp's Blues* and the Burke-Haggart classic *What's New* are taken up tenderly and not put down until each musician has had time to elaborate fully on the subject before him. *Vamp's Blues*, in particular, is a stunning set of variations on a basic theme. Kamuca's extended solo has an unearthly quality about it that will raise the hackles at the nape of your neck. Gordon's larger-than-life trumpet is a tower of strength throughout, and Budwig's bass work is a thing of somber beauty. The two up-tempo items, Tadd Dameron's *Our Delight* and the surprisingly quick-paced *Poinciana*, display a *joie de vivre* positively hyperthyroid for the late, late hour at which they were recorded.

•

Before 1958, nomadic Miriam Makeba roamed through Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo and South Africa, singing with a group known as The Black Manhattan Brothers. In '58 she departed her Johannesburg home for London; from there she headed for America, to bring her unique repertoire to U.S. audiences. A wide-ranging sample of that repertoire is now available on her debut disc, ***Miriam Makeba*** (Victor). Assisted by the Belafonte Folk Singers (Harry's one of her boosters) and guitarist Perry Lopez, Miss Makeba offers—with pointed simplicity and charm—*Jikele Maweni*, a Xosa warrior's retreat song; *Unhome*, a Swasi lament; *Nomeva*, a Xosa love song; *Iya Guduza*, a lightly flowing Zulu refrain, and assorted folk melodies from Africa, Indonesia, Austria and way down yonder in New Orleans (*House of the Rising Sun*). She's most appealing on *The Click Song*, a festive wedding tune punctuated by clipped clicking sounds native to her Xosa tribal music. On everything she tries, she clicks with us.

DINING-DRINKING

Basin Street East (137 East 48th), one of New York's top Jazz and Joke rooms, is run by Ralph Watkins, who won his impresario's spurs at the old Basin Street and at the New York Embers. Watkins is a firm believer in swinging entertainment and he picks up where the old Paramount Theatre extravaganzas left off. BSE's shows major in music, but there's often a top comic as an added attraction—Mort Sahl has used its podium to deliver his unique brand of social and political funditry; Don Rickles, in his first New York appearance, insulted everything that wasn't nailed down; and Lenny Bruce dumped some arsenic in the wassail bowl this Christmas season. Offbeat

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comics may offer a change of pace, but on-beat musicians are still the main event. The bandstand has supported the sounds of George Shearing, Herbie Mann, Erroll Garner, Neal Hefti, Chris Connor, Peggy Lee, and the man who really put Basin Street East on the entertainment map, Benny Goodman. The future looks just as bright, with Quincy Jones and Georgie Auld, return trips for B. G. and Peggy Lee, and a spring outing for Ella on the agenda. The show, when we caught it, featured Charlie Barnet, Billy Eckstine and Rickles, and was a wildly typical potpourri. Though the room holds 350, it is surprisingly intimate. The decor picks up on the Basin Street tag, with New Orleans touches that include weeping willows and stained-glass windows. Acoustically, the music comes through with plenty of drive and presence, but with none of the ear-splitting quality found in many jazz dens. The kitchen delivers a variety of dinner and late-evening morsels, with Far East fare filling most of the menu and the customers: beer and booze go for $1.50 per. There's no cover or minimum, but there *is* a "Music Charge" of three dollars per person, which entitles you to just sit and listen to your ears' content. The bar offers its hospitality for a two-drink minimum. Show time, during the week, is at nine P.M. and midnight, with an extra stanza at two A.M. on Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays, all is still.

FILMS

Ingmar Bergman's admirers tend to introduce their praise with apologies. Apologies, then, on his behalf for the lack of thematic clarity and consistent dramatic tension in his newest film, ***The Virgin Spring***. But, let us add at once, this retelling of a Fourteenth Century Swedish legend is a work of superior photography and acting; like *The Seventh Seal*, it achieves a remarkable medieval texture; and—Bergman to the core—it grapples with serious questions of morality and faith. An innocent girl is raped and murdered; when her body is lifted from the spot, a spring bursts forth. Admittedly, the picture moves slowly up to the murder and the father's bloody revenge—while Bergman, as usual, goes about racking up a set of symbols. (For instance, the chief rapist is mute; his tongue has been cut out for a crime. Presumably this symbolizes that vindictive society has deprived him of the normal means of asking for love.) Still, no other contemporary director can so galvanize all the techniques of camera and cutting room to hurl a figurative torch into the spiritual dark. It flares

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only briefly, providing a shadowy glimpse of a mysterious beyond, but it *does* flare. Anyone who is willing to abide an occasional *longueur* for the opportunity to spend an hour and a half in the company of a poet and visionary will want to see this film.

•

The Wackiest Ship in the Army is much brighter than its title. Sparked by Jack Lemmon's near-perfect performance, it proves that a movie doesn't really need new gags, it only needs to put over the old ones. Pedants will doubtless trace the pedigree of this spoof of the services to some of the war jokes of Aristophanes. What of it? Suppose we *have* lost count of the number of times we've seen people bump their heads standing up suddenly in a stateroom? Or earnest young men carrying out unheroic assignments? Or new officers winning over antagonistic crews? These situations were good enough for granddad, and they're good enough for us — if they're done with the tang of Lemmon. The story, tightly directed by Richard Murphy, deals with a Navy lieutenant who is assigned to take a decrepit sailing-ship through enemy waters from Australia to New Guinea with a crew that has never been under canvas before. There is a final shoot-out with the Japanese and, believe it or not, the young Japanese officer who temporarily captures the sailors is a UCLA grad who speaks idiomatic American. No, the authors haven't omitted a thing — except to explain the word "Army" in the title. The film deals exclusively with the Navy.

•

The Facts of Life is a funny picture about a husband and another man's wife who have loathed each other for years, are thrown together for a couple of days, and fall in love. This Bob Hope–Lucille Ball vehicle, however, can't be said to prove that philandering is fun. For one thing, the aspiring adulterers are uncomfortable a good deal of the time. For another, sin never quite gets a fair chance to state its case; he and she are headed for the hay, but they are saved, for their respective marriages and your neighborhood theatre, by a series of censor-oriented accidents. Still, they do come close enough for comedy. Hope's timing is up to par, and Miss Ball, that deceptively wry comedienne, comes on looking like a full-blown, slightly ga-ga chrysanthemum. This Norman Panama–Melvin Frank production is the best Hope picture in a long time — and that is meant as somewhat more than faint praise.

•

Sophia Loren is in ***A Breath of Scandal***, and that ought to be information enough for any male. Is there a more beautiful woman alive? Not doll and not girl: we said *woman*. It is painful to report that

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in this film she is so miscast and so abominably directed (by old-timer Michael Curtiz) that she gives her worst performance to date. Nor is she helped by a script which is a brutally ravished Molnar play (*Olympia*) — hardly one of the Magyar master's best to begin with. Miss Loren, as a Viennese aristocrat of Franz Josef's era, is wooed by a semi-animated bottle of hair-oil named John Gavin. Her father (Maurice Chevalier, of all people) has arranged a marriage for her with a German prince and . . . well, that's enough of that. It's a waltz in lead boots, redeemed only by the chance to see Miss Loren, wasp-waisted and décolleté, in some wonderful *fin de siècle* clothes.

•

One snip of the scissors would make ***Exodus*** a superb picture. The first half of this three-and-a-half-hour film is overwhelmingly true and moving. It's hard not to be moved by the story of the six hundred and eleven battered Jewish refugees who resolve to die of hunger on board ship in a Cyprus harbor if they are not permitted to sail to Palestine. The converging forces of the Jews' Twentieth Century history are effectively personified by Paul Newman, the Palestinian who leads the exodus; Ralph Richardson, the British general, fighting a private conflict between duty and feeling; Eva Marie Saint, an American widow who tries to stay aloof from the affair; and Sal Mineo, a young survivor of Auschwitz. But then the hunger-strike ends, the ship reaches Palestine, and the whole thing becomes just another Technicolor action show. The heroes become too heroic, the prison break too patently cinematic, and the Israeli-Arab conflict takes on tinges of a Near-Eastern Western. Leon Uris' best-selling novel held millions because its third-rate prose and corny contrivances had an underpinning of terrible truth. For the first part of this film, screenwriter Dalton Trumbo and director Otto Preminger have cut through the rubbish to thrust those truths at us; in the second half Uris unfortunately overcomes them.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Bill Henderson, who did surprisingly well for a new vocalist in PLAYBOY's fifth annual Jazz Poll (see page 134 of this issue), put in an appearance recently at the Playboy Club Library in the Windy City, and it was there we caught him. Bill is a visual singer. When he rocks with the likes of *Bye Bye Blackbird*, he *rocks*. From the extra-thick horn-rimmed glasses (a trademark) right on down to his thin-soled shoes, Henderson is all wrapped up in his work. As a matter of

fact, we had the feeling that if the sound were cut off, the audience would still get a charge from Bill's frenetic activities. This is not to slough off Henderson's vocal talents. His voice, in timbre and phrasing, has a modicum of Ray Charles in it, but with almost none of Charles' raw edge, a finesse which stands him in good stead when he's balladeering. *Love Locked Out* and the first chorus of *I've Got You Under My Skin* were beautifully showcased. But Henderson's main appeal lies rooted in the up-tempo items in his songbook. His opener, *Old Black Magic*, and *Hallelujah, I Love Her So* (the Ray Charles swinger) turned the Library into a camp meeting. The *Blackbird* sign-off was a particularly effective way of leaving things at their peak, and Henderson very professionally knew when to strike the set. His first LP, incidentally, *Bill Henderson* (Vee Jay), contains, in addition to several of the tunes mentioned above, two great Rodgers and Hart ballads, *My Funny Valentine* and *It Never Entered My Mind*, which almost never had it so good. For a recent arrival, Henderson has an abundance of vocal and visual savoir-faire; he should go far and fast.

THEATRE

The Unsinkable Molly Brown is based loosely on the lusty, gusty times of one Molly Tobin, an Irish chambermaid who married Johnny "Leadville" Brown and his silver mines around the turn of the century, made a grand play for social recognition and culture, and climaxed her career by getting off the sinking Titanic with her feet dry. Meredith Willson has written another versatile score counterpointed in Americana. He offers a rowdy drinking chorus, *Belly Up to the Bar, Boys*, and mutes his brasses for such ballads as *If I Knew* and *Dolce Far Niente*. Director Dore Schary does a nimble job of pacing Molly's social climbing from a Missouri shack and a Colorado saloon to the exalted manses of Denver (where she is royally snubbed) and the gilded salons of Paris and Monte Carlo (where the impoverished nobility recognize a good thing when they see it). But it is Tammy Grimes, a legitimate actress turned song-and-dancer, who gives this unsinkable Molly her life preserver. Somewhere between the gamin in homespun and the would-be *grande dame* in velvet, Tammy turns beautiful before your eyes. And when she sings, the enchantment is complete. Not that the girl has any kind of voice you have ever heard before. It is strictly her own, gravel-harsh and shrill-sweet, but it does wonders for Willson's score. Baritone Harve Presnell helps

lunar . . . and lovely!

Toni Harper, swinging siren of the Sixties, sings with a pearly, liquid tone. And never with greater effect than here, where she serenades the night. With romantic ballads like "In the Still of the Night" and "Night after Night," Toni puts you right into a moon-lit mood! Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi on RCA VICTOR

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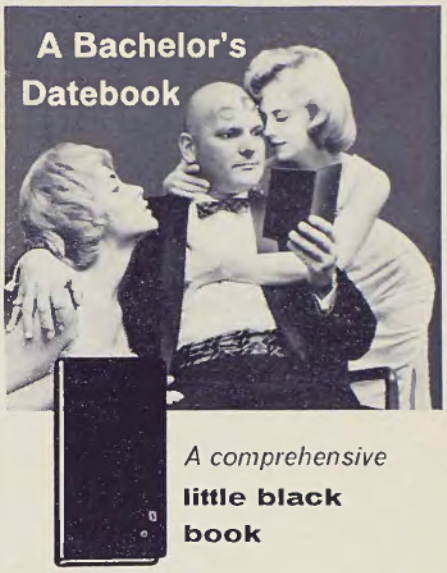
mightily as a hulking Johnny, and the group acting and dancing, in general, are first rate. But only the tomboyish Tammy is irresistible. At the Winter Garden, Broadway and 50th Street, NYC.

•

Whittling down Allen Drury's fat, Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, ***Advise and Consent***, to stage size was a muscular job — and here and there the rough edges show. But the over-all result is a vivid, if flamboyant, report on knife-wielding in the nation's capital. Loring Mandel's dramatization sticks to the main theme of the novel — a Senate–White House free-for-all between "bad" liberals and "good" reactionaries over a Presidential appointment for Secretary of State. On one side is The President of the U.S. (Judson Laire), a manipulator who is determined to have a man named Huntington (Staats Cotsworth) for the job. It has been proved that Huntington lied under oath when he denied a one-time affiliation with a Communist group, but the President still sees him as the strong man needed to deal with a Russia that has just landed a rocket-load of men on the moon. Stringing along with the boss are his loyal Majority Leader (Chester Morris), opportunist Senator Van Ackerman (Kevin McCarthy), as well as assorted party hacks. Lined up against this formidable faction are elder statesman Orrin Knox (Ed Begley); guileful, Southern-drawling, venom-tongued Senator Seab Cooley (Henry Jones); and dedicated Senator Brig Anderson (Richard Kiley) who holds the information that can quash Huntington's appointment. A crisis comes when Van Ackerman uncovers a long-forgotten incident of homosexuality in young Anderson's wartime past. All these roles are forcefully enacted, and Director Franklin Schaffner keeps an inordinate number of constantly shifting scenes moving with the fluidity of a motion picture. The climactic hassle on the Senate floor is a capsule masterpiece of stagecraft. *Advise and Consent* may be jaundiced journalism and peculiar politics, but it is arresting theatre. At the Cort, 138 West 48th Street, NYC.

•

There is no violence, no sadism and no shrieking madness in Tennessee Williams' new play, ***Period of Adjustment*** is not only a warm and emphatically funny comedy, it is positively paternalistic about the problems of two married couples who are on the verge of splitting up. Williams' first try at comedy starts on Christmas Eve in a Southern suburb. The snow is falling softly outside the gimcrack Spanish stucco house where James Daly broods alone over TV and a can of beer. His wife, Rosemary Murphy, has gone home to father, taking along their three-year-old son and leaving the family presents unopened



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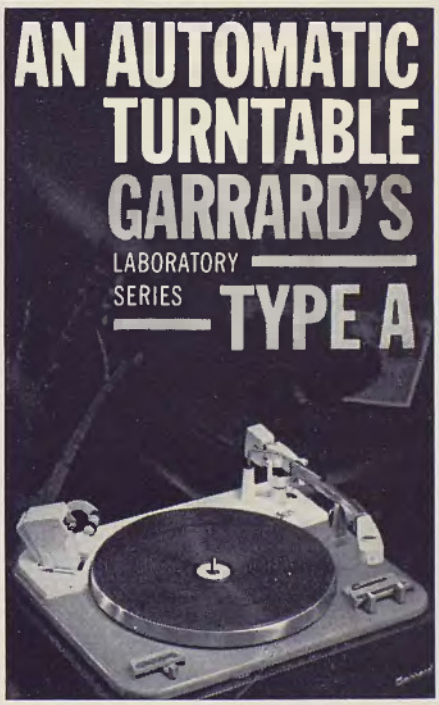

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under the lighted Christmas tree. Daly's gloom is relieved by the arrival of wartime buddy Robert Webber, with Barbara Baxley, his Texas bride — but only for a moment. The honeymooners are in worse emotional shape than he is. Something apparently happened on their first night together at The Old Man River Motel — or, rather, nothing did, and they are ready to call it quits. Bride and groom separately explain their situation to Daly, and he in turn unburdens the story of his five-year marriage to the wallflower daughter of his wealthy employer. As a result of all this mutual soul-baring the play is notably short on action, but it is fascinating to watch Williams, that master-craftsman, unravel the kinks of the two threatened marriages, compound some elementary psychology with explosively funny dialog, balance a bawdy bull session on sex with moments of genuine tenderness, and finally nudge his characters into the solution of their problems — the marital bed. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street, NYC.

•

A Taste of Honey is a first play by a young woman from Manchester, England — and she can write. Shelagh Delaney was only nineteen when she dissected her middle-class world in *Honey*, but her conclusions — a little frightening, a little hopeful — are eminently adult. A teenage girl, abandoned by her floozie of a mother, takes up with a Negro sailor out of sheer loneliness, becomes pregnant, is abandoned when his ship sails, and adopts a wispy homosexual to take care of her and the house while she cheerfully awaits the hours of labor. Shelagh Delaney's people have guts and courage: their humor is out of the alleys and the music halls. Directed by Tony Richardson and George Devine, the cast performs with sensitivity and force: Angela Lansbury as the blowsy blonde mother, Nigel Davenport as her lush lover, Billy Dee Williams as the Negro sailor, and Andrew Ray as the fairy godfather. But most of all, *Honey* is a personal triumph for Joan Plowright as the girl with a heavy load of mischief to bear. Miss Plowright is one of the finest young actresses on either side of the ocean, and Shelagh Delaney's play benefits immensely from her services. At the Lyceum, 149 West 45th Street, NYC.

BOOKS

The reader need only glance at the opening pages of John Updike's second novel, ***Rabbit, Run*** (Knopf, $4), to be again impressed by the depth and range of this twenty-eight-year-old writer's talents,

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but like much of his earlier work, his new book is oddly disappointing. In a sense, Updike's trouble is that he simply sees too much. In *Rabbit, Run*, for instance, he describes a small-town Pennsylvania neighborhood at dawn, the smell of the interior of a new car, the sound of a basketball against a backboard, the sensations of sexual intercourse, and even the taste of semen — like sea water, says Updike, through the thoughts of a young prostitute — so graphically that, at last, nothing is left to the reader's imagination. Reading this novel is a little like watching a faultless acrobat: you admire his skill, yet after a while you wish the damn show would get over with. And it's the stylistic acrobatics you have to depend on to carry you along, for the plot isn't much. Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom, a twenty-six-year-old ex–high school basketball star, tires of his job and his marriage; on an impulse, he abandons his pregnant, semi-alcoholic wife and two-year-old son and takes up with a plump prostitute. Updike turns the inarticulate Rabbit into a species of mystic, a man who can be happy only outside the conventions of morality and responsibility. The prostitute becomes an updated Molly Bloom. In fact, one interior monolog, in which she is remembering a high school sexual experience, sounds like an Americanized version of the final pages of *Ulysses*: "Boy, there wasn't any fancy business then, you didn't even need to take off your clothes, just a little rubbing through the cloth, your mouths tasting of the onion on the hamburgers you'd just had at the diner and the car heater ticking as it cooled, through all the cloth, everything, off they'd go. They couldn't have felt much, it must have been just the idea of you." Some years ago, in reviewing one of those big war novels, British critic V. S. Pritchett called the author a bore. A bore, said Pritchett, is not the man who is stupid or dull, but rather "the man who tells you everything." Mr. Pritchett, meet Mr. Updike.

•

As PLAYBOY's readers have had ample opportunity to see for themselves, P. G. Wodehouse is one of the funniest writers writing. ***The Most of P. G. Wodehouse*** (Simon and Schuster, $6.50) is a six-hundred-and-sixty-six-page guide to an idyllic world, populated by Eggs, Beans, Crumpets, blighted females, Aunts, Lord Emsworth, Bertie Wooster, and — let us rejoice — Jeeves, hero, psychiatrist, straight man and valet–ex machina. How the Master guarantees an average of three guffaws per page is not easy to explain, especially since his plots ooze simplicity, and his characters — save for the sage Jeeves — do likewise. It may have something to do with the fact that he writes an English sentence with a style few

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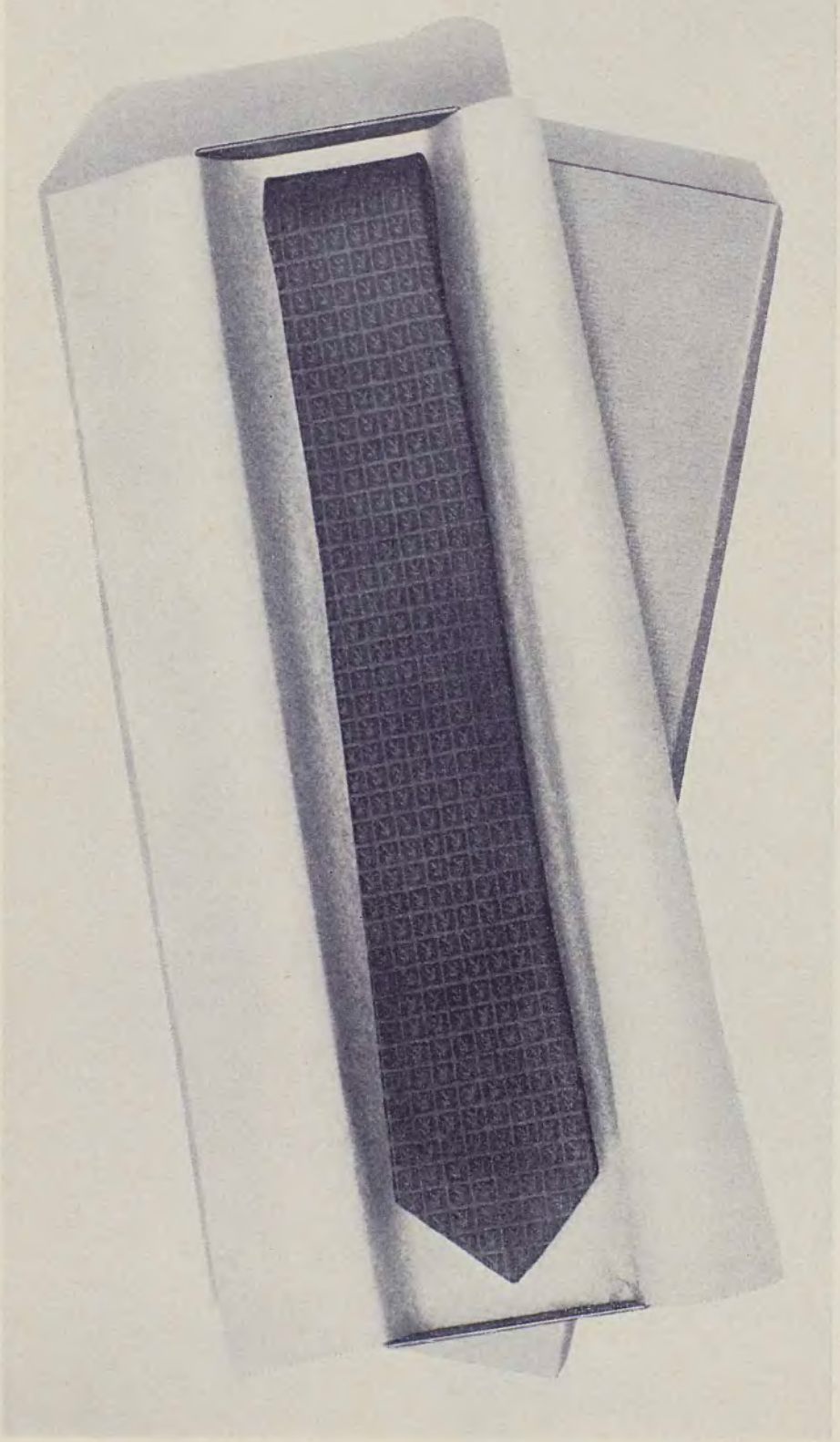


writers, comic or serious, can match, misquotes Latin tags with side-splitting inaccuracy and can turn any figure of speech into a belly laugh. Not the sort of book that can be read calmly in a public place, *The Most of P. G. Wodehouse* is a volume to give your best enemy, if you want him to die laughing.

•

Lonesome Traveler (McGraw-Hill, $4.50), Jack Kerouac's first book of non-fiction, is an autobiographical portrait of the artist-itinerant. Kerouac takes us with him from the docks of San Pedro to the great American hobo jungle, with side trips to Mexico, Western Europe and North Africa. His escapade with a gun-toting shipmate is picaresque, and his adventures with the peyote set in Mexico are definitely not on the American Express list of tourist attractions. Kerouac can evoke with equal effectiveness the oil-slick stink of San Pedro and the explosion of color in a Van Gogh — the "joy red mad gladness he rioted in, in that church heart." The images are all there — the only trouble is, they come at you so fast and furious that they jumble together into a kind of incoherence. Kerouac calls this book "simply poetry," but for most readers, it will take a heap of digging to make this Road a poem.

•

Pomp and Circumstance (Doubleday, $4.50), a first novel by a promising British writer, has to do with the pother produced at a South Seas outpost-of-Empire by the sudden announcement that Their Majesties are coming to visit. The imminence of so much eminence makes the Blimps of both sexes choke on their crumpets. With remarkable success for a first-novelist, the author has climbed into the psyche of a distinctly U planter's wife, and tells the whole thing through her I's. Besides involving her up to her tiara (a small one) in the preparations for The Visit, he complicates her life, and his plot, by having her arrange a design-for-loving whereby the island's Lothario can entertain his inamorata without her spouse catching on. Although both enterprises end in disaster (the love affair is broken up by chicken pox and a pair of Lesbians, while the water pageant planned for The Royal Couple, in lieu of the usual fertility dance, is typhooned out), it's all veddy brittle in the telling and there are plenty of chuckles, if few yoks. This man has a way with a phrase (the natives take their sex "with a winsome disregard of gender"), as well as a deft hand with posh people in plush surroundings, i.e., a flair for flair. But dialog is his ace, and he might do well to turn his talents to the stage, say drawing-room comedy. He's a writer to watch — and if you want to watch him, go see *Our Man in Havana*. He's the chap with the umbrella.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been dating a girl who is a fantastic combination of looks and gray matter. Anatomically, she's a dream; musically, she's the hippest; she digs art, and she's up on all the latest and greatest literature. But — and what a but — she's the world's worst dresser. Her clothes look like rejects from a D.A.R. rummage sale. She's got the dough; just lacks the know-how and doesn't particularly care. But I do. Where do I go from here? — R. U., Boston, Massachusetts.

A girl so bright and knowing is undoubtedly looking frumpy for a reason. Chances are she's over-reacting to some form of insecurity, so don't put her down; devote time to building her up. Tell her she'd be a walking dream in a form-fitting sheath you spotted in a store window. Offer to tag along on her next shopping tour; begin it with cocktails and lunch, to assure the rapport that will make your clothes preferences heard when trying-on time arrives. All she may need to shift from sloppy slacks to sensuous silks is your attention. Finally, why don't you take the spirited approach and consider the young lady's drag rags a personal challenge to get her out of them as early and as often as possible?

Every time a Broadway play or musical opens as a big smash, all the tickets for months ahead are gone. I read the first-night reviews, but even the next day it seems too late to get good seats right away. Is there any way to tell in advance when a show is going to be a hit? — T. D., Newark, New Jersey.

You can usually buy the theatrical weekly "Variety" on newsstands in most metropolitan areas. "Variety" reviews shows when they are tried out in Philadelphia, New Haven, etc., and its estimates are indicative of whether there's a winner on the way. This may not always be of help, however, as benefits and theatre clubs quite often have the inside track on seats for the best shows during their opening months. You might start using a reputable ticket broker on a regular basis for all your ticket purchases, so that when you do want seats for an early performance of a hit show, he'll be happy to help you.

Is a jigger an ounce and a pony an ounce and a half, or is it the other way around? — M. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

It's the other way around: in the world of drinking, a pony's a one-ounce measure; a jigger's an ounce and a half.

Please let me know correct procedure on the following: I've always thought that a gentleman never shakes hands with a lady unless the latter proffers her hand first, but recently I've seen this rule broken. And, is hand-kissing strictly Continental or is it done on our shores, too? — S. C., Blacksburg, Virginia.

The handbook on shaking contains this rule of thumb: do whatever is most comfortable for both parties. If it's an older woman, she may cling to social graces of another era and leave the mitt pumping to the men. Never make the first move, but if the lady in question makes a meaningful gesture, be quick to respond; no one enjoys being left with an arm in a state of suspended animation. And just because the recipient of your handshake is a female, don't be afraid to make it a firm clasp (but not a bone-crusher); a dead fish still feels like a dead fish no matter what the gender on the receiving end. Hand-kissing is another matter entirely. It is not a public greeting on these shores. There is an exception; if a European married woman extends her hand with the obvious expectation of having it kissed, you should be prepared to do the courteous thing, to wit: take her fingers lightly in yours, bow slightly, and just touch the back of her hand with your lips.

I would like to take out this secretary in my office. My associates tell me that making dates where you do business is bad business. How do you feel about it? — W. M., Ft. Madison, Wisconsin.

We feel this way: if the girl works in your department, stick strictly to business; if she's in another department, maybe, but use extreme caution if you are one who finds it difficult to disentangle himself when an affair has ended. As a rule of thumb, it is always best to avoid liaisons with anyone with whom you must be in continuous contact.

My bachelor apartment is stereo-equipped. I must admit immodestly that the feminine traffic is heavy. Usually, we mix a few drinks and I put some music on the rig and, well, one thing leads to another. My problem is this: I don't own any *complete* LPs that are first-rate mood builders. Several tracks may be just right, but the record makers seem to feel variety's a virtue (which it may be, under other circumstances), so a mood track is often followed by up-tempo and jump stuff that puts me right back at the starting line. Either that, or I have to pop up every few minutes to hunt for a fresh sound. This, too, does more toward mashing the mood than the music does toward building it up. Should I just let the records keep playing after my favorite mood-sustaining specials are over, or continue with what I'm doing, or what? — H. W., New York, New York.

Neither. Get yourself a tape deck and tape your tempting tracks in sequence. Since you're obviously more interested in background music than in the highest of fi for undistracted listening, use the 3¾ or 1⅞ inches-per-second speed, which should give you enough fidelity to suit your divided attention and enough time to unfreeze any woman. As an alternative, pick up copies of discs designed for those cozy hours. On the pop vocal side, try Frank Sinatra's "Only the Lonely," "No One Cares" or "In the Wee Small Hours" (all on Capitol), Peggy Lee's "Pretty Eyes" (Capitol) and Julie London's "Around Midnight" (Liberty). On the pop instrumental slant, sample the Jackie Gleason ork sides (Capitol) — several with the glowing trumpet of Bobby Hackett featured — or the Paul Weston discs, including "Music for Dreaming" and "Music for Romancing" (Capitol). For classical backgrounds, select the interpretation of your choice from these aides d'amour: Ravel's "La Valse" and "Pavanne pour un Infante defunte," and Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings." For late-night quiet jazz, hear a ballad set by trumpeter Chet Baker, simply titled "Chet" (Riverside), a balladic tour by trumpeter Roy Eldridge and strings, "That Warm Feeling" (Verve) and guitarist Johnny Smith's "Easy Listening" (Roost). Head for your record shop — to collect them, and others like them, for those long, long enchanted evenings of reaping the fruits of your forethought.

There seem to be a lot of preparations on the market now which promise to give you a sun-tanned look when used like shaving lotion. How do they work? — R. M. S., San Diego, California.

Chemists have isolated the enzyme that makes an apple turn brown when it is cut open and exposed to air. This is the principle of the tanning lotions. They don't work for everyone. Some people, after using them, look like an apple which has been cut open and exposed to air.

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month.

IN ALL THESE ACTIONS, there is one common denominator:

A conservative, well-to-do gentleman in his fifties, a deacon in his church, suddenly stands up before a group of friends, begins to jitterbug like a teenager, stands on his head, crows like a rooster, strips to the waist, runs around on all fours barking like a dog and in general makes a fool of himself.

A young woman who has just had a thyroidectomy without chemical anesthesia sits up on the operating table and asks for a glass of orange juice. Medical men in the surgical theatre, knowing the terrible post-operative throat pain characteristic of the so-called goiter operation, stare with incredulity as the girl drinks ten ounces of orange juice with obvious enjoyment. She then hops off the table and walks to the door.

Sitting in a bar on a Saturday night around midnight, smoking a cigarette, a man of thirty-two laughs merrily, explaining that it's his best friend's sixth birthday party and that he's amused because Tommy Martindale has just let a ball of ice-cream slide off his plate into his lap. Asked what day it is, he says it's August 7, 1934, a Tuesday, and that the time is 4:25 in the afternoon. If he were asked to sign his name he would put it down in the scrawl of a child. If he were given psychological tests, his score would be approximately that of a six-year-old.

The attractive young hostess of a weekend house party comes into the living room, where her guests have gathered for cocktails. Completely naked, she asks for a drink, and asks her friends how they like her new dress.

An obviously intelligent gentleman of sixty is seated on a couch in the lounge of his club. A friend asks if he would like to have lunch. "I can't just now, I'm afraid," he says. "They won't allow polar bears in the dining room, you know." He makes stroking and petting motions in the air beside him. "You needn't be afraid," he says to his friend. "This is the only really tame polar bear in the world."

The common denominator? Hypnosis. In each case the person cited was in hypnotic trance.

What is hypnosis? No one knows.

What can it do? Says J. B. S. Haldane, famous British scientist: "Anyone who has seen even a single example of the power of hypnosis and suggestion must realize that the face of the world and the possibilities of existence will be totally altered when we can control their effects and standardize their application . . ."

Who can be hypnotized? Something between eighty and ninety-five percent of the population, excluding the very young, the feeble-minded, and some — but by no means all — of the insane.

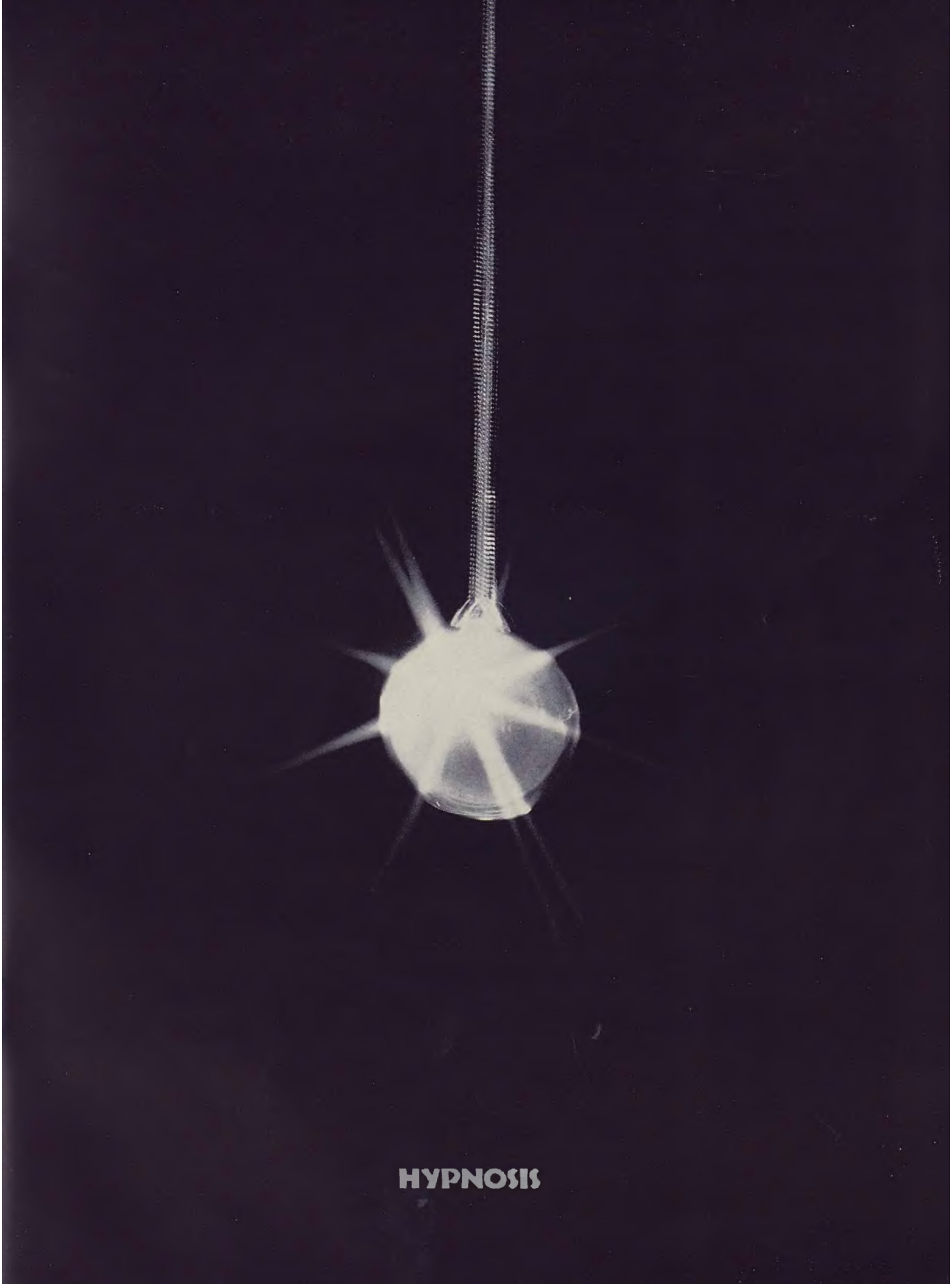
There has been, of late, a great stir about hypnosis. One might think that the phenomenon had been discovered yesterday, instead of two or three thousand years ago. A year ago the American Medical Association solemnly announced that hypnosis was a legitimate aid in certain aspects of medical practice, childbirth, for example. The A.M.A. was about three years behind the British Medical Association, and their common position was amusing, considering the fact that an ordinary newspaper cliché of the middle and late 1800s in England was this, added to the announcement that Mrs. So-and-So had been delivered of a child: "Painlessly, in Mesmeric trance."

Hypnosis was important in medicine long before the birth of Christ, which means that hypnosis is older than chemical anesthesia, older than asepsis; it is older than the bacterial theory of disease, vaccines, viruses, vitamins, older than psychoanalysis and such chemical agents as the tranquilizers. Ancient Egypt had "sleep-temples" to which the ill repaired, to be put into trance and visited by "gods" who cured. The temples later spread to Greece and to Asia Minor.

Hypnosis did not thrive under the Christians, except as a means, self-induced, by which some of the martyrs endured the torments inflicted by their enemies. During the Dark Ages anyone known to be capable of entering a trance state was in danger of being burned as a witch. Science began to revive in the middle of the Eighteenth Century (the last witch-burning of record was in Scotland in 1727) and renewed interest in the phenomenon we now know as hypnosis inevitably accompanied the revival.

Friedrich Anton Mesmer, who lived from 1734 to 1815, and who made his name a root-word synonymous with hypnotic effect, was roughly treated by the medically orthodox of his day. He was formally condemned, and his judges included Benjamin Franklin. Mesmer believed that the human body was a living magnet, and threw off gaseous or fluid magnetism in waves. He believed that disruption of the orderly flow of these waves caused disease, and he tried, by sweeping manual "passes" to redirect this flow. By bringing the subject to concentrate on him (his appearance and manner were dramatic and compelling), Mesmer induced hypnosis. Many of his patients claimed to have been cured of illness and some of them no doubt were right. Dr. Mesmer

article **By KEN PURDY** *the remarkable and rarely printed facts about this phenomenal psychic power and its relationship to persuasion, advertising, crime and world politics*


HYPNOSIS

became popular. He could not handle individually all the cases that came to him, and so he developed a mode of treatment common among psychotherapists today: group therapy. Mesmer gathered his clients around tubs filled with iron filings, or around trees which he said he had caused to sop up the vital magnetism. The French Academy of Medicine found this startling and investigation was ordered, with the United States Ambassador, Mr. Franklin, included in the panel which ultimately denounced Mesmer and drove him from Paris.

In addition to his name and the institution of group therapy, Mesmer bequeathed something else: the hand-wavings, passes, finger-snappings of the stage hypnotist. These dramatic trappings derive straight from Mesmer's magnetic wave theory; they are not necessary or even useful in hypnosis, but their dramatic value has endeared them to the stage performer, and they'll be used as long as the stage hypnotist is with us. That may not be a long time. In England stage hypnosis has been illegal since 1952. Similar laws will probably be enacted here once the phenomenon and its powers are more clearly understood.

Mesmer didn't call it hypnosis, and he didn't know how to isolate the phenomenon from what he conceived to be the magnetic principle in which he believed so strongly. (Some of his patients could "see" the waves. We know now that they could also have been made to "see" Hannibal or Caesar, and to discuss the use of infantry with them.) In 1784 a pupil of Mesmer, the Marquis de Puysegur, accidentally induced a hypnotic somnambulism in a shepherd boy. That is to say, he put the boy into so deep a trance that he behaved as a sleep-walker. He could move about, answer questions, obey instructions, but retained no recollection of events after he had been brought out of the trance. The phenomenon was still not known as hypnosis. That name, from the Greek "hypnos" or sleep, was first used by the English physician James Braid, who worked in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Braid also originated the "fascination" technique of hypnotic induction, the use of a glittering or whirling object to hold the subject's attention. The spirally-marked spinning disks currently available from mail-order houses had their origin with James Braid, who was banned from British medical practice for his pains.

Hypnosis is full of paradox, and so it is hardly curious that although the word means "sleep" and although the person in hypnotic trance appears to be asleep (he often "wakes up" yawning, stretching and refreshed), the state actually has nothing whatever to do with sleep. The standard induction formula used by nearly all hypnotists involves the repeated suggestion, "You are very sleepy, you are very tired, you are going into a deep, deep sleep . . ." When the subject responds by closing his eyes, nodding, allowing his head to fall loosely forward, he is not asleep, however. He is wide awake. But he has accepted as *fact* the suggestion that he is asleep. He *believes* that he is asleep. In a deeper trance, he would accept the suggestion that he was Khrushchev. He would *believe* that he was Khrushchev and would try to act like Khrushchev. But he is not Khrushchev. Nor is he asleep.

If hypnosis isn't related to sleep, what is it? No one knows exactly. Warren's *Dictionary of Psychology* defines hypnosis as "An artificially induced state . . . which is characterized by heightened suggestibility, as a result of which certain sensory, motor and memory abnormalities may be induced more readily than in the normal state." Clark L. Hull, in 1933, linked hypnotism with the phenomenon of habit formation. Andrew Salter, a New York psychologist, in *What Is Hypnosis?* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1955), suggested that hypnosis is a form of reflex conditioning (the phenomenon demonstrated by Pavlov in which a dog, fed when a bell rings, will later salivate without seeing food, when the bell is rung). Bernard Gindes, author of *New Concepts of Hypnosis* (Julian Press, Inc., 1952), says, "A subject will only enact a suggestion which has been enforced by actual previous experience, either in reality, imagination, dream or fantasy. Events in his life prior to the hypnotic sessions have conditioned him to react according to a certain pattern."

Whatever hypnosis is, it works. Its value in medicine and in psychotherapy is only now, for the first time, truly being appreciated. Its power, for good or evil, in the influencing of men's minds, in advertising, in politics, in the execution of criminal acts, in the avoidance of detection of those acts, in warfare, and in the continuing struggle for men's minds, the world over, is now only vaguely understood or guessed at.

In grandfather's day, when the Svengali-Trilby story was so popular, it was widely believed that a hypnotist could seize control of an innocent's "will" and thrust her under his domination without her knowledge or consent; and that under the hypnotic spell she would do as he wished her to do, no matter what the moral or ethical barriers in the way.

When scientific interest in hypnosis increased in the 1930s, the reverse rule was laid down: No one could be hypnotized against his will. A hypnotic subject could not be made to do anything counter to his moral or ethical principles.

Grandpa was more nearly right. These are the facts: (1) If you can be hypnotized at all, you can be hypnotized without your consent, without your cooperation, and in some cases despite your strongest efforts

to prevent it; (2) Under hypnosis, you can be made to take actions that are violations of your moral and ethical principles.

The question of violating one's moral or ethical principles under hypnosis is a complex one, as we shall see. For example, most nineteen-year-old girls would be unwilling to undress before an audience of fifty men. The society in which we live teaches that to do so would be to behave immorally and unethically. Asked to undress thus publicly, a girl under hypnosis will almost always react typically: she will either spontaneously come out of the hypnotic trance, or she will go into hysteria. Thus she appears to demonstrate the thesis that a hypnotic subject will not violate his moral concepts.

However, if the hypnotist's purpose is merely to cause the girl to disrobe, and never mind the psychological niceties, he can do so easily. He has only to suggest to her that she is alone; that the month is July and the day unbearably warm; that there is a cool shower running in a corner of the room; that she wishes to undress so as to stand under this shower. She will promptly do so, whether there are fifty men in the audience or five thousand. As George H. Estabrooks put the matter: "There are two ways to kill a cat. One is to mess him up with a club. The other is to persuade him that chloroform is good for fleas."

Incidentally, the girl may know that she is undressing against her will, but be unable to stop doing so. She may be very angry, but impotent. Afterward, when she has been "awakened," she may vividly express her anger. The church deacon earlier referred to, who was made to stand on his head, run around on all fours barking like a dog, and generally make an ass of himself, knew everything that he was doing, but was powerless to stop himself; however, when he was brought out of the trance, he promptly punched the hypnotist in the mouth. The clever hypnotist need run no such risk, however, since any really good subject can be told to forget everything that has happened during the hypnotic trance, and afterward he will remember nothing of what occurred.

Most commonly recognized hypnosis takes place with the subject's consent. Certainly in the medical and psychotherapeutic use of hypnosis, it is a cooperative enterprise between the operator and the subject. However, a subject need not be cooperative in order to be put into a hypnotic trance; indeed, a trance can be induced without the subject's even being aware that he is being hypnotized. A good subject can be hypnotized in a split second, with nothing more than the snap of the fingers and the suggestion, "Sleep!" A subject who has never been hypnotized before may be put into a trance through any number of disguised techniques. He can be lulled into a trance through the use of a monotonous sleep-inducing tone of voice, without ever realizing what is going on. He can be invited to watch someone else hypnotized, unaware that he himself is the operator's intended subject. Subtle or disguised forms of hypnotic induction exist in everyday life, in persuasion and salesmanship, advertising, politics, crime, its prosecution and defense, and the power that dictators hold over the masses.

There are many techniques for inducing hypnosis. Perhaps the commonest is the "fascination" technique, in which the subject is asked to concentrate on a bright coin, a mote of sunshine on the wall, the corner of a picture-frame. A pendulum may be used, or a mechanically spun object. (The Russians, who have shown great interest in hypnosis since World War II, have achieved hypnosis by spinning the *subject*, as in a dentist's chair.) F. L. Marcuse of Washington State University cites the fact that some churches offer a hypnotic environment, with set ritual, darkness, somber music, an eye-fixation point aloft, monotonous and repetitious chanting, meditation, restrictions of movement.

Purpose of the fascination technique is not to "tire the senses," which would be impossible in the few minutes that is usual, but to misdirect the subject's attention, as a mother misdirects her child's by showing him a toy and simultaneously pushing a spoonful of cereal into his mouth. The hypnotist, by inducing the subject to concentrate upon one object, simply removes extraneous and diverting material from his mind and clears the way for the suggestion: "You are tired. Your eyelids are heavy and they will close. They will close and you will be unable to prevent them from closing . . ." And so on. If the subject accepts the suggestion that he is tired, and it is easy for him to do so if he is stretched out on a couch or relaxed in a soft chair, it will be easier for him to accept the suggestion that his eyelids are heavy. It will then be even easier for him to believe that they are closing, and so on until, after a time, he may be convinced that he has spent the morning with his Cabinet in the White House as President of the United States, or in some distant eastern castle as a sultan surrounded by his harem of one hundred beautiful slave girls. He will believe this absolutely, and it is one of the minor dangers of "party" hypnosis that few amateur operators understand that the subject is often fanatic in his hypnotically induced beliefs, and may go into uncontrolled violence if they are challenged.

Almost anyone can hypnotize and it takes no more than half an hour to learn how. However, hypnotism can definitely be dangerous in the hands of an unqualified amateur, and while some of the dangers are obvious, some are quite subtle. The widely-held belief that a hypnotist may be unable to awaken a subject from

trance is without validity. If a subject is left in a hypnotic trance, he will eventually fall into a normal sleep and awaken naturally. This process may require a few minutes or several hours, depending on the individual. However, a hypnotic subject may seriously injure himself or those around him, if he is given improper suggestions by an amateur hypnotist. There is real danger of harm caused by great physical exertion suggested by the hypnotist; a part of the body can be injured without the subject's realizing it, if hypnotically-induced anesthesia has been used. There have been fatal and near-fatal heart attacks caused by hypnotically induced hallucination, and in the hands of the unscrupulous, hypnosis can be truly insidious.

The greatest danger that the amateur hypnotist must guard against is the tendency to think of hypnosis as a game in which the subject is only "playing along." This tendency to underestimate the power of the hypnotic suggestion can often have disastrous results. An amateur hypnotist of our acquaintance, who had learned how to hypnotize just the week before, told a good subject that when she awoke she would be a vampire. He imagined that she would flap her arms and imitate one of Bela Lugosi's girlfriends. Instead the pretty little thing looked calmly around the room and then without a word sprang savagely at the hypnotist and bit him severely on the face, trying very earnestly to get at his throat.

In another case, a good subject was given an imaginary, or hallucinated, dog on a hallucinated leash and told that the dog, a Great Dane, was pulling too hard to be held. The people who were watching the amateur performance laughed as the man was pulled helplessly out of the house and into the street. Before he could be stopped, he had been struck and killed by a passing automobile.

Almost everyone can be hypnotized, but only one person in five is a natural somnambulist, a subject who can be taken into a deep trance, a trance in which hallucination, regression, anesthesia and other extreme hypnotic phenomena can be developed. However, with practice, about sixty-five percent of those who can be hypnotized at all can reach the deep-trance state.

There is a marked tendency for a subject to wish to please an operator, and it is sometimes difficult to judge whether a subject is in as deep a trance as he appears, or is simulating in order to satisfy his wish to please. This rapport, as it is called, between hypnotist and subject is also apparent in the acceptance of suggestion. The subject may hear many voices in the room, while in trance, and be aware of everything that is going on around him, but he pays attention only to the operator and responds only to his suggestions. It is also difficult even for a skilled operator to bring a subject out of a trance induced by someone else, though as we mentioned earlier, a subject left in a trance will eventually fall into a normal sleep, from which he will awaken normally.

Because of this rapport, this strong tendency to please the operator, and the really remarkable ability of some subjects to sense what the operator wants of them, many carefully controlled experiments in hypnosis have produced conflicting results. Because the subject senses what the operator expects, and tries his best to give it to him, many of the early experiments on the question of whether or not a subject would go against his moral convictions suggested that he would not, simply because that was the result the operator was seeking.

Professor Estabrooks, in his book *Hypnotism* (Dutton, 1957), pointed out this problem in a series of experiments on the question of muscular strength in hypnosis, conducted first by M. C. Nicholson at Johns Hopkins and later by P. C. Young at Harvard, with completely conflicting results. Estabrooks notes that the contradiction in results "was undoubtedly due to the attitude of the hypnotists. The good subject cooperates in wonderful fashion. Nicholson's subjects realized that they were supposed to show an increase in muscular strength and did so. The opposite applied to Young's experiments. Our work in hypnotism must always be carried out with this fact in mind, that the subject tends to give what is expected." These conflicts are especially true in the experimentation with moral and ethical judgments under hypnosis. Here, more than anywhere else, the operator has strong prejudices, which the subject is able to sense to a really remarkable degree.

While almost everyone can be hypnotized, people vary markedly in the depth of the trance that can be easily induced. Why? No one really knows. Being a good or bad hypnotic subject has nothing to do with "will-power" except in the very broadest sense, and very little to do with intelligence, although persons of extremely low I.Q. are most difficult to hypnotize. It is a matter of being able to clear one's mind, concentrate and accept suggestion at the subconscious level, and some people are much better at this than others. Some are so good, in fact, that they can be put into a trance with or without their permission, on the subtlest of cues, by the hypnotist's clearing his throat, touching his ear, or by a key word, by any particular sight, sound, smell or other stimulus that has been given as a cue beforehand.

Some hypnotists have made recordings of their voices for clients. Typically, a patient is upset because his doctor has gone to Europe for a month. The patient is afraid that he will not be able to control a certain pain or habit without help. Under such circumstances, the doctor might give the man a recording. It will be almost as efficacious as his presence would be. If the man's wife, curious, puts the record on a player, she may involuntarily go into a trance, and if the record automatically repeats, she may go into a still deeper trance.

Since people vary so greatly in their ability to be hypnotized, is there any way of telling a good subject from a bad one? Not by appearance or casual conversation, no. The good hypnotic subject does not fall into any particular category of physique or personality. However, there are simple tests which will reveal those individuals who make the best hypnotic subjects. In the most common of these, the prospective subject is asked to stand upright and the operator stands behind him, then slowly draws his hands back past the subject, saying, "As I draw my hands back past you, you will feel a strange force pulling you backward toward me. You are going to fall back into my arms, but I will be here to catch you. You feel this strange force pulling you backward. You are falling, falling, falling. Falling back, back, back, back . . ." After this has been repeated several times, the subject, if he is a good one, will accept the suggestion and fall backward. In a similar test of susceptibility, the fingers are interlaced and squeezed tightly together. The operator then informs the subject that his hands are locked so tightly together that he will be unable to pull them apart. A good subject will be unable to separate the fingers.

The facts of greatest interest about hypnosis are the ease with which it can be induced in a large part of our population, for one. Two, the fact that almost anyone can hypnotize after only a few minutes of instruction and, three, the fact that we know almost nothing about the potential — for good and evil — of this strange phenomenon.

Just what can hypnosis do? Here are some of the simply induced and common phenomena possible under hypnosis. In the lightest trance, it is possible to lock a subject so firmly in one place that if ten thousand dollars is placed on the floor in front of him, and he is told that it is his if he can get out of the chair and pick it up, still he won't be able to move. The house could be set aflame and unless the subject were released by the operator, he would die in the fire, nailed to his chair by the "suggestion" that he could not leave it. Hyp-

(continued on page 74)

"I've had my eye on you for some time, Miss Simpson, and I'm promoting you to where I can get my hands on you, too."

like the man said: power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely

HE WOULD SAY, "HOLLYWOOD A PRISON? What town isn't — for the ones who need walls? I've been in a lot of places and I've never been arrested except for speeding."

His friends kept at him. Some of them had worked for the movies and they saw corruption waiting for Gordon Rengs, novelist; sloth, emotional flabbiness, moral shrinkage, a watering-down of values. He was bound, they said, like all tweedy westerers this too late day, all who looked to the far coastal spaces for boons that were now nowhere, to wind up hooked on over-zoned Pacific

fiction By Bernard Wolfe

Palisades and overpriced Malibu surf. According to them, money, yearly doses of it handed over smilingly every third Friday, would become the monkey, no, the trumpeting elephant on his back.

They worried about him because, no matter how much ground he had covered in his travels, he had not in the emotional sense been around much: his head had for years been filled with himself and his work. In Hollywood, they warned, his spirit would in the end have no more pickup than his Jag, his vision would soar no higher than his picture-window house in the Laurel Canyon hills,

his imagination would end where his tufted wall-to-wall carpets ended. As for his integrity, it would be grown over with the toadstools of compromise and the lichens of main-chanciness.

For those who promised him the full inventory of collapse under the guise of wishing him well, Gordon Rengs had a ready reply:

"I've reached forty. I've written nine novels about the Things that ultimately count, I've sounded the most reverberant tocsins, cried a thousand full-lunged wolfs — and nobody's listened. The most successful of my books sold a little over six thousand copies. Not that I'm painting myself as the prophet in his own country, that's a disgusting kind of self-softness. All the same, I feel like a man mumbling to himself and beginning to look a little silly. Discriminating music lovers may enjoy the sound of my thin and reedy whistling in the dark but as for me, I want for once in my life, just for the crash of it, to make an all-out symphonic noise, a well-underwritten and mass-funneled shout. That's what you can do in the movies: shout centrally, rather than whisper around the edges. You don't say much, true, but you say it loud and wide, sometimes even in full color. That's not my reason for going, of course. It's a minor bonus I'm expecting. The main thing is that they're offering me two thousand dollars a week to do this Charlemagne picture, almost as much money as a publisher would advance to me for a book, more than I've made overall on some of my books. With my savings I can go off and write more books. Don't talk to me about corruption, please. If *you* were corrupted out there you must have opened yourselves wide to it. You know the one thing I'm terrified of now? The creeping dry rot that comes with one decade after another of worrying about the rent and the groceries. That's a corruption too. Where does legitimate dedication end and plain self-abuse begin? I'm going out there to subsidize my serious work to come; by subsidizing my stomach, which has a history and a need too."

His friends inquired whether he was going West to be nice to his vital organs or for the chance to make an all-out noise? One or the other, they said. No having it both ways.

He found that there was carping in this, a quibble he didn't need. He packed his scuffed canvas bags, sublet his Village walk-up, and took the early-morning jet for L.A.

Letters from him began to arrive in New York. Written on studio stationery and paid for by the studio at the rate, roughly, of fifty dollars a letter — he took about an hour on each and he was making exactly fifty dollars an hour — they were filled with a kind of triumphant I-told-you-so:

"All is lovely past words. The biggest thing is the sense of physical well-being you get out here — I'd forgotten how the body, too, can chirp. I'm living in a clean-lined, beam-ceilinged, pool-adjoined apartment above the Strip, one with a private Japanese-style patio; I wake up to the chatter of birds, I open my eyes to see the blooming rose and gardenia bushes outside my windows, the spreading banana tree. Each morning I drink a pint of freshly squeezed orange juice, swim five lengths in the pool, get in my red Alfa-Romeo and drive to work through show-stopping Laurel Canyon — thinking of you slaves fighting your way into the sooty 'F' train! Conditions at the writers' building are plush, plush. My office is a fine large room complete with air conditioner, leather sofa, horsy-doggy hunt prints, electric typewriter, and the world's most efficient secretary just one push of a button away, not to mention the admirable grassy hill slanting up and away from my window. The fellow in the next office is Jamie Beheen, the Anglo-Irish playwright, who's out here doing the story of Noah — delightful man. (Jamie, I mean; though I have nothing against Noah.) I was taken with my producer the first time we met; he said, 'My philosophy is very simple, movies should be about rich people.' He's absolutely right, of course, philosopher or no, he understands the Lowest Common Denominator of fantasy. My assignment's coming along. As you know, they're going in for Biblical and historical stories this year, that's why they're up on Charlemagne, who was very rich. (Noah was low on cash but, as Jamie points out, he had an impressive amount of livestock.) By the way, you may be interested in the reason they picked me for the Charlemagne job. They'd been given to understand that my last book was a psychoanalytic study of a young man in rebellion against his father and they want to give this same slant to the young Charlemagne. Their assumption, naturally, is that I'm an expert on said slant. I didn't tell them that I'd never written a book remotely like the one they'd heard about; I understand the nature of fantasy too. Neither did I let them know that my head is a total vacuum as regards Charlemagne and his father (Pepin the Short, I gather from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*). When I proposed that I spend a week or two doing research, to brush up on the subject, my producer was categorically against it on the quite valid grounds that my job is not to draw a historically accurate portrait of Charlemagne but simply to make him like Tony Curtis, whom they're hoping to line up for the lead. So I am turning Charlemagne, about whom I know absolutely nothing, into Tony Curtis (and Pepin the Short, entirely on my own initiative, since he hasn't been cast yet, into Claude Rains), a delightful finger exercise at which I spend five or six hours a week — they expect ten pages from you each Friday, and I'm used to turning out that much copy, and much more difficult copy at that, in a day. There's an interesting script girl on the lot named Marian Huddlesfield, she's been telling me about the effects of lysurgic acid, LSD, the stuff that induces a lovely schizophrenia. More about her later, she's making me a pair of sandals. Can this be corruption? Can overpaid vacations corrode the soul? I feel too good."

Later he wrote in a less exclamatory vein:

"I will grant you there are some unusual types out here. Been seeing Marian Huddlesfield — had her to the Beheens' a couple times — once to dinner at the Aware Inn ('organic' foods: fruits and vegetables that haven't been sprayed with insecticides or chemically fertilized, meats from non-injected animals) — even spent an evening at her Yoga meditation center (crossed legs, minimum breathing, etc.). She has a sweep of enthusiasms: she's a vegetarian, basically a fruitarian, she's interested in Yoga techniques for controlling the bodily functions, she knows Krishnamurti by heart, she goes to poetry-read-to-jazz sessions, she combs and rolls her own reefers and bakes marijuana brownies, she takes a negative attitude toward what she calls negative thoughts (among them anger and desire: self-serving, self-featuring), she also disapproves of insecticides and artificial fertilizers, she reads pamphlets on astrology and Bahai, she makes her own candles and sandals and is enthusiastic about all handiwork crafts, she used to live with a modern jazz bass player who has a habit and a Zen library, she collects interesting nuts and roots and leaves to Scotch-tape to her walls and ceiling, she's a volunteer subject in some experiments being conducted by a UCLA psychiatrist into the effects of certain hallucinogenic roots and molds (peyote, mescaline, LSD, all that). Simply the nuttiness brought out by the Southern California sun? There's too much of this everywhichway ferment out here to be dismissed that cavalierly. Where there's so much space the mind too stretches, yeasts up. I suspend judgment and try to understand. It may be a mass lurching but it's an exploration too. Possibilities of the organism are being brought out. What worries me about Marian is that she took a nasty spill when she was riding her bike a couple weeks ago up in Beverly Glen and ripped open the palm of her left hand on a wire fence. She's got a gaping hole there that refuses to heal, maybe,

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how and why organization man defeats his own ambitions for success and wealth

MONEY AND CONFORMITY

article **BY J. PAUL GETTY**

NOT LONG AGO, I met a young business executive who might well have served as the prototype for the entire breed of case-hardened conformist "organization men" one finds in ever-increasing numbers in the business world today. His clothes, manners, speech, attitudes — and ideas — were all studied stereotypes. It was obvious that he believed conformity was essential for success in his career, but he complained that he wasn't getting ahead fast enough and asked me if I could offer any advice.

"How can I achieve success and wealth in business?" he asked earnestly. "How can I make a million dollars?"

"I can't give you any sure-fire formulas," I replied, "but I'm certain of one thing. You'll go much further if you stop trying to look and act and think like everyone else on Madison Avenue or Wacker Drive or Wilshire Boulevard. Try being a *non*conformist for a change. Be an individualist — and an individual. You'll be amazed at how much faster you'll 'get ahead.' "

I rather doubt if what I said made much impression on the young man. I fear he was far too dedicated a disciple of that curious present-day hyperorthodoxy, the Cult of Conformity, to heed my heretical counsel. I'm sure he will spend the rest of his life aping and parroting the things he believes, or has been led to believe, are "right" and safe. He'll conform to petty, arbitrary codes and conventions, desperately trying to prove himself stable and reliable — but he will only demonstrate that he is unimaginative, unenterprising and mediocre.

The success and wealth for which men such as this yearn will always elude them. They will remain minor executives, shuffled and shunted from one corporate pigeonhole to another, throughout their entire business careers.

I pretend to be neither sage nor savant. Nor would I care to set myself up as an arbiter of anyone's mores or beliefs. But I do think that I know something about business and the business world. In my opinion, no one can possibly achieve any real and lasting success or "get rich" in business by being a conformist.

A businessman who wants to be successful cannot afford to imitate others or to squeeze his thoughts and actions into trite and shopworn molds. He must be very much of an individualist who can think and act independently. He must be an original, imaginative, resourceful and entirely self-reliant entrepreneur. If I may be permitted the analogy, he must be a creative artist rather than merely an artisan of business.

The successful businessman's nonconformity is most generally — and most obviously — evident in the manner and methods of his business operations and activities. These will be unorthodox in the sense that they are radically unlike those of his hidebound, less imaginative — and less successful — associates or competitors. Often, his innate impatience with the futility of superficial conventions and dogma of all kinds will manifest itself in varying degrees of personal eccentricity.

Everyone knows about the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr.'s idiosyncratic habit of handing out shiny new dimes wherever he went. Howard Hughes is noted for his penchant for wearing tennis-sneakers and open-throated shirts. Bernard Baruch holds his most important business conferences on park benches. These are only three among the many multimillionaires who made their fortunes by giving their individualism free rein and who never worried if their nonconformity showed in their private lives.

Now, I would hardly suggest that adoption of some slightly eccentric habit of dress or manner is in itself sufficient to catapult a man to the top of a corporate management pyramid or make him rich overnight. I do, however, steadfastly maintain that few — if any — people who insist on squeezing themselves into stereotyped molds will ever get very far on the road to success.

I find it disheartening that so many young businessmen today conform blindly and rigidly to patterns they believe some nebulous majority has decreed are prerequisites for approval by society and for success in business. In this, they fall prey to a fundamental fallacy: the notion that the majority is automatically and invariably right. Such is hardly the case. The majority is by no means omniscient just because it is the majority. In fact, I've found that the line which divides majority opinion from mass hysteria is often so fine as to be virtually invisible. This holds as true in business as it does in any other aspect of human activity. That the majority of businessmen thinks this or that, does not necessarily guarantee the validity of its opinions. The majority often has a tendency to plod slowly or to mill around helplessly. The nonconformist businessman who follows his own counsel, ignoring the cries of the pack, often reaps fantastic rewards. There are classic examples galore — *(continued on page 52)*

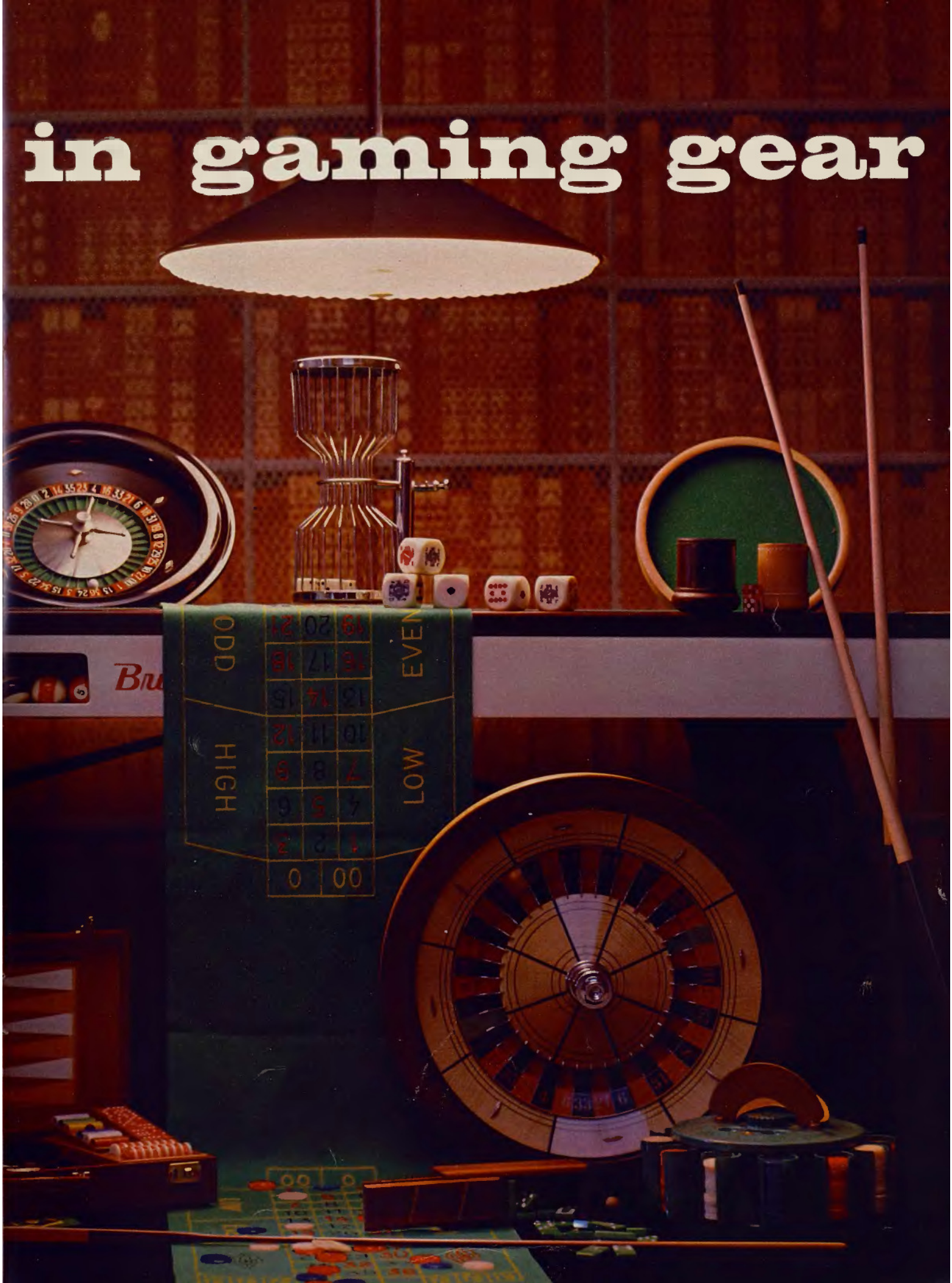
how to have a hoyle of a good time at home

best bets

IN OUR BOOK, at-home games of chance and skill easily cop the second-best spot when it comes to urban indoor entertainment. Gaming and all its gleaming gear can be as *gemütlich* as all get-out when you're *tête-à-tête* with some captivating creature who's game for games, or entertaining a coed crowd around the mesmeric blur of a whirring roulette wheel, or settling down for a brisk guys-only evening of poker, complete with good Scotch and panatelas. By all odds there's nothing that makes winning – or even dropping a few bucks – more pleasurable than first-rate gaming accoutrements. A well-turned pair of dice, a masterfully-carved chessman, a diamond-bright poker chip – all add immeasurably to the give and take of the evening, no matter how large or small the group you're entertaining. The Brunswick pocket billiard table features live rubber cushions, gullyball-receivers, ball storage rack, adjustable leveling devices, paired folding legs, burn-resistant rails; with balls and four cues; $275. On table, left to right: *The Education of a Poker Player* by Herbert O. Yardley, $4, *Scarne on Cards*, $5, *Goren's New Contract Bridge Complete*, $5, *The Roman Club System of Distributional Bidding*, $3.50, *The New Complete Hoyle*, $4, *Scarne on Dice*, $10. French-made 18-inch Bakelite roulette wheel and multi-colored all-wool felt layout, by Abercrombie & Fitch; $60. Rotating brass little-neck dice cage on wood base, by Baron; $55. Set of giant ivory poker dice, by Alfred Dunhill; $28.50. Felt-lined circular dice tray, by Baron; $8. Counter game dice cup of dark top-grain cowhide, heavy leather tip rim, cushion bottom, ribbed rubber inside, by Mason; $7.50. Red perfect-ring eye-spot dice, precision hand-finished, by Mason; $1.50. Tan cowhide poker dice cup, by Baron; $5. Below table, left to right: backgammon set in carrying case with 30 Catalin men, by Pacific; $30. Lockable leatherette game chest contains roulette wheel and layout, checkers, chess, dominoes, chips, cards, cribbage, dice and cup, by A&F; $50. 42-inch maple-walnut dice stick, by Baron; $9. Green domino set in walnut case with sliding cover; $13. 22-inch roulette wheel of hand-rubbed woods, by Mason; $650. Green poker chip case (holders swing out when center knob is turned), 300 chips, by A&F; $21.

(concluded overleaf)

in gaming gear



Top to bottom and left to right: leather poker chip case has three stained and lacquered removable gumwood chip trays with brass knobs, compartment under trays for cards, pencils and score pads, with 300 chips, by Baron; $14. Spatula-handled poker chip and playing card holder in heavy brass and red leather, by Alfred Dunhill; $45. Set of 100 proof-coin poker chips in mahogany dispenser; the U.S. proof coins are imbedded in lucite and increase in value each year, by Louis Fox; $160. Pocket-size finished-wood game chest has dominoes, chess and checker set, winks, dice, with brass hinges and closure, by Alfred Dunhill; $25. Precision sprung felt-bottomed German silver card dealing box, two-deck capacity, by Mason; $55. Autobridge set for learning or improving your game; $3. Card shuffler, by Johnson; $6. Two decks of PLAYBOY playing cards, $2.50. Felt-lined walnut dice cup with sterling silver initials, by Thomas-Young; $9. Gold mechanical pencil with hollow back holds five small poker dice, by Alfred Dunhill; $6. Austrian-made plastic-coated giant playing cards, by Rosenfeld; $5. Green leather gin-rummy scorepad is magnetized to hold gold-plated mechanical pencil, by Alfred Dunhill; $5. Green, perfect ring-eye spot dice, by Mason; $1.50. Tan pigskin game cup with poker dice, golf game, 100 chips, made in England; $22.50. These items rest on an eight-player poker table of oil-polished Honduras mahogany and green leatherette, with sturdy folding legs and a chip trough, drinking glass holder, and ashtray compartment for each player, by Baron; $95.

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CLANC

MONEY

(continued from page 47)

some of the most dramatic ones dating from the Depression.

The Rockefellers began building Rockefeller Center, the largest privately-owned business and entertainment complex in the United States — and possibly the entire world — in 1931, during the depths of the Depression. Most American businessmen considered the project an insane one. They conformed to the prevailing opinion which held that the nation's economy was in ruins and prophesied that the giant skyscrapers would remain untenanted shells for decades. "Rockefeller Center will be the world's biggest White Elephant," they predicted. "The Rockefellers are throwing their money down a bottomless drain."

Nonetheless, the Rockefellers went ahead with their plans and built the great Center. They reaped large profits from the project — and proved that they were right, and that the majority was dead wrong.

Conrad Hilton started buying and building hotels when most other hoteliers were eagerly scanning all available horizons for prospective buyers on whom they could unload their properties. There is certainly no need to go into details about nonconformist Conrad Hilton's phenomenal success.

I, myself, began buying stocks during the Depression, when shares were selling at bargain-basement prices and "everyone" believed they would fall even lower. "You're making a tremendous mistake, Paul," many of my friends and business associates warned me grimly. "This is no time to buy. You'll only bankrupt yourself."

The conformists were selling out, dumping their stocks on the market for whatever they would bring. Their one thought was to "salvage" what they could before the ultimate economic catastrophe so freely predicted by "the majority" took place.

Nevertheless, I continued to buy stocks. The results? Many shares I bought during the 1930s are now worth a hundred — and more — times what I paid for them. One particular issue in which I purchased sizable blocks has netted me no less than 4500% profit through the years.

No, I'm not boasting nor claiming that I was endowed with any unique powers of economic clairvoyance. There were other businessmen and investors who did the same — and profited accordingly. But we were the exceptions, the nonconformists who refused to be carried along by the wave of dismal pessimism then the vogue with the majority.

The truly successful businessman is essentially a dissenter, a rebel who is seldom if ever satisfied with the *status quo*. He creates his success and wealth by constantly seeking — and often finding — new and better ways to do and make things.

The list of those who have achieved great success by refusing to accept and follow established patterns is a long one. It spans two centuries of American history and runs the alphabetical gamut from John Jacob Astor to William Zeckendorf. These men relied on those four qualities already enumerated: their own imagination, originality, individualism and initiative. They made good — while the rock-ribbed conformists remained by the wayside.

These conformists simply do not realize that only the least able and efficient among them derive any benefit from the dubious blessings of conformism. The best men are inevitably dragged down to the insipid levels at which the second-raters — the prigs, pedants, precisians and procrastinators — set the pace. The craze for conformity is having its effect on our entire civilization — and, the way I see it, the effect is far from a salubrious one. It isn't a very long step from a conformist society to a regimented society. Although it would take longer to create an Orwellian nightmare through voluntary surrender of individuality — and thus of independence — than through totalitarian edict, the results would be very much the same. In some respects, a society in which the members reach a universal level in which they are anonymous drones by choice is even more frightening than one in which they are forced to be so against their will. When human beings relinquish their individuality and identity of their own volition, they are also relinquishing their claim to being human.

In business, the mystique of conformity is sapping the dynamic individualism that is the most priceless quality an executive or businessman can possibly possess. It has produced the lifeless, cardboard-cutout figure of the organization man who tries vainly to hide his fears, lack of confidence and incompetence behind the stylized façades of conformity.

The conformist is not born. He is made. I believe the brainwashing process begins in the schools and colleges. Many teachers and professors seem hell-bent on imbuing their students with a desire to achieve "security" above all — and at all costs. Beyond this, high school and university curricula are frequently designed to turn out nothing but "specialists" with circumscribed knowledge and interests. The theory seems to be that accountants should only be accountants, traffic managers should only be traffic managers, and so on *ad nauseam*. There doesn't appear to be much effort made to produce young men who have a grasp of the overall business picture and who will assume the responsibilities of leadership. Countless otherwise intelligent young men leave the universities where they have received over-specialized educations and then disappear into the administrative rabbit warrens of over-organized corporations.

To be sure, there are many other pressures that force the young man of today to be a conformist. He is bombarded from all sides by arguments that he must tailor himself, literally and figuratively, to fit the current crew-cut image, which means that he must be just like everyone else. He does not understand that the arguments are those of the almost-weres and never-will-bes who want him as company to share the misery of their frustrations and failures. Heaven help the man who dares to be different in thought or action. Any deviation from the mediocre norm, he is told, will brand him a Bohemian or a Bolshevik, a crank or a crackpot — a man who is unpredictable and thus unreliable.

This, of course, is sheer nonsense. Any man who allows his individuality to assert itself constructively will soon rise to the top. He will be the man who is most likely to succeed. But the brainwashing continues throughout many a man's career. The women in his life frequently do their part to keep him in his conformist's strait jacket. Mothers, fiancées and wives are particularly prone to be arch-conservatives who consider a weekly paycheck a bird in hand to be guarded, cherished and protected — and never mind what valuable *rara avis* may be nesting in the nearby bushes. Wives have a habit of raising harrowing spectres to deter a husband who might wish to risk his safe, secure job and seek fulfillment and wealth via imaginative and enterprising action. "You've got a good future with the Totter and Plod Company," they wail. "Don't risk it by doing anything rash. Remember all the bills and payments we have to meet — and we simply *must* get a new car this year!"

Consequently, the full-flowering conformist organization man takes the 8:36 train every weekday morning and hopes that in a few years he'll be moved far enough up the ladder so that he can ride the 9:03 with the middle-bracket executives. The businessman conformist is the Caspar Milquetoast of the present era. His future is not very bright. His conformist's rut will grow ever deeper until, at last, it becomes the grave for the hopes, ambitions and chances he might have once had for achieving wealth and success. The confirmed organization man spends his business career bogged down in a morass of procedural rules, multicopy memoranda and endless committee meetings in which he and men who are his carbon copies come up with hack-

(concluded on page 135)

THAT SWEET SINNER AND TRAVELING I

fiction By HERBERT GOLD

eros itinerant was not her dream of bliss

HERE WE GO AGAIN. I, Dale Dubble, was quarreling with a friend named Evie about whether or not she was going to let me. Her eyes said zero-naught at me. My eyes said mute-boyish-appeal at her. Her eyes said back-of-my-hand-to-you and her mouth said, "Hang it up, Dale."

Because I had gone away and left her, don't you know? Surely you all out there in Readershipland have encountered the like. That old lorn female logic leads to that nagging old female blues which I expressed so well in:

You done gone away and left me,
You done gone away and left me,
So I ain't a-gonna let you.

© DALE DUBBLE

as played by the State Jazz Symphony of Moscow, with hot electric violins and all the other primitive instruments of the true primitive ragtime brought up the river from Azerbaijan. They invented it straight from me. I had composed it in honor of Evie, but under the cultural exchange program it was stolen by Honored Artist of the Republic Bash Shmulkov, the foremost Sovietski rock-'n'-roll composer. (Later he was eliminated as part of the Summit failure.)

Anyway, not many rock-'n'-roll composers can say that. *Say what?* you ask. You didn't understand me? Well, part of my life's work was stolen by the Russkies, who actually invented rock-'n'-roll, of course, only they called it Bloose. And the first song they stole was the one I wrote for Sweet Evie, with the dimples on her knees and the stern calculation on her cerebral cortex, who was not always a nag. Got me now? I always went away on these trips, in order to get away from her, and then I'd come back from these trips, in order to get close to her, and then she wouldn't let me. *Would, not, let, me.* I would snuggle and she would desnuggle me. I would entangle and she would disentangle. And in my absence, she studied judo.

All clear? I sort of loved her, but I liked even better to flee — get clear — untie myself up after being tied down. Poor Dale. Poor Evie. Lucky Dale and Evie. We are now leaving political commentary and the Russians far behind. We are getting down to brass Evie, a trim little band chick who had gone straight and taken up junior miss modeling. She had given up singing into a mike for pouting into a camera. Being a sweet songstress had worn her down. "Cause if you go with a band," she explained, "you have to let the whole goddamn outfit make out. Not just the agent and the leader, but the sidemen, too. And the advance man. And the club owners. Bunch of hoods — no delicacy."

"So how big a band you with?" I asked her when we first met, already jealous. (Already I knew she was my aimless heart's hot desiring, O Evie baby, sweet sinner o' mine.) "Tell me, how big a band?"

She cast down her eyes shyly and slyly and reassured me. "Modern jazz," she said. "It was only a small combo."

"That's refreshing," I said.

Her mouth went into its full repertory of snarls, lips curling to beat the band, and she looked old, maybe eighteen. (She was actually twenty-two.) "But it's I mean a *drag*, pal. So now I'm modeling."

"How big an agency you with?" I asked snidely.

"Well, this week my picture is in *Life*, and what they got? Eight million subscribers?"

Ouch, went my heart.

"But all they get is my picture and their fantasy life, Buster. And as for you — I keep pure now, you got to if you want to stay a junior miss."

I loved her at this moment with no perceptible desire to flee her entanglements. She smelled like Blue Grass. She tinkled when she walked — charm bracelets. And then there was her delicate Millie Perkins mug with its shell ears and rosy-pink tongue. "How do you happen to look so young with all you went through?"

"Well," she answered, clear-eyed, fresh, hoping to be discovered for a TV commercial, "what I did with the band, it was very nourishing, no matter what you say."

Now you get the flashback, bashback picture. She had minerals and proteins and hormones galore, and lots of wheat germ for breakfast with me. She had this pert little white face with large, heavily lashed eyes and a small but firm

mouth with small but firm teeth. Her cheeks were on the round side for a model — an old-fashioned young face. There was long straight hair and curse me for a sentimental fool if she didn't sometimes wear bangs. Yes, bangs. I can't help it; she was beautiful in bangs. After we'd come out of the shower, they'd be all wetted down. I'm a sentimental fool, curse it, and I like to take a shower with an old-fashioned girl with (and who) bangs. My mother taught me always to try to have at least one shower a day. It makes a fellow acceptable in those difficult situations of modern life of today.

Let's leave my mother *and* the Russians. Gladly.

We'll get to Evie's almost immoral combination of slimness and fullness later, but in the meantime, who could resist her? Not you, not me. When it comes to winsome, tricksome, squirmsome and toothsome little girls, we are all sentimental fools with low ability to resist. And I had a start on her, so I didn't.

But I'm an odd type too. I did disc-jockey endeavor-type profession for years, and made out fine as a jocka-rooney, and wrote minor hits on the side, stealing a bar or two here and there and writing my own story into the song:

Oh baby I miss you,
Oh baby I miss you,
Then baby why'd I ever go away?
© DALE DUBBLE

Because every great hit has got to tell a story, you know? That's a rule to great songwriting:

But now I'm back baby,
But now I'm back baby,
And I sure am golly-wise glad.
© DALE DUBBLE

In all modesty, I think I had something to contribute. My own little touch. Namely, no blushes before the banality, no cringing before the cliché. Nope. I was brave. Of course, I didn't have to apologize to anybody but my tax lawyer, and what did he care about echo chambers? Zero-naught, friends.

Then payola put me out of the disc-jockey business and I had to depend entirely on my composing. It's not that I was a dishonest disc jockey; it's only that I was greedy. I used to hate myself sometimes in the morning, because I heard of guys who got more from the record companies than me.

But finally the station fired me, and that was the end of one of my finest careers. I invited Bert Alcatraz, owner of the station, to meet Evie baby, hoping that he would have mercy on me, but he only looked at her with his cold thirty-second stare, took the cigar out of his mouth, killed it in the soil around the cactus on my coffee table, and said, "You'll never starve, Dale." So I was thrown on my musical and lyrical resources. I was certainly not going to peddle Evie — though I appreciated Bert's fatherly concern for my future. It didn't seem right somehow. She meant too much to me. She was, I mean, *important*. Even when I was running for my freedom.

As you can see, I too have a story to tell, a sad city story about that man who wants a girl and gets her and doesn't want her and leaves her and wants the girl again and maybe gets her and goes away again and tries and she says *no* because she knows if she says *yes* he'll leave her and so he says *please* and she says . . . There is also the tense economic drama of being a rich songwriter. And the family complication; my name isn't *really* Dale Dubble. I've changed my name, as the saying goes, in order to protect the guilty.

Namely, me and Evie baby.

I wanted to make out again. Oh man. When you don't want to, you really don't; but when you do, it even hurts to look at the lady cab driver. And my sweet sinner girl Evie was no lady cab driver. She had that skinny lankness that junior miss models develop from so many vitamin pills and not enough mashed potatoes, but she must have swallowed a hormone pill which put jiggle and jump where there is customarily only matched foam rubber. (Am I giving away trade secrets? Truth! I'm crazy for truth! That's the only reason for writing my life's story! Most models are flat-chested!) Once I even knew a girl who wore falsies on her *hips*. She was just like straight up and down and around. And rump falsies, you ever find that? You just stick around the dreamy-eyed Audrey Hepburn, Millie Perkins types long enough, you'll see everything, by which I mean: nothing, nada, niente, rien, scrawnysville. But Evie, on the other hand. Oh Evie. She had rampant flesh and hobs and jobs and jiggles and juts and pinnacles of it, rampantsville. And that lank badminton-playing litheness I like. Mies van der Rohe engineering with Romanesque abutments.

So you see the predick I was in. She could fix me by not fixing me.

Which she proceeded to do. "Nyet!" she said (but don't think I'm going to start discussing politics again). She had taken a post-grad, junior miss course in Russian with a translator from the U.N. "At this summit, Buster, NO!"

"Aw honey, you remember me," I said.

She did, alas. Her nose quivered with remembrance of thingamajigs past. That was the trouble. All too well. I had made her quiver, she had made me quiver; I had departed on my voyage to Cuba, where I saw Castro on the telly and

(continued on page 114)

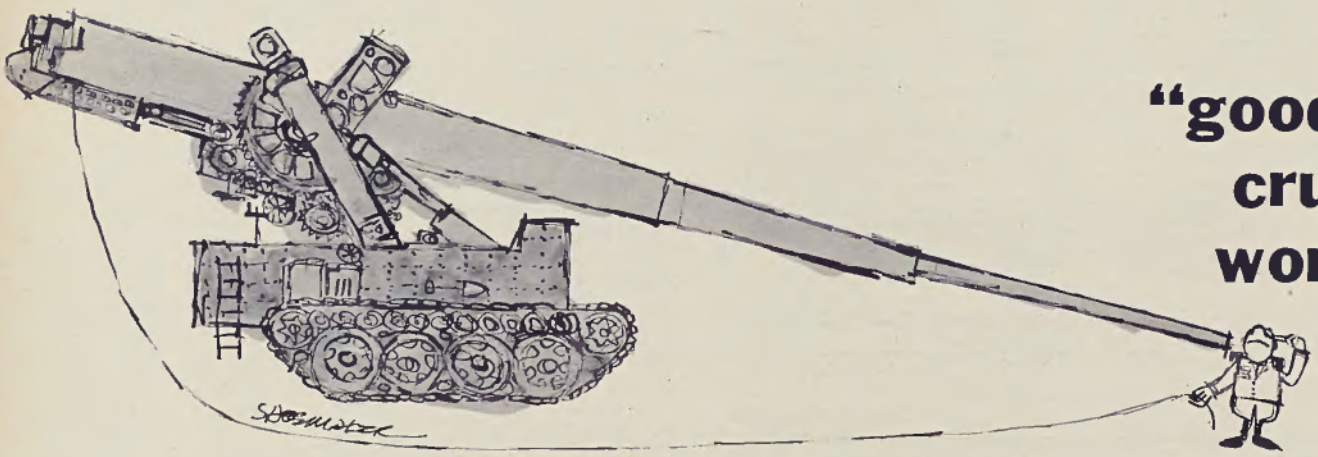
bewitching fare for the witching hour

the midnight chef

food By THOMAS MARIO

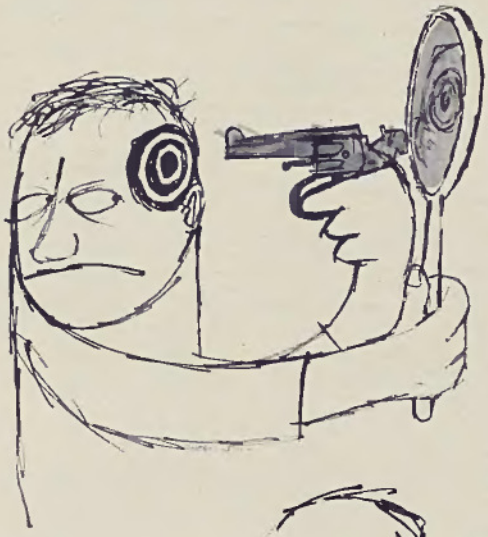
FOR THOSE OF US who burn the candle, there can be no doubt about which meal of the day yields the greatest pleasure. It's the one consumed round midnight, for that's the time of night when the glow of the city's lights is at its softest, when two hearts are at their tenderest, and, often, when kindred souls are at their hungriest. No forlorn sandwich will do at the witching hour, nor will a noisy nightery yield the intimate gratification of appetites you can more artfully attain *chez vous*. What you and the lady deserve are great soft mounds of scrambled eggs, glossy with the sweet butter in which they cooked, accompanied by hot anchovy toast. Or, if that's not to your taste, try crisp oyster fritters dunked in a rich rémoulade sauce accompanied by a capacious carafe of freshly-brewed coffee. Bridge buffs who've been in close communion with several rounds of highballs know that, as the wee small hours approach, the only intelligent bid is curried lobster or steak sandwiches. As any civilized cityite will attest, the proper time for a theatre party to assuage its hunger pangs is after the show, not before. (Cocktails and copious canapés make better sense before an eight-thirty curtain than a hurried early repast.) As midnight draws nigh in the snug confines of your own digs, you and the group, or you and your solitary guest, start your post-performance post mortems fortified by fresh sausage cakes with crisp dill pickles or slowly melting mozzarella cheese with Canadian bacon and chunks of fresh French bread. This is fare worthy of the midnight chef.

Undoubtedly the easiest way to sound the supper bell is to phone the nearest delicatessen for a platter of assorted cold cuts. Now, cold sliced brisket of corned beef and sliced smoked ox tongue need no defense; they need only sour rye bread, some fresh sweet butter and a jar of mild mustard. But there's a twofold drawback to this opportunist kind of supper. First, cold cuts in mid-winter aren't *(continued on page 58)*



"goodbye, cruel world!"

sick humorist shoemaker offers several variations on a theme



SBOSWATER

SBOSWATER

midnight chef *(continued from page 54)*

the grandest answer to midnight munching. Second, the delly-delivered delights lack originality, individuality and deny you a splendid opportunity to display gracious and masterful hostmanship.

In today's servantless apartments the midnight chef must choose his menu wisely. He doesn't want to become the disappearing host, caught in the trap of his own last-minute labors. He wants to serve something distinctive without working all day in order to make it seem effortless.

There are two main types of late-night meals. There's the elaborate smorgasbord spread in which a fantastic assortment of fish, seafood, salads and meats is displayed to the delight of all. Most of it is taken from cans or frozen-food shelves or is bought at a fancy food shop. Then there's the one-dish supper designed for intimate dining. It should consist of a single hot course, a tossed green salad, dessert and coffee.

Recipes that sound deceptively simple are seldom what they seem. Lobster newburg, a typical old-school supper dish — and a delicious one — is a case in point. The average cookbook says, "take a quart of diced cooked lobster . . ." Anyone who's "taken" a quart of diced cooked lobster, starting from scratch, soon finds out that the ordeal of buying and cooking live northern lobsters, cutting and cracking the shells, gouging out the meat, disposing of the mountain of debris and finally slicing and chilling the meat can consume several hours. But there's no real reason why you should be daunted in your desire to serve lobster newburg, or other lobster dishes. If you need fresh northern lobsters for a sauce dish, the only civilized way to buy them is freshly boiled and split at the fish dealer's store, a convenience that's happily becoming more and more widespread. If the lobster is served in a tangy devil sauce or in a hot Indian curry (as in the formula below), frozen lobster tails work out beautifully.

If you've been tempted to try a new recipe but feel somewhat uneasy about handling some of its features, it's always a good idea to conduct your own preview staged on a snowy Sunday afternoon with a favored companion as chef's aide-de-cuisine. That way, you can find out how long it takes to poach the mushrooms, mince the fresh thyme or carry out any of the other instructions that sometimes create such endless ado. If the final dish turns out to be a successful bit of kitchen magic, you won't mind savoring it twice.

Most nocturnal feasts are easier if they're accomplished in two stages. All preliminary buying, baking, sautéing or simmering should be done long before the evening sun goes down, and we suggest you deputize a lot of these chores to a competent part-time housemaid. (In addition, she can buy, wash and pick over salad greens, drain them well, and put them in the crisper of the fridge — all ready for the master host to toss up a masterful salad complete with his own special dressing.) With some dishes, part of the work should be done the day before, for flavor ripening and blending in the refrigerator. Then when appetites reach the wildcat stage, the last-minute *gratinee* or sizzling can be performed at the chafing dish, the electric skillet or the oven without delay.

After the main course is applauded, an alluring dessert is the best encore. If it's a fine babka or pecan ring or apple strudel, it should be placed in the oven until it's cozily warm before serving. If it's a cheesecake or a bowl of fresh strawberries Romanoff, it should be bitingly cold. A platter of cheese — at room temperature — and a large bowl of fruit are perfect complements, too, to any midnight repast. Ripe Spanish melons, honey-sweet Bosc pears, Delicious apples, German tilsiter cheese, crumbly stilton or soft, ripe brie or camembert — the list is endless.

Endless, too, are the joys of midnight feasting. For inspiration, try the following culinary delights, all sufficient for a quartet of hungry night raiders:

OYSTER FRITTERS

- 6½-oz. can oysters, well drained
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 packet instant chicken bouillon
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- Salad oil

Sift together the flour and baking powder. In a small heavy saucepan, over a low flame, bring the water, chicken bouillon, salt, pepper and cayenne pepper to a boil. Add the butter. Let it melt. Remove the pan from the flame. Add the flour mixture all at once. It will be hard to handle, but stir well until a smooth mixture is formed. Add, one by one, the unbeaten eggs, stirring well until the eggs are blended into the batter. Add the oysters, green pepper and onion, mixing well. Place the mixture, covered, in the refrigerator until serving time. When ready to make fritters, heat oil to a depth of ¼ inch in a heavy frying pan or in an electric skillet set at 370°. Drop by large tablespoons into pan. Sauté until brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. With oyster fritters serve cold rémoulade sauce.

RÉMOULADE SAUCE

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup sour cream
- 2 tablespoons finely minced sour pickle
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
- 2 teaspoons finely chopped capers
- 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh chervil or ½ teaspoon dried chervil
- 2 teaspoons anchovy paste
- 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard

Combine all ingredients in a mixing bowl. Stir well. Chill until serving time.

MUSHROOMS AND WAFFLES WITH MARSALA

- 1 lb. fresh button mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- Juice of ¼ lemon
- Salt, white pepper
- 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- ¼ cup dry marsala wine or dry sherry
- ¼ cup light cream
- 2 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
- ½ lb. sliced bacon
- 4 portions frozen waffles

Wash mushrooms well in cold water. In a large heavy saucepan heat the butter and salad oil until butter melts. Add mushrooms and lemon juice. Sprinkle with salt and white pepper. Sauté, keeping the pan covered, until mushrooms are tender. Add the undiluted mushroom soup, marsala wine, cream and parmesan cheese. Stir well to make a smooth sauce. Simmer slowly 15 minutes. While mushrooms are simmering, sauté the bacon or bake it in a shallow pan until crisp. Heat the frozen waffles, following directions on package. Place a portion of waffles on each serving plate. Spoon the mushrooms over the waffles. Place the bacon on top. White beaujolais 1959 will be perfect with this dish.

FRESH SAUSAGE CAKES WITH APPLE

These are designed for two burger sandwiches on buns per person. They should be accompanied with crisp dill pickles or imported senfgurken, a sauceboat of catsup spiked with Tabasco and mugs of cold beer.

- 1 tablespoon butter
- ½ cup finely chopped apple
- ¼ cup finely minced onion
- ¼ teaspoon finely minced garlic
- ⅓ cup dry white wine
- 1 lb. seasoned sausage meat
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ⅓ cup bread crumbs
- ¼ cup light cream

Melt the butter in a small saucepan. Add the apple, onion and garlic. Sauté slowly until onion turns yellow. Add the white wine. Cook until wine almost

(concluded on page 116)

fiction By RAY RUSSELL

THE ROOM

for rent: very special lodgings for a very special purpose

CRANE AWOKE with the Tingle Toothfoam song racing through his head. Tingle, he realized, must have bought last night's Sleepcoo time. He frowned at the Sleepcoo speaker in the wall next to his pillow. Then he stared at the ceiling: it was still blank. Must be pretty early, he told himself. As the Coffizz slogan slowly faded in on the ceiling, he averted his eyes and got out of bed. He avoided looking at the printed messages on the sheets, the pillowcases, the blankets, his robe, and the innersoles of his slippers. As his feet touched the floor, the TV set went on. It would go off, automatically, at ten P.M. Crane was perfectly free to switch channels, but he saw no point in that.

In the bathroom, he turned on the light and the TV's audio was immediately piped in to him. He switched the light off and performed his first morning ritual in the dark. But he needed light in order to shave, and as he turned it on again, the audio resumed. As he shaved, the mirror flickered instantaneously once every three seconds. It was not enough to disturb his shaving, but Crane found himself suddenly thinking of the rich warm goodness of the Coffizz competitor, Teatang. A few moments later, he was reading the ads for Now, the gentle instant laxative, and Stop, the bourbon-flavored paregoric, which were printed on alternating sheets of the bathroom tissue.

As he was dressing, the phone rang. He let it ring. He knew what he would hear if he picked it up: "Good morning! Have you had your Krakkeroonies yet? Packed with protein and —" Or, maybe, "Why wait for the draft? Enlist now in the service of your choice and cash in on the following enlistee benefits —" Or: "Feeling under the weather? Coronary disease kills four out of five! The early symptoms are —"

On the other hand, it *could* be an important personal call. He picked up the phone and said hello. "Hello yourself," answered a husky, insinuating feminine voice. "Bob?"

"Yes."

"Bob Crane?"

"Yes, who's this?"

"My name's Judy. I know you, but you don't know me. Have you felt logy lately, out of sorts —" He put down the phone. That settled it. He pulled a crumpled slip of paper from his desk drawer. There was an address on it. Hitherto, he had been hesitant about following up this lead. But this morning he felt decisive. He left his apartment and hailed a cab.

The back of the cab's front seat immediately went on and he found himself watching the Juice-O-Vescent Breakfast Hour. He opened a newspaper the last passenger had left behind. His eyes managed to slide over the four-color Glitterink ads with their oblique homosexual, sadistic, masochistic, incestuous and autoerotic symbols, and he tried to concentrate on a news story about the initiating of another government housing program, but his attempts to ignore the Breeze Deodorant ads printed yellow-on-white between the lines were fruitless. The cab reached its destination. Crane paid the driver with a bill bearing a picture of Abraham Lincoln on one side and a picture of a naked woman bathing with Smoothie Soap on the other. He entered a rather run-down frame building, found the correct door, and pressed the doorbell. He could hear, inside the flat, the sound of an old-fashioned buzzer, not a chime playing the EetMeet or Jetfly or Krispy Kola jingles. Hope filled him.

A slattern answered the door, regarded him suspiciously, and asked, "Yeah?"

"I – uh – Mrs. Ferman? I got your name from a friend, Bill Seavers? I understand you –" his voice dropped low "– rent rooms."

"Get outta here; you wanna get me in trouble? I'm a private citizen, a respectable —"

"I'll, I'll *pay*. I have a good job. I —"

"How much?"

"Two hundred? That's twice what I'm paying at the housing project."

"Come on in." Inside, the woman locked, bolted and chained the door. "One room," she said. "Toilet and shower down the hall, you share it with two others. Get rid of your own garbage. Provide your own heat in the winter. You want hot water, it's fifty extra. No cooking in the rooms. No guests. Three months' rent in advance, cash."

"I'll take it," Crane said quickly; then added, "I can turn off the TV?"

"There ain't no TV. No phone neither."

"No all-night Sleepcoo next to the bed? No sublims in the mirrors? No Projecto in the ceiling or walls?"

"None of that stuff."

Crane smiled. He counted out the rent into her dirty hand. "When can I move in?"

She shrugged. "Any time. Here's the key. Fourth floor, front. There ain't no elevator."

Crane left, still smiling, the key clutched in his hand.

Mrs. Ferman picked up the phone and dialed a number. "Hello?" she said. "Ferman reporting. We have a new one, male, about thirty."

"Fine, thank you," answered a voice. "Begin treatment at once, Dr. Ferman."

CHRISTIANSEN

"It looks like we can't expect much in the way of benign guidance."

THE VOICE OF THE TURKEY

on broadway, there's no business like no business

article **By AL MORGAN**

BROADWAY'S SUCCESS WORSHIPERS are among the major social hazards of our time. They all have total recall, unlimited wind and are not above grabbing you by the lapels to cut off your circulation and your escape. I've been backed against innumerable grand pianos at uncountable parties and told in great detail about the opening nights of *South Pacific, Ghosts, Show Boat,* and a succession of *Hamlets.* I know the precise second Ethel Merman belted out *I've Got Rhythm* for the first time, how many people yelled bravo when Walter Huston, wearing a peg leg as Peter Stuyvesant, talked his way through *September Song* and how many members of Actors' Equity José Ferrer killed with his sword in *Cyrano.* I've been Sothern-and-Marlowed, Barrymored, Lillian Russelled and Gertrude Lawrenced to death.

In self-defense, I've become a Turkey Worshiper. Instead of getting a glaze over my eyes when the bore bears down on me at a party, I counterattack.

"Did you happen to be in New Haven for the tryout of *The Light* in 1919?" I ask. "How much did they pay you to see *The Ladder*?" "Do you happen to know offhand the all-time record for the shortest run on Broadway?"

What started as a defense became a religion. Once you hear the siren call of the voice of the turkey, you can't be bothered with such pallid theatrical fare as the smash hit. Now if you'll just make yourself comfortable against that piano and lean your lapels forward a bit, I'll show you what I mean.

The late Oscar Hammerstein II may have become wealthy and famous for such shows as *South Pacific, Oklahoma!* and *The King and I,* but I'm sure nothing that happened to him in his career can stack up against a night in Connecticut in 1919 when his first play, *The Light,* opened its tryout tour. The play never got any further than that tryout date at the Shubert in New Haven. The local critic summed it up with these words, "Its christening robes may well suffice as a shroud for a deadly dull play." Taking the hint, the producer, Arthur Hammerstein (Oscar II's uncle) closed it a couple of nights later, but not before it qualified for The Turkey Hall of Fame. On opening night, midway in the second act, *The Light* got its first and only laugh. The heroine, played by Vivienne Osborne, faced stage front and said, "Everything seems to be falling down around me." As she delivered the line, her panties slipped and fell to the stage. Mr. Hammerstein never got a bigger laugh in his life nor had any angrier leading lady.

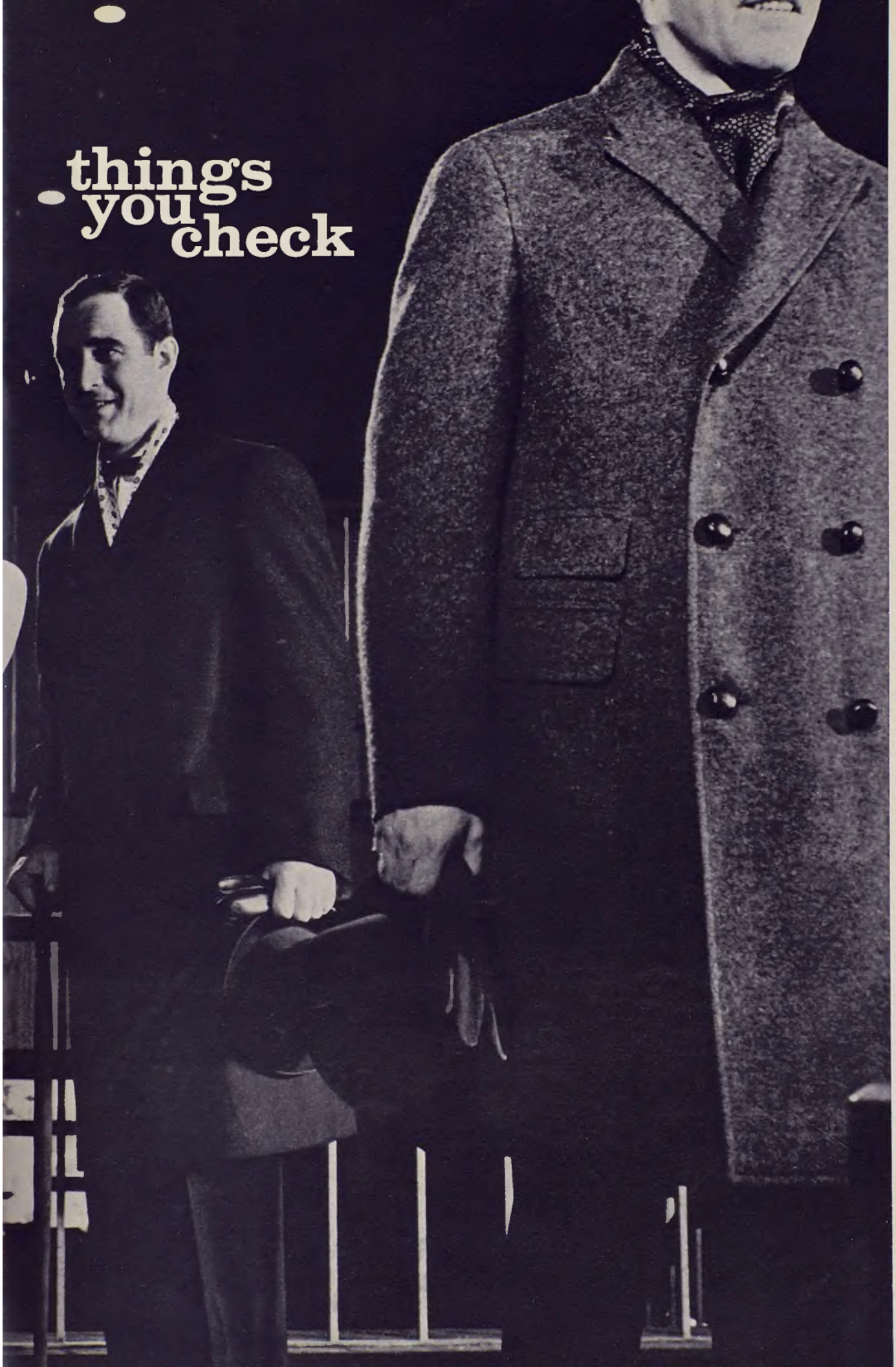
The King of The Flops, the longest turkey run in the history of the theatre, was a drama by J. Frank Davis called *The Ladder.* It opened at the Mansfield in 1926. It lost $750,000 and ran for a year and a half on Broadway, rolling up an astounding total of 789 performances. *The Ladder* dealt with reincarnation and its lone backer was Texas oil tycoon Edgar B. Davis (no relation to the playwright). Mr. Davis, who was reputed to have made ten thousand dollars a day — every day — from his oil wells, was a big reincarnation buff and felt the message of the play was something every American should be exposed to, even if it took his last drop of oil. *The Ladder* opened to a completely unanimous set of critical pans, but, despite them, Mr. Davis kept it running throughout the 1926 season. At the end of the year the play was $200,000 in the red. On Christmas Day, the oil tycoon–producer called a press conference. His news gladdened the hearts of his cast (at least). He announced that in addition to a collection of staggering Christmas presents, he was giving them a ten-week guarantee of employment. His Christmas present to the theatre-going public was even more unusual. He announced that starting with that evening's performance no admission charge would be made for *The Ladder.* The theatre-going public didn't respond to Mr. Davis' generosity. There were nights when the cast outnumbered the audience, but the ten-week guarantees were renewed again and again and *The Ladder* ran another full year, without a penny coming into the box office, losing its producer another $500,000. The show finally closed on Broadway at the end of the 1927 season. Mr. Davis went back to Texas and his oil wells. But life, even at ten thousand dollars a day, got dull, and he headed back East in 1928 and reopened the show in Boston. The reviews were just as bad but the price was just as right. Bostonians stayed away with even more determination than the New York audiences, and in desperation (Mr. Davis felt it was only a question of time before *The Ladder* caught on) Davis sent agents into Scollay Square to round up and recruit playgoers. Bums were paid up to *(continued on page 64)*

"Your coats, gentlemen?" Answering the Bunny's courteous query, the guy on the left is about to check his light-gray Scottish lamb's-wool semi-fitted town coat in a herringbone pattern, with fly front, peak lapels, set-in sleeves and flap pockets, by Malcolm Kenneth; $150. His next offering will be his heather-olive Shetland wool muffler, by Cisco; $5. Bunny already holds his medium-gray, smooth felt hat with a small tapered crown, narrow brim, hand-felted edge, and black band, by Knox; $20. His next-in-line confrere is more formally togged in a black wool worsted chesterfield town coat with the classic velvet collar, fly front and flap pockets, by Barry Walt; $100. His black velvet-textured fur felt hat sports a red feather ornament and black band, by Dobbs; $20. The patterned white silk muffler reverses to black vicuna, by Sulka; $45. His pull-on gloves are black South American cabretta with nylon sidewalls, wrist elastic, by Daniel Hays; $6.50. The rapier-thin hand-finished Italian nylon umbrella has a block stitched leather handle, by Continental; $17. Young man on the way up (and on way out) is dapper indeed in an olive hand-loomed Irish cheviot double-breasted coat with natural shoulders, three flap lap-seamed pockets, leather buttons and full satin lining, by Duncan Reed; $85. His muffler is a multi-colored Italian silk mosaic square, by Peacock, Ltd.; $15. Gloves are a cedar-color split pigskin with hand-stitched band, palm vent, by Hansen; $5. About to go on his noggin: a black-olive English-style smooth felt fedora with a raw-edge brim, by Dobbs; $12.

attire

The checkroom at Chicago's Playboy Key Club is the setting for an off-and-on romance involving the handsome outerwear you see at your right; and a fashionable layaway plan it is. The cloakroom Bunnies attentively in attendance have testified of late that what's coming off at the club is taking up a lot less space than it used to, and there are good reasons for the trend: coats (both top- and over-), hats, gloves, mufflers, umbrellas and attaché cases have all been Metrecaled down to a slim, trim, decidedly elegant look that was unknown just a short while ago.

The town-attuned topcoat takes on three distinct looks, and there's at least one that's particularly right for you, no matter what your choice of suit — Ivy, Continental or British Lounge. Your *(concluded on page 105)*


things
you
check

VOICE OF THE TURKEY *(continued from page 61)*

seventy-five cents a head to come in out of the cold Boston winter and warm themselves while being exposed to the playwright's cheering message about reincarnation.

The runner-up for the honor of having the smallest box-office take of all time was a play called *The Field of Ermine*, which graced the Broadway season of 1934. The purists among the Turkey Worshipers contend that it deserves the championship, since *The Ladder* really wasn't trying. One matinee during the painfully brief run of *The Field of Ermine*, the box-office treasurer discovered that he had sold exactly one seat for the performance, a balcony seat at a dollar and a half. Free tickets were hastily spread around bus terminals, hotel lobbies and given away at local newsstands as a bonus to every purchaser of an evening newspaper. By curtain time that afternoon, there were exactly forty-one customers in the house, forty on the cuff and the one lone paying customer, a lady, sitting in her seat in the balcony. Before the curtain rose, the stage manager made a speech, inviting all the members of the audience to move down into the first two rows so that the actors wouldn't feel lonesome. All the freeloaders obliged. The lady with the paid-for ticket refused to move. She said she'd only paid for a balcony seat and she didn't feel it was honest for her to move downstairs into the orchestra.

The sweetest-smelling flop in history was a drama that opened at the Cort Theatre on December 8, 1945. It was called *The French Touch*, was directed by French cinema great René Clair, written by Joseph Field and Edward Chodorov and included in its cast such stalwarts as Brian Aherne, Arlene Francis and Jerome Thor. Despite this array of talent, *The French Touch* might have gone down in theatrical history as just another casualty and hardly worth the attention of a True Turkey Worshiper. There was, however, one added factor that lifted the play out of the run-of-the-mill failure class. It was angeled by a perfume manufacturer. He (or his press agent—or both) decided a Broadway opening night was a perfect opportunity to hustle his product as well as the drama. Gallons of his perfume were trucked in from the factory. "This will be a monumental evening in the theatre," he is said to have remarked (to his press agent or wife—or both). "Tonight a play will assault all the senses . . . including the sense of smell."

The playbills were perfumed and carried down the aisle by usherettes who had been given a generous supply of the stuff and told where to put it. Fifteen minutes before the first-nighters were admitted to the theatre, buckets of perfume were poured into the theatre's ventilating system. The first arrivals found the perfume-scented air a welcome change from the usual theatre smell, a compound of the deodorant in the rest rooms and the carbon monoxide of passing automobiles. It added a festive, expensive note to the occasion. At first. Until curtain time, the Smell-O-Vision-type stunt was an unqualified success. First-nighters searched through their programs for the name of the smell that they were being assaulted with.

Then the curtain rose on the first scene of the play. The perfume, trapped by the curtain in the auditorium, came billowing across the footlights in waves and hit the unsuspecting actors in the face. "We dropped like flies," one of the members of the cast told me. "By the middle of the second act, three members of the cast had vomited, all the dressing-room windows were wide open and still that perfume came rolling across the footlights at us like fog."

By the beginning of the third act, the perfume began to affect the audience. The heavy air made them drowsy and one by one the actors noticed heads nodding and falling forward. According to one self-appointed authority, by the final curtain a good third of the members of the audience were sound asleep. A last-minute attempt to save the situation by turning off the heating unit was only moderately successful. By that time the Cort Theatre had become saturated with the scent and all it really accomplished was to add the threat of pneumonia to the threat of suffocation.

The French Touch lasted a total of thirty-three sweet-smelling performances, and the last vestige of the opening-night perfume was still billowing across the footlights on closing night. Male members of the cast stopped going into the rougher bars until they again smelled like themselves. Actresses in *The French Touch*, even today, develop an immediate headache when they arrive at a party and discover that one of the other guests is wearing *that* perfume.

The unluckiest flop of them all was a play called *Ragged Army* which was scheduled to open on February 26, 1934, at the Selwyn Theatre. Snow began falling on the morning of the twenty-sixth and continued through the day and into the night. It developed into one of the worst blizzards in New York's history. At curtain time on that opening night, four customers (all related to members of the company) turned up wearing hip boots. Since these four had already seen the show at a dress rehearsal and not a single critic braved the weather, the opening was postponed a week. By the time the second opening night rolled around, the snow had cleared off the streets, the weather bureau forecast clear skies and the producers began to congratulate themselves on the fortunate circumstances that had given them an extra week of rehearsal to sharpen up their cast. That morning, the snow began falling. It snowed on into the afternoon and by nightfall the town was snowbound again. At curtain time, three of the four people who had braved the elements the first time showed up. The fourth had been sent to the hospital with a case of pneumonia he'd picked up going to the first opening. The theatre staff, armed with free tickets, went out into the street to recruit first-nighters. They managed to round up a gang of Sanitation Department men armed with shovels, who were on their way home after a stint of snow removal. They checked their shovels with the hat-check girl and settled themselves down in the first row.

Ragged Army opened. It was its first and only performance. It closed the next day, a flop that had been seen only by three hardy friends of the cast and a snow-removal gang, and had never been reviewed by a critic.

It must be admitted that the Thirties were fertile ground for students of flops. The failure of a play was not, then, the monumental disaster it is today, where theatrical productions have budgets ($50,000 to $75,000 for straight plays, as much as $400,000 for a musical) that in the past might have financed the army and navy of a medium-sized Balkan monarchy. The Thirties in America were the last stand of the shoestring producers, and the all-time champ in the field of putting on a play for the least amount of money must be a man named Theron Bamberger. In April of 1933 he opened a play called *Man Bites Dog* on the smallest shoestring in theatrical history. The entire cost of the production was $2400. His cast received what was then the Equity minimum of $25 a week. There was no rehearsal pay in 1933, so his actors didn't really cost him a dime until opening night. Bamberger found a hungry stage designer who worked for $100. He then found an old set that resembled the one his designer had in mind, and on his drawing board rebuilt it and painted it for a total outlay of $400. Two costumes were rented. As producer, he had a rent-free office at the theatre. He is reported to have used it as a hotel room. The show had no accountant and no lawyer. The play ran for seven performances and lost its entire investment. In a poll of critics at the end of the 1933 season, *Man Bites Dog* was consistent right to the very end. The critics rated the plays of the year

(concluded on page 122)

The Meaningful Relationship

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

WAXING WARM

a saucy snow bunny adds sparkle to the ski season

Ethnologists tell us skiing originated not among weekending revelers at Aspen or Sun Valley, but among the frosty-bearded hordes of Stone Age Europe. It has since become a many-splendored art form, blending agility, grace — and the informal social graces of the ski lodge. Sleekly garbed for the slopes or beguilingly peeled in a rustic retreat, eighteen-year-old Barbara Ann Lawford can boast a many-splendored art form all her own. We found our adventurous Playmate in California, in a Sherman Oaks sport shop, buying gear for her very first ski trip. Naturally, we invited ourself along. At the ski lodge, Barby took to her room, got out of her traveling clothes and decided to wax her skis — as you can see for yourself in this month's eye-filling gatefold — before donning stretch pants and parka. During the fun-filled weekend, we coaxed Barbara into returning with us to PLAYBOY headquarters in Chicago where this beautiful snow bunny is presently brightening the lives of members as another kind of bunny, complete with rabbit ears and cottontail, at the Playboy Key Club on Chicago's Near North Side.

Barbara browses for the wooly wherewithal to help keep her warm through the exciting days, and nights, ahead.

MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

With the exhilaration of the afternoon still glowing on her cheeks, Borby relaxes in the spell of the hearth primevol with a spicy grog.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After the professional golfer made a five-footer on the practice green, his wife sued for divorce.

Whoever it was who first called women the fair sex didn't know much about justice.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

Bachelor as a man who thinks seriously about marriage.

Continence as mind over what matters.

Falsies as hidden persuaders.

Happy married couple as a husband out with another man's wife.

Maiden aunt as a girl who never had sense enough to say uncle.

Proposal as a proposition that lost its nerve.

Shotgun wedding as a case of wife or death.

Vicious circle as a wedding ring.

A rather naive young man named Lester had recently reached manhood, and had no idea why he was continuously nervous and tense. He went to see his doctor. The M.D. was not in but his nurse was, a red-headed vixen who wore her uniform so tight that Lester's jitters noticeably increased. She asked him what was wrong and he told her. She eyed him appraisingly.

"That's easy to fix," she said. "Come with me." She led Lester into a small examination room, and there relieved his tensions.

As he was preparing to leave, she said, "That will be twenty dollars." And quite satisfied, Lester was pleased to pay.

Several weeks went by, and Lester found the same unrest growing in him again. He returned to the doctor's office and this time the doctor was in. He listened to Lester's symptoms, then wrote out a prescription on a piece of paper and handed it to him.

"This is for tranquilizers," the doctor said. "You can have it filled downstairs. That will be five dollars, please."

Lester looked at the small piece of paper for a few moments, then looked up at the doctor and said, "If it's all the same to you, doc, I'd just as soon have the twenty-dollar treatment."

The popular girl is the one who has been weighed in the balance and found wanton.

Charlie was taking his out-of-town pal, George, for a stroll through the city. They were admiring the scenery, when George observed:

"Say, will you look at that good-looking girl over there. She's smiling at us. Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes: Betty — twenty dollars."

"And who's that brunette with her? Man, she's really stacked!"

"Yep: Dolores — forty dollars."

"Ah, but look what's coming. That's what I call really first class!"

"That's Gloria — eighty dollars."

"My God," cried George, "aren't there any nice, respectable girls in this town?"

"Of course," Charlie answered. "But you couldn't afford their rates!"

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"For heaven's sake, Miriam, what if I had been someone else?"

HYPNOSIS *(continued from page 42)*

nosis can produce a case of stuttering so severe that a man cannot pronounce his own name; similarly a trained hypnotist can cure many cases of stuttering that are psychosomatic in origin.

All of the senses can become hyperacute under hypnosis. Vision, hearing, smell, taste and touch may all improve to a remarkable degree. Consider this experiment, for example. A subject is shown a series of plain white cards and told, as he sorts through them, that one is a photograph of his mother. He is asked if he recognizes it.

"Of course," the subject replies.

"Will you recognize it if I show it to you again?"

"Certainly."

The operator makes a small mark on the back of the card so that he will be able to recognize it himself. He then shuffles the cards and hands them to the subject, asking him to pick out his mother's photograph, which the subject promptly does. This remarkable feat is possible because the subject's visual hyper-acuity picks out microscopic flaws and irregularities on the face of the one card on which he has been told his mother's photograph appears. He can, of course, pick out this card again and again.

Many experiments have been done to demonstrate hypnotic subjects' awareness of time-factors. Many good subjects can calculate time to the second: put a subject into trance and tell him to awake in exactly four hours and thirty-four minutes, and he may well do just that. One explanation of this phenomenon is that the subject may be able to tell the exact time by subconsciously counting the tickings of his watch, or someone else's; or by counting his own pulse or heartbeat.

Some of the commonest of hypnotic feats demonstrate the complete deception of the senses. Sweet oranges can be turned into lemons that make the subject pucker uncontrollably; spirits of ammonia may smell like Chanel No. 5; water becomes whiskey and causes drunkenness. The arms, the legs or the whole body will accept anesthesia, and there will be no feeling of pain when pins are stuck into the subject at random, or when fire and electrical shocks are applied. On the other hand, a subject can be told that a pencil is a burning cigarette and when it is placed on the skin a blister may form.

Blistering of the skin and hypnotically-induced bleeding and other such phenomena are of special interest because they demonstrate one of the most remarkable aspects of hypnosis. An operator can take control of a good subject's secondary or involuntary nervous system and thus put under control body functions which are normally involuntary. Blood pressure and body temperature can be raised and lowered at will, the heartbeat increased or slowed, the pupils of the eyes made to dilate at will (as in experiments with the conditioned reflex) and, of course, all pain can be eliminated by the simple expedient of blocking the nerves that send the message of pain to the brain. The ability of hypnosis to block pain is currently attracting the most attention from the medical profession, because of its value in childbirth and dentistry. It is really one of the least remarkable of the many incredible powers of hypnosis.

The Indian fakirs who have amazed Western man for centuries with their ability to walk on hot coals, pierce their bodies with swords, go into death-like catalepsy and fast for long periods of time are practicing auto-hypnosis, and any good hypnotic subject could do the same if he cared to, or, rather, if his hypnotist cared to have him care to.

After digesting the notion of control over the involuntary muscles and the autonomic nervous system through hypnotic suggestion, hallucinations and delusions seem like rather tame stuff. It is possible to create almost any kind of hallucination or delusion with a good subject and to make it stick indefinitely through post-hypnotic suggestion, after the subject has been brought out of the trance. The pretty young hostess who walked nude into the living room to greet her guests and asked them how they liked her new dress was under a hypnotically-imposed hallucination; she really *saw* the dress and couldn't understand the shocked reaction of her friends. A simple and effective hallucination that stage hypnotists often use is to tell a subject that when he awakes, he will be completely naked; or that he will be clothed and everyone else, including the hypnotist, will be completely naked. The results are almost always hilarious, because the subject really *believes* what he has been told. For instance one subject, a girl, told that she was nude, awoke and covered her face.

Hallucinations can sometimes backfire. A rather high-strung and sensitive subject was told that one member of a group at a party had left the room, and when she awoke, he would not be there. He had not left, of course, but when the subject was brought out of the trance, she could no longer see him. He walked directly in front of her and she looked right through him at the others in the room with whom she was conversing. For her, this fellow was simply not there. Then the operator asked the subject if she would like some champagne and she indicated she would. He joked about having a rather unique and lazy man's means of getting it, whereupon the fellow the subject could not see poured a glass of champagne and started to bring it to her. The subject saw the champagne bottle and the glass, but nothing else, and she became hysterical. The subject was unable to view the situation objectively, or realize that it was part of a hypnotic trance (as many subjects can, even while actually viewing the hallucinations) and so seeing the glass and bottle hovering in mid-air severely frightened her.

The polar bear that accompanied the man at the club was a hallucination, of course, and it is just as easy to make things appear for a good subject as it is to make them disappear. Estabrooks comments on a pet bear that he created as a hallucination which became something of a pest after a while. In the beginning, Professor Estabrooks was able to produce the hallucination at will and he got a kick out of materializing it for himself in the corner of a room during a bridge game and remarking, "Why there's my bear! He looks hungry." After a while, the bear began appearing on its own, without being summoned, and it got into the habit of following him home at night, and appearing unexpectedly under the bed or peering through a window. Even though Estabrooks knew very well that it was a hypnotic hallucination, it was also a thoroughly real bear to him in appearance and it became a bit unnerving, and so he finally had it removed from his subconscious, but it took three or four long sessions to accomplish the job.

The reaction of the young girl to her invisible friend and the professor to his bear indicate a couple of important facts about hypnosis: you can never be certain what reaction you are going to get under hypnosis, because each suggestion is viewed not in the abstract, but in the light of the experience and personal background of the subject. Thus the young lady was extremely frightened by the friend she could not see, but the professor was amused by his polar bear, which he knew to be a hypnotic hallucination. The professor was amused, that is, up to a point, which establishes an important second consideration: there is a danger in hypnosis of establishing in the subject's mind some idea, hallucination, or conflict that may stay on without the hypnotist's or the subject's being immediately aware of it, and crop up later to cause trouble for the subject. In the case cited, Dr. Estabrooks knew exactly what the big bear was, but another less learned subject, pitted against some idea or conflict much vaguer than a bear, implanted in the subconscious through hypnosis, might have a real problem. That's why it is most important that

(continued on page 122)

jazz By LEONARD FEATHER

a look at the current jazz scene and the winners of the fifth annual playboy poll

STAN KENTON, leader

LOUIS ARMSTRONG, second trumpet

JONAH JONES, fourth trumpet

MILES DAVIS, first trumpet and all-stars' instrumental combo

DUKE ELLINGTON, all-stars' leader **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** third trumpet and all-stars' trumpet

NINETEEN SIXTY in the world of jazz, as the newspapers saw it, was the Year of Contention, with riots at Newport and other bashes. Jazz fans could see beyond that. More concerned with new chords than with discord, they saw it as the Year of Invention.

There were new uses of jazz. John Lewis' *The Comedy*, described as "a jazz entertainment" integrating the Modern Jazz Quartet and a group of ballet dancers, was premiered in Paris. Gunther Schuller, eloquent spokesman for a "third music," was active as composer and conductor from Manhattan to Monterey. Duke Elling-

(text continued on page 81)

JACK TEAGARDEN, fourth trombone

GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax and all-stars' baritone sax

BOB BROOKMEYER, third trombone

KAI WINDING, second trombone

STAN GETZ, first tenor sax and all-stars' tenor sax

COLEMAN HAWKINS, second tenor sax

J. J. JOHNSON, first trombone and all-stars' trombone

PAUL DESMOND, first alto sax

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, second alto sax and all-stars' alto sax

BARNEY KESSEL, guitar and all-stars' guitar

BUDDY DE FRANCO, all-stars' clarinet

SHELLY MANNE, drums

RAY BROWN, bass and all-stars' bass

PHILLY JOE JONES, all-stars' drums

MILT JACKSON, all-stars' vibes

DAVE BRUBECK, piano **BENNY GOODMAN,** clarinet

ton huddled with Tchaikovsky and came up with the nuttiest of *Nutcracker Suites*, then, comparably inspired by Steinbeck, gave *Suite Thursday* a Monterey festival premiere. Count Basie, celebrating his silver jubilee as a leader, tried something new in the form of a *Kansas City Suite* penned for him by Benny Carter.

There were new ways of playing jazz and oddball instruments on which to play it. Ornette Coleman and his plastic alto saxophone with partner Don Cherry blowing sawed-off trumpet, after making a stormy landing on the jazz runway late in '59,

DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET, instrumental combo

OSCAR PETERSON, all-stars' piano

FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist and all-stars' male vocalist

produced the most argued-about sounds since Dizzy and Bird invaded 52nd Street and added the word "bebop" to hip parlance in 1944. In Chicago, a saxophonist named Roland Kirk found he could play three coincident solos – one line in three-part harmony – by blowing simultaneously on a tenor sax, a manzello (an ancient Italian instrument related to the soprano saxophone) and a strich (related to an alto saxophone, but straight rather than curved), thus automatically electing himself Mr. Miscellaneous Instrument of the Year.

There were also new places to play jazz: Madison Square Garden drew 29,135 fans in two nights for its first jazz festival, spon-

ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist and all-stars' female vocalist

LAMBERT, HENDRICKS AND ROSS, vocal group and all-stars' vocal group

LIONEL HAMPTON, vibes

sored by the *New York Daily News*. And there was the café-espresso-with-jazz boom that is still building.

The intercontinental peregrinations continued. Eastbound, flutist Herbie Mann and his Dixieland-cum-Afro-Cuban combo went through the jungles by bus and rail, concertizing in behalf of the State Department in sixteen African countries. (As we went to press, Louis Armstrong was garnering wild approval on a State Department tour through the Congo.) Among the westward trekkers: King Rama IX of Thailand (born, like his idol Johnny Hodges, in Cambridge, Massachusetts) made a state visit to the U.S. and waged a two-clarinet battle with Benny Goodman at Governor Nelson Rockefeller's estate. Guitarist Attila Zoller, from Visegrad, Hungary, cooked in Los Angeles as a member of the Chico Hamilton Quintet, while Joe Zawinul, a fine modern pianist from Vienna, spent the year as Dinah Washington's accompanist.

Along with the new sounds and new sites, a heavy air of verbal and physical strife battered the global jazz scene. First, there was the unforgettable fracas at Newport, where a group of far-outsters (one observer called them "the dissident dissonants") attempted to compete with the original festival. A second festival was wrecked when a bunch of British hooligans gave a crash course in piano-smashing, scaffolding-demolition and incendiarism on the estate of Lord Montague during his Beaulieu festival. Only a month later the statistics showed a hundred and one policemen, twenty-eight firemen and seventeen arrests when Ray Charles' no-show at a Portland, Oregon, ballroom induced a new brouhaha.

These incidents may not kill the festivals, but they've done a good deal to de-bloom the rose for many potential jazz promoters. Properly policed, jazz festivals can create new interest in the music. But it's more than a matter of law. Many towns can't accommodate the jazz festival throngs. Newport couldn't. And French Lick, Indiana, canceled its festival rather than risk another Newport rebellion (fortunately for jazz, an Indianapolis promoter picked up the talent tab, tossed the affair in his town and, without a single brawl, did well). More festivals in major cities, à la PLAYBOY's Chicago Stadium wingding a year ago, is one answer; with plenty of room in which to roam, crowds don't get unruly. The *New York Daily News* festival in Madison Square Garden, incorporating some of PLAYBOY's innovations (including the revolving stage), was a happy scene. A jazz festival may now be too much for Newport to handle, but, obviously, it's not a strain for New York or Chicago. The urban answer may be the best.

Thanks to the presence of Ornette Coleman, festival furor wasn't the only sign of conflict in jazz. Coleman's brave new sound fascinated some hippies and frightened others. But this much seemed sure: Coleman has found a new road to travel, is not just another Charlie Parker ventriloquist's dummy, and seems to be a composer of some skill and originality. Beyond these points there were violently partisan views.

Other new stars of the year were less controversial but no less welcome on the scene. When the Mastersounds quintet broke up, Monk (bass) and Buddy (vibes-piano) Montgomery joined forces with guitarist-brother Wes in a new combo that soon became the critics' darling. Art Farmer and Benny Golson formed their Jazztet and made rapid headway; pianist Ray Bryant, under John Hammond's wing at Columbia Records, was surprised to find himself on the best-seller lists with his *Little Susie* single. Cannonball Adderley's newly formed quintet made strides, musically and commercially. The "Nutty Squirrels" (Sascha Burland and Don Elliott), with their chipmunkish souped-up voices, proved that jazz-plus-humor can sell.

"Funk" and "soul" were the passwords of the year. Horace Silver had started the roots revival back in 1953, with *The Preacher* (based on *Show Me the Way to Go Home*) — a reversion to basic, gospel-influenced themes played with a neo-bop jazz feel. By 1960 funk had become fad, and record companies outsouled one another proclaiming that their products had soul. Even the West Coast veered away from the cool school toward a more aggressive, earthier sound.

On the big-band scene the excitement whirled around arranger Quincy Jones, who spent the first nine months of the year in Europe, where he played concerts (including Continental tours with Nat Cole and the Platters), cut some LPs for Mercury and finally got the crew back to the U.S. intact in September, ready to gas Manhattan's Basin Street East set — which it did.

Gerry Mulligan completed a long tour of duty as an actor in Hollywood, a small role in *The Rat Race*, a bigger one in *The Subterraneans*, and a better part, revealing him as an admirable actor, in *Bells Are Ringing* opposite his inamorata, Judy Holliday. Films finished, he winged East, formed a romping thirteen-piece band and toured the U.S. and Europe under the Norman Granz banner, and recorded for Verve.

Speaking of *The Subterraneans* reminds us that one of jazzdom's most ambitious artists in 1960 was another musician seen and heard in that picture, André Previn. During the year this young genius won his second consecutive Oscar, for *Porgy and Bess* — the year before it was for *Gigi*; gassed English and Continental listeners during a combined honeymoon and business trip and continued to build his dual reputation as a top-selling jazz and pop recording artist.

One of the bluer notes of the year was tolled on the nightclub circuit. The final curtain at Chicago's Blue Note, the padlocking of Fack's in San Francisco and the destruction by fire of the Colonial Tavern in Toronto left precious few spots outside New York City where a big-name, big-money group could get a gig. Some small compensation could be found in the growth of the coffeehouses. Flourishing from Cummington Street in Boston to Sunset Boulevard in Flick City, they made extensive use of jazzmen, although the bread was thin. On a much more luxuriant level, the launching of the International Playboy Clubs augured well for the placing of intimate jazz in appropriate surroundings.

A number of casualties made news. Oscar Pettiford, perennial runner-up to Ray Brown in our annual poll, died at the age of thirty-seven in Copenhagen, where he had been working with Stan Getz. The name of venerable trumpeter Lee Collins was added to the list of lost New Orleans pioneers. Other departures from the jazz scene: early Chicago-style clarinetist Bud Jacobson, New York clarinetist Prince Robinson and, in Mexico City, composer Fabian André.

On the celluloid side of the street one event had all the others walking in the shade. *Jazz on a Summer's Day*, filmed at the 1958 Newport fiesta but not released until 1960, finally showed how a jazz film can and should be made — the way Hollywood has never done it, without hip jargon, boy-digs-girl plots or any of the previously inevitable trappings.

Perhaps the most important trend of the year was the move toward good programing on FM radio. In San Francisco, two all-jazz FM stations, aptly dubbed KJAZ and KHIP, are on the air about eighteen hours a day. The latter also does live-jazz remotes from the Black Hawk, Jazz Workshop and other area spots. Two other local FM stations have several hours of jazz a week. In New York, WNCN last spring started a policy of thirty-five hours a week, the regular jocks including Cannonball Adderley and a posse of critics, this writer among them. Sleepy Stein's all-jazz KNOB in Los Angeles is in its third year; other FM outlets like WHAT in Philadelphia and WNIB, WCLM and WXFM in Chicago have found audiences for jazz time-slots.

AM radio came to life, shocked out of its rock-'n'-roll complacency early in the year by the payola scandal. If they didn't go overboard for Mingus or

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. it's june in february

"NOW IS THE WINTER of our discontent made glorious summer," said Shakespeare, digging the sleepy greensward of England's Kent. These days, of course, England's Kent is not the only goal for those who need a holiday from hoarfrost. Toward Cannes or Coronado, Nice or Nagpur, Sorrento or Santa Barbara, Barbados or Biarritz, St. Croix or St. Tropez, frostbitten flocks flee southward to the sandy, sun-soaked sanctuaries of every continent on earth, anxious to shed "winter's weeds outworn" for the great-looking, comfortable duds of carnival. And this

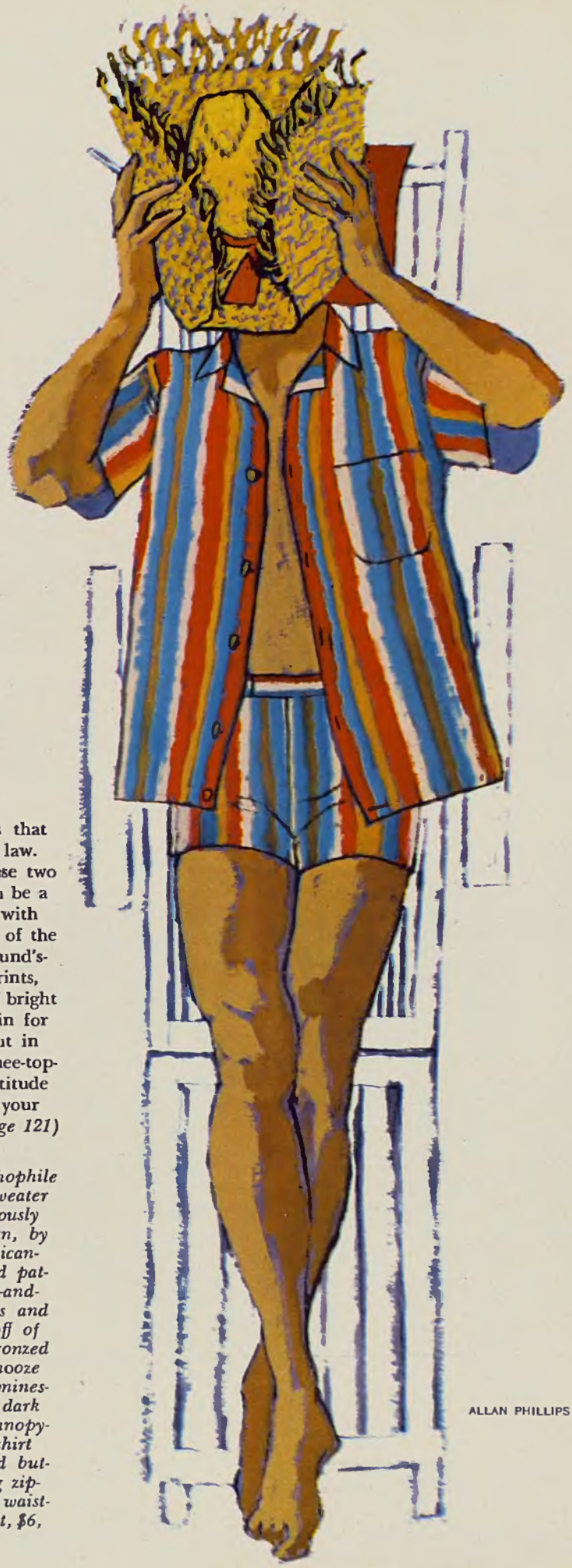
Happy chap in a happy resort wear combination: imported hand-print cotton batik jacket, by Gordon-Ford, $38; olive Bermuda shorts, Orlon-cotton wash-and-wear, plain front, extension waistband, by Anthony Gesture, $10; cotton jersey tennis shirt, by RFD-McGregor, $11.

resort wear By ROBERT L. GREEN

year, the trappings of sweet idleness take on the colors of an early-blooming tropical flower, with a burst of uninhibited plumage in men's resort wear that promises to get the mating season off to a flying start. Whether you're the type who likes to greet dawn the rosy-fingered with a splash in the salubrious surf, or prefers to loll in the hammock till the sun's zenith, the hip habiliments of 1961's resort wear will have you swinging just right.

In the briny deep department, you can go to any lengths you desire in your choice of wet wear: from knits with zippered calfs that begin at the ankle to

Striped for action on beach or boardwalk, our winter vacationers choose duds as good-looking as they are comfortable. The lad at left, arms akimbo in a clean-lined horizontal-striped cotton knit ensemble: five-button shirt with white furled collar, elasticized waistband, and cool three-quarter-length sleeves, $9; and matching square-rigged trunks, $6, both by Catalina. Guy at right, strutting in a dapper calypso outfit: vertical-striped cotton shirt jacket with top pocket, air-cooled cutaway side vents, and solid-color Continental collar, by Marlboro, $5; and spotless white washable trousers of Arnel and cotton in a subtle oxford weave complete with belt loops and quarter-cut pockets, no pleats, tailored for the slim athletic look by Gordon-Ford, $13.



scooped-out (and far-out) bikinis that start and stop just this side of the law. Our taste runs firmly between these two extremes, and we recommend you be a more conservative aquanaut with swim trunks that come to the top of the thigh, in classic gingham checks, hound's-tooth, paisleys, geometric prints, solid shades, or a Fourth of July of bright and wide stripings. Knitwear is in for a big push this resort season, cut in mid-thigh Jamaican lengths, knee-topping Bermuda lengths, and a multitude of in-betweens that should serve your

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At left, the bongo-beating beachophile two-steps in a V-necked cotton sweater of antique gold bouclé, sumptuously knitted with heather-twisted yarn, by Rabhor, $10; and jaunty Jamaican-length shorts in a dusky mottled pattern of Dacron and cotton wash-and-wear with plain front, side tabs and extension waistband, by Mayhoff of Baltimore, $11. At right, a bronzed beachcomber takes a midday snooze and looks great in the lush luminescence of his tastefully startling dark orange, blue-green and olive canopy-striped cotton hopsacking shirt jacket with five-button front and button side tabs, $9; and matching zip-fit brief with vent legs, extension waistband and convenient coin pocket, $6, both tailored by Jantzen.

ALLAN PHILLIPS

with bergdorf ads, block-long cads, beatnik pads, success-lit gotham draws the bright and beautiful butterflies

THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK HAS MORE GIRLS than any other city in the land. It probably has more of just about everything — and consequently so do they. It is the temple of communications and the image makers, the vault of high finance, the haven of live theatre, the clothes closet of fashion, the nation's link with Europe by plane and by boat — and every one of these activities in which it excels brims with girls: career girls and clericals, callgirls and floozies, shop girls and waitresses, mannequins and mimes.

Heterogeneous they may be — un-

Midtown Manhattan's nighttime magic, unlike any other in the world, forms a glittering backdrop for Gotham model Chris James, far left, a former Miss Subways. Left: shuttling between ad agencies, artists' and photographers' rep Barbara de Vorzan sports prime Mad Ave status symbol, an oversized portfolio. The luscious interior decoration in T-Bird, top, is stage neophyte Judith Share. Indoor-outdoor girl Eve Howell, above, an off-time model, sometime TV actress, pastimes on city's bridal paths and golf links. Secretary-receptionist for an exclusive custom tailor, Bostonborn Audrey della Russo, below, is about to dig the sounds of Birdland, one of New York's coolest jazz nighteries.

Five glamorous Gothamites—chic, ambitious, divertingly different. Clockwise above from left: junior miss Leslie Preston, bitten by the acting bug back in Pennsylvania, came to Manhattan to study drama. Collegiate Taby Grayson labors lavingly far the Luce empire as a *Life* editorial assistant. Car- and couch-borne movie hopeful Bridget Rohland's big break was role of fifteen-year-old, of all things, in *The Fugitive Kind*. Celebrity-frequented Bowl-A-Bite restaurant is off-hours haven for secretary Gail Mascawitz. Below: ane-time junior madel Audrey Bingham "retired" twa years ago, returned recently as high-fashion mannequin, supplies her own Jag and poadle far early-in-the-morning shaating.

Deirdre Evans, children's book author, adds own scenery to Washington Square's greenery. Showgirls Dodi Lynn, foreground, and Tanya Colette typify the Latin Quarter's statuesque lovelies.

like the girls of such one-industry towns as Hollywood and Vegas — but they do share attributes which make them in certain recognizable ways more alike than they are different. Among these are their quality and mettle — evidences that they've found elbow room in the country's most competitive milieu; the fact that, in proportion to the girls of most other cities, virtually none of them live with their families; the undeniable fact that they share an exhilarating sense of playing in the big league, where average intelligence, average ambition, average ability and average looks scarcely stand a chance. Indomitable, articulate, well-groomed, wheeling-and-dealing, and apparently innumerable, they converge on an island of 14,272 tightly packed acres — all seeking freedom, status, individuality, fame and fortune.

Swept into a maelstrom of

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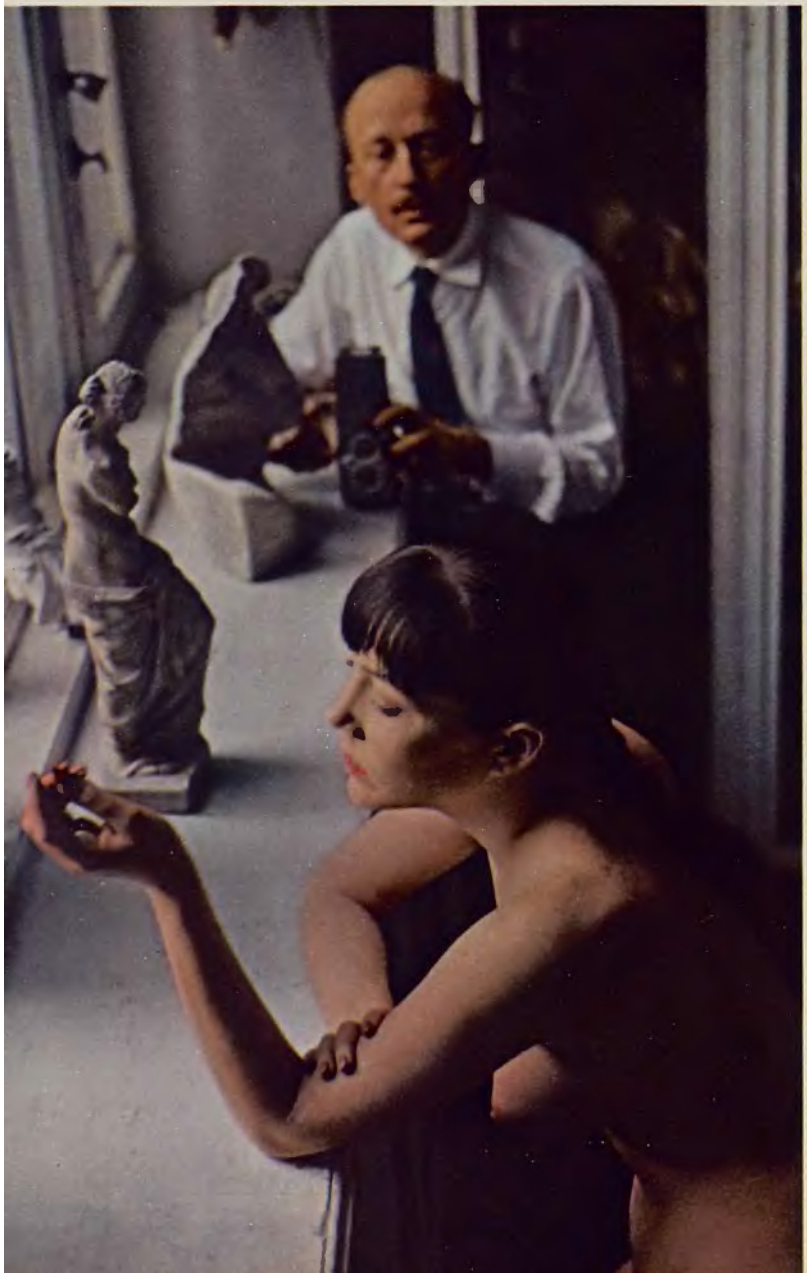
Clockwise from noon on this page: city girls in pursuit of glamor, culture and rent money. Dana Lee works for Lanvin, pitches cosmetics in a midtown department store. Actress-singer-dancer Sigyn Lund, busy prepping a nightclub act, performed in three Broadway shows. Bluegrass-bred gamin Elizabeth Chips loves the serious theatre and aspires to a Broadway career. Outside Lord & Taylor's, model Darlene Jaman, left, talks shop with close friend and on-her-way dress designer Neuma Agins. The Bizarre, a favorite Village espresso hangout, shelters Danish pastry known as Kris. Clipboard-toting Sandy Kane assists at WOR-TV.



Upper left: daughter of famed ballerina Alicia Alonso and an excellent dancer in her own right, Lauro Alonso is a fetching Goyaesque beauty. Eye-catching Aussie Pat Winters, top, was a secretary Down Under, made the New York scene a scant six months ago. The pause that refreshes—five o'clock cocktail time for roommates Judy Hecht, left, and Sydnie Mischel at Fifth Avenue's Top of the Six's; Judy's in the publishing dodge, Sydnie's a PR gal. Busy model Pam Perry poses for top photographer Peter Basch, drives her own motor scooter betwixt assignments.

Natives and newcomers vie for the Island's gold rings of success. Top, l to r: Brooklyn College coed Joan Rozell models, nurtures acting aspirations. Well-curved (41-22-36) comedienne-mimic Joy Harmon does a devastating take-off on Morilyn Monroe; her abundant talents have been displayed on Broodway (*Make a Million*) and TV (Steve Allen, Jackie Gleason, Garry Moore shows). Ex-Georgia schoolmarm Peggy Spring, far right, has since taught school in Brooklyn. Below, l to r: Sadler's Wells alumna Sondro Francis starred in English films, frequents cricket motches on Randalls Island. Fashion modeling by eornest artist Ann Celles helps pay for paints and o studio in Manhattan's old Chelseo district. Lois Holloron pretties up public transportation when she heads for her receptionist's job in Rockefeller Center's office labyrinth. Bottom, l to r: sultry German-born actress Laya Raki commutes to Europe for a variety of movie roles. Balancing her books beoutifully is Fay Rosen, an undergrad at New York University's Washington Square campus.

twelve million private hopes and fears, swimming for dear life, and loving every minute of it, they are unique products of the time and the city in which they live — like the clothes they wear, the apartments they live in, the vehicles they ride in, the places they work, and the goals they pursue. Like the city itself, they are as kaleidoscopic in mind, heart and body, in means and ends, as the countless commercial, artistic and intellectual tributaries which commingle in the exciting and terrifying wilderness once innocently known as New Amsterdam.

From Texas and Ohio, Sweden and Germany, North Dakota and South Carolina, even from legendary Brooklyn, they pour into Manhattan by the thousands every year, chic as

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Coach Way
LINES

"We've always told Cynthia, if she wants to smoke, smoke in front of us; if she wants to drink, drink in front of us; if . . ."

Ribald Classic

A tale from the *Hitopadesa* of ancient India

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY

A STORY IS TOLD of a certain prince who ruled a city and who was strong and handsome and in the full flower of young manhood. One day as he made his way through the city, his eyes encountered a vision of loveliness named Lavanyavati, the wife of a merchant's son, a greedy young man known as Charundatta. At that instant, the prince was transfixed by the arrows of the god of love, and the lady was herself wounded by darts from the same bow. Even so, she refused all invitations from the prince and answered his messengers in the negative. "Although I would like nothing better than to pleasure His Majesty," she told them, "I cannot. My husband's word will ever be my law. To hear is to obey him."

When the messengers reported this to the prince, he was in despair. "I am undone," he cried, "unless my love can be fulfilled."

"The only answer," said his favorite slave, "is to make her husband bring her to you."

"That is out of the question," sighed the prince.

"Nothing is out of the question," laughed the slave.

Following the slave's advice, the prince appointed Charundatta royal steward and had him wait upon him personally, showing him great honor. After a few weeks of this, he called Charundatta and said: "I have sworn a vow to the goddess Gauri and I must keep it. I have vowed to entertain each night, here in my chambers, a beautiful woman, so as to learn to overcome temptation. I commission you to conduct one to me here each evening for the space of a full month. Begin tonight."

Charundatta at once departed and returned with a very beautiful woman, dressed in almost-transparent veils. He hid behind a curtain to see how she would fare with the prince, whose amorous nature he greatly suspected. He was proved wrong, however, for the prince without so much as touching the lady, bowed low to her, conducted her to his favorite couch, conversed with her in even tones, and sent her home laden with gifts of sandalwood, jewels and costly perfumes.

This was repeated on the following night, with a different beauty. On the third night, Charundatta, desirous of obtaining for himself some of the princely presents, conducted his wife to the royal chambers, saying:

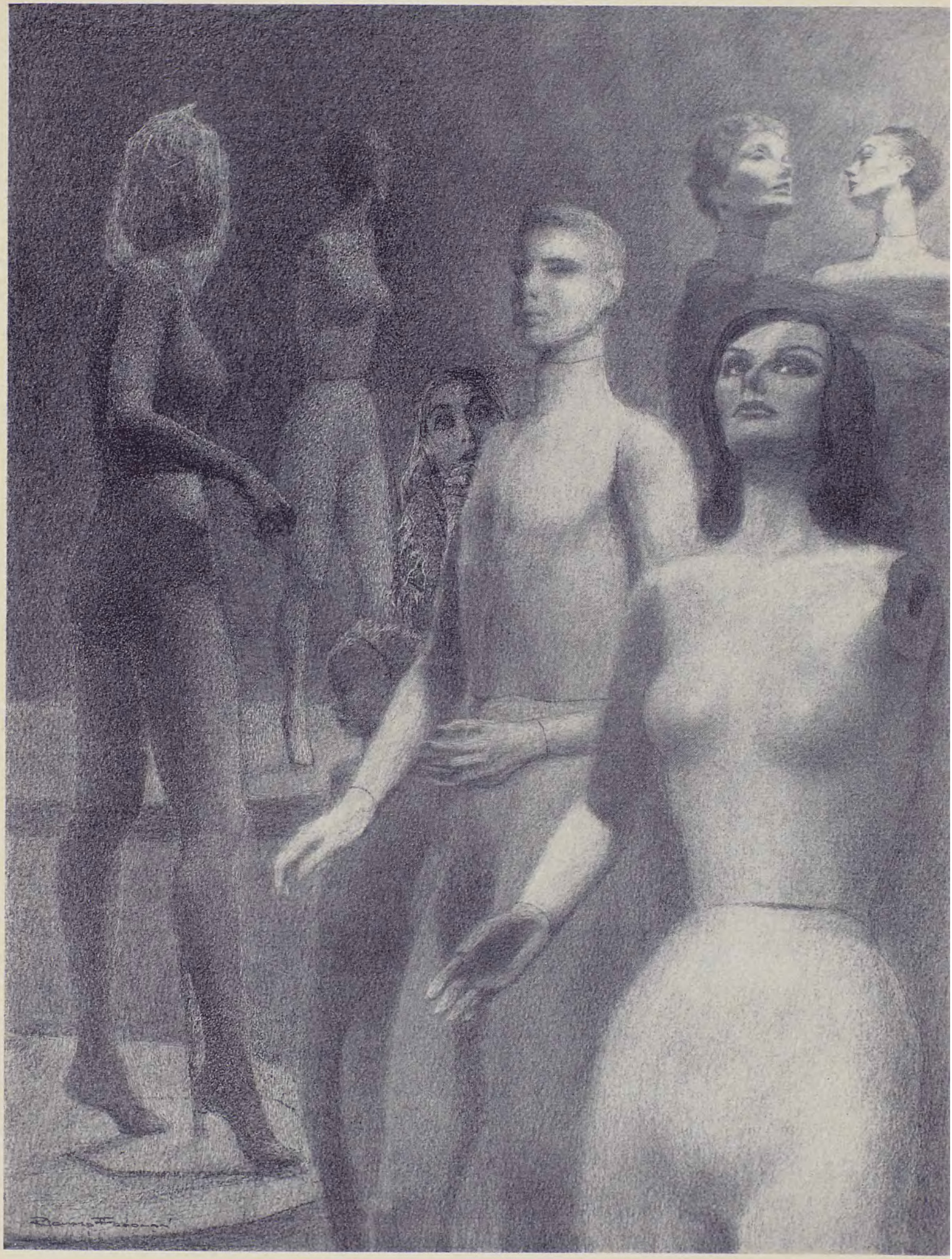
"Harken, Lavanyavati, and harken well. Do whatever the prince tells you. Sit where he seats you. Speak of what he wishes to speak. Whatever you do, no matter what it may be, you do with my full consent. Carry out my commands and you will depart with fine gifts."

"To hear is to obey," murmured Lavanyavati.

At this, the merchant's son introduced his wife to the waiting prince and retired. The prince smiled at her. "Come with me to my favorite couch," he said.

"To hear is to obey," laughed Lavanyavati.

—Retold by J. A. Gato



RABBIT IN A TRAP

the darkness was sanctuary to the hunted girl; in the light there would be no escape *fiction* By MARTIN DE LEON

AT EXACTLY 11:14 P.M. THE SQUAD CAR FROM SECOND DISTRICT pulled up to the Green Street entrance of Robertson, Schwab and Miller. The big store had been closed since 9:30 that night, a matter of one hour and forty-four minutes. The alarm from Argus Protection Service had been phoned into Second District at 11:12, which meant that the police had got to the scene in just two minutes.

Fast as they were, Bracken, the Argus man, had been faster. He had already spot-checked the show windows and doors on both Green and Fifth streets, on which the store fronted. It is only fair to point out, however, that the Argus office was on the second floor of the building directly opposite the store and that Bracken had only had to run down one flight of stairs and out the door to have a view of the entire façade of the store on both its intersecting streets. Further, the squad car had had to cope with the traffic after an extra-inning night game and had lost time.

Bracken waited at the door. When the squad car had rounded the corner and growled almost to a stop, he turned and inserted his pass key into the door lock. As officers Dravchuk and Martin came up to him he pulled the door open and simultaneously reported, "Window display down the street's all smashed up and the glass's cracked. Whoever did it is still in there. Better be careful."

He edged into the opening, followed by the policemen, both of whom had drawn revolvers. They were in a darkened vestibule. Ahead of them a dimly lit passageway ran straight until it dissolved in darkness at some distant point in the store.

Dravchuk pulled open one of the inner doors; the three men flowed quickly through and spread out to take positions behind pillars and showcases, straining for any hint of movement or sound. There was none. Quietly they moved, each in his own aisle, toward the interior of the store. When they came opposite the pair of stairways with the escalator between them, Martin pointed.

"The lights are on in the basement," he whispered. Suddenly, shockingly, from above them, scream after scream pierced the stillness of the store. Without hesitation the two policemen separated. Dravchuk took one stairway, Martin the other; Bracken felt his way up the escalator. On the second floor, near the far wall, two figures were visible in the dim red light that marked a fire escape. They were struggling on the floor. Each in a side aisle, Martin and Dravchuk ran toward them. Holding his flashlight at arm's length to his side, Bracken flicked on the switch. The figures were a man and a woman. The man looked up, startled. He got swiftly to his feet, pulling the woman up with him. When the three men reached them he had her right arm twisted behind her back and his left hand over her mouth, to quiet the screams that were still coming from her on every breath. When she saw the two policemen she fell suddenly silent and buckled at the knees. The man had to grab her around the waist to keep her from hitting the floor.

"You gave me a start there," he said in a confident but rather breathless voice. "Didn't know you were here already." He lowered the woman to the floor. Bracken shined the light full in her face. The eyes were dark, wide open and unseeing. Blonde hair was lashed to her cheeks and forehead with a paste of tears and sweat. Lipstick was smeared all around her mouth.

"Toughest one I ever handled," the man said. "Been playing tag with her all over the store. She lifted a pair of gloves in Children's Clothing and I put the arm on her, but she slipped me right after closing time. So I was stuck. Had to stay in and dig her out or she'd lay low and hit the street after store opening in the morning. Almost got her when she broke the show window—that's what sent in the alarm. But she got away and I didn't nail her till she made a break for the fire escape."

The prospect of dragging a half-conscious woman out to the squad car, coping with her during the ride to Second District, and then carrying her into the station house appealed to neither Dravchuk nor Martin. Martin peered into the gloom and tried to orient himself. "Isn't the shoe department near here? Let's get her back on her feet before we take her in." It took the three men to maneuver her the short distance and prop her in a chair, head against a pillar, feet on a fitting stool.

"All right, sister," ordered Dravchuk, "can the act 'cause it won't do you a bit of good." Bracken put his face close to hers for a moment and then looked up at the man. "How rough did you have to get with her?"

"Well," the man said, "she went wild when I grabbed her—biting, kicking, hollering. You saw us there on the floor. But I wouldn't say I was rough on her at all. Just enough to subdue her." He laughed. "But I guess what really subdued her was the sight of you guys with the uniforms and the artillery."

• • •

Some two hours before, the blonde hair had been tied neatly back in a ponytail and the blouse and skirt had shown little wilting after the heat of the day.

Her eye found the clock over the bank of elevators and she was shocked to realize that it was 9:25 P.M. Robert-

son, Schwab and Miller closed at 9:30 on Friday nights and she had only five minutes for the job she had come downtown to do.

She hurried through aisles where a short time ago women had been clustered thickly about the racks and tables, but now had melted away. When she got to Tots' Wear the situation looked unpromising. The lone saleswoman was holding a tiny party frock at arm's length before a meditative customer, fluffing the skirt and perking the over-precious pink satin bow.

A pair of gloves. That was all — just a pair of white cotton gloves for Sally Ellen to wear to the party tomorrow.

Sally Ellen was four and Dinah Temple was four and Dinah lived in the big apartment house with the doorman around the corner on the Avenue. They played together in the park when Dinah came home from nursery school, and one day a letter came for Sally Ellen that had a pink-and-blue cherub on the first page with the printed words "You're invited!" and gave the details of time, date and place.

Only the gloves were needed. She had set her heart on Sally Ellen's wearing white gloves. Her eyes swept the Tots' Wear Department. There they were. She hurried to the counter. Some adorable string gloves in white. Would Dinah's mother think them too sophisticated for a four-year-old? A problem. She decided to risk it.

Gloves in hand, she turned toward the corner of the department where the saleswoman was holding court. The party frock had changed hands and she knew it would take time to close the sale. Over the loud-speaker system came the sound of chimes followed by a soft feminine voice intoning, regretfully, "The store is now closed. The store is now closed." With the gloves in her hand she reached into her tote bag for her purse. Suddenly her way was blocked by a tall man in a wrinkled cord suit and panama hat. He took hold of her forearm firmly while it was still in the bag.

"Can I see what you have in your hand, please?" His voice was deep and slightly breathless, as if he had just finished some mild exercise.

She withdrew her hand from the bag and showed him the gloves. He took them from her. "Come this way with me, please," he said.

She fell into step beside him and started matching his long strides down the aisle. He's a floorwalker or something, she thought. He's helping to conclude the sale so they can lock up the store and go home.

But they were walking all the way out of Tots' Wear. Then it came to her. Her mouth fell open. "Wait a minute. You don't think — "

"Just come along quietly," he said. "You are under arrest. Don't make trouble."

Arrest! She had never been arrested before. It paralyzed her mind. Side by side, like any married couple in shopping harness, they marched the length of the store. A flight of stairs brought them down to the main floor and for a few feet they mingled with the crowd flowing to the doors. Then the hand on her arm steered her abruptly through a curtained doorway and along a short, uncarpeted corridor, at the end of which a glass door was lettered PROTECTION. He opened it and motioned her in.

A switch snapped and light from a green-shaded lamp spilled over the edges of a flat-top desk and illuminated a tiny room taken up largely by the desk and a swivel chair. On the other side of the desk, and sideways to it, stood a straight-backed chair on which were piled several small items of merchandise. The remaining floor space held a well-used typewriter on a roller table and a filing cabinet cluttered with more such items.

An electric clock hung on the wall, showing 9:35. The price tag was still tied to the power cord: $7.98. Foolishly she wondered how the store went about selling itself a clock.

He moved around the desk but changed his mind before sitting in the swivel chair and came back to gather up the items on the other chair. He piled them on top of those on the filing cabinet. He took the tote bag from her and placed it in the center of the desk top; motioned her to the chair he had cleared; glanced at the clock; and finally sat down in the swivel chair, still holding the gloves.

"Sit down."

She did. The tote bag was between them. He moved it aside and the light from the shaded lamp reflected upward from the desk top in his chin topped by a full, moist mouth, deep-cleft upper lip, and a nose that tapered abruptly from cavernous nostrils. He was around forty. His eyes were buried deep in the shadows under the brim of the Panama hat. His face had a waxen cast and, like wax left too long in the heat, it seemed to have softened and shifted ever so slightly.

Holding the gloves between thumb and forefinger he let them dangle halfway between them. "You stole these," he stated, "and we are going to put you in jail."

She caught her breath sharply and her words came in sobs rather than speech. "I didn't. I didn't. I was reaching for my purse to pay for them."

He shook his head. "The judge would laugh at you. You had the gloves in your bag."

She said in quick, fluttery sobs, "Let me go. Take my money. Take all my money but let me go. I have to get home. I didn't steal the gloves. Let me go home."

"All right," he said. "Take it easy." His voice became factual. "The store has a policy, of course, as to what it does with shoplifters. When we catch them, we pull them in. We listen to everything they have to say about how they weren't stealing — and, miss, all of them were just about to pay for what they had stowed away — and then we inform them that we intend to turn them over to the police. Unless they make it unnecessary." Here he stopped.

She was staring at him, holding back her sobs with the hand over her mouth. "How?" she brought out.

Unexpectedly, he grinned. "A confession," he said. "A confession, signed, witnessed and delivered. We explain to you that, if you ever show your face in this store again, we will use your confession to put you in jail. If you leave us alone, we leave you alone."

"But I couldn't do that!" she gasped. "Confess to something I didn't do? I would never do that!"

"In that case," he said, "we have absolutely no alternative but to prosecute." He stood up. "Now you just think about it. I'm going out to check around a bit. You just sit here and figure out how you want to play it — the police station right now or a nice little document in our files, where it'll stay forever if you behave yourself. And don't make a break for it. That would be stupid."

He left the room. She sat there alone and in terror, and tried to assess her predicament. The police or a false confession. What chance would she have with the police? She had never been in a police station nor a court of law. Was he telling the truth about how the confession would not be used? She burst into tears and got her handkerchief from her bag. She knew, long before he returned, that she was going to sign the confession.

He came back in about fifteen minutes, sank back in the swivel chair, and looked at the clock. "Ten oh three," he said. "Have you made up your mind?"

"I'll sign a confession," she whispered, "if you will let me go."

"Very good," he said. "I thought all along that you were a sensible girl." He pulled open a drawer of the desk. "And I have good news for you. You won't have to write it all out. We have a form that you can use. Merely fill in the blanks and sign at the bottom."

He laid it before her. Through bleared eyes she read phrases: . . . *took the articles described below . . . intended to deprive and defraud . . . knew that they did not belong to me . . . articles so taken by me were as follows.*

"Here's a pen," the man said.

Below the text, in the space provided under Articles, she wrote, "1 pr. chil-

"Would you care to step outside, get into a cab, go over to my place and repeat that?"

dren's cotton gloves," and under Value: "$1.98." She dated the document and signed it, and he took it and the pen from her.

"You didn't fill in the top part," he said. "Never mind, I'll do it. What is your full name?" His voice was a quick and breathless rumble. She told him.

"Where do you live?" She told him that. Slowly he wrote it in. "And you committed the felony at about 9:25 P.M." Slowly he wrote the figure. He took a ruled yellow pad from the desk drawer. "There are other facts the store will wish to have on file. How old are you?"

She felt that her ordeal was almost over now, and had her voice back under control. "Twenty-four."

"Are you married?"

"No. Yes . . . I mean . . ."

"Well, are you or aren't you?"

"I was. I am. My husband left me a couple of years ago."

"Any children?"

"Yes. I have a little girl. Her name is Sally Ellen."

"Got a job?"

"Yes. I'm an office manager. I never had any trouble bef — "

"How much do you make?"

She hesitated a moment; then stammered, "Ninety-five dollars a week. It's ridiculous to think I would steal a two-dollar — "

"How much of your salary do you save?"

"I try to save about fifteen dollars a week."

"How much do you spend on alcoholic beverages per week?"

She bridled. "Aren't these questions getting pretty personal? I can't see where it's anybody's business — "

"Just answer the question, please."

"As it happens," she said stiffly, "I don't drink."

"Are you addicted to the use of narcotics?"

"Really!"

With amazement she saw him write down her answer: "Really." He went back over it, retracing the letters. Apparently still not satisfied, he placed an exclamation point after the word, rolling the pen slowly between his fingers and bearing down so that the point sank visibly into the pad.

"And, since your husband left you," he asked in the same factual tone of voice, "have you had sexual relations with other men?"

She stared at him. The blood drained from her face, then flooded back in a deep flush that seemed to make her eyes flash.

"Let me put it another way," the man said; and now he was grinning broadly. "Of course a pretty chick like you gets around. The store wants to know whether you get a kick from making love to a stranger."

Anger gave her speech. "I will certainly report this to the manager tomorrow," she said, her face flaming. "You have no call to get vulgar. If the questions are over, let me out of here."

He leaned back in the swivel chair and looked again at the clock. It said 10:22. He tapped the fingertips of his two hands against each other over his belly. "I can't," he said. "All the doors are locked."

"Then get a key."

"I don't know where there's a key."

"Then call the watchman."

"There isn't any watchman."

"Then call somebody else."

"There isn't anybody else."

"What do you mean, there isn't — " She was on her feet, holding onto the desk.

He picked up her thread. "Everybody's gone. It takes fifty minutes to close the store. Last one left about four minutes ago."

She made an effort to keep things neat and orderly. "Then you must be the watchman."

"They don't have a watchman. They don't need one. The whole place is wired. Anybody tries to break in — or out — the cops'll be here in no time."

She took a step backward. "What do you mean, *they* don't have a watchman? Who's 'they'?"

"The store. The people who run the store." He was still tapping his fingertips together.

Her next question came after a long pause. "What do *you* do here? You work for the store, don't you?"

"I used to."

She made one final effort. "You mean you're a detective with the police department?"

His grin became a giggle.

"Then you didn't really arrest me? You — you *couldn't!*"

"I made it look good, didn't I?"

Suddenly his giggles filled the tiny room. She heard in them, quite unmistakably, the sound of madness pleased with itself. Aghast, she backed up against the door. Gradually his noises subsided; but still, while he spoke, he interrupted himself. She listened, her eyes bright with fear.

"I got me a job here. A job as a porter!" Hiccup of laughter. "Me, a porter! You should have seen me with a mop. Name it, I cleaned it — Receiving and Marking, Accounts Receivable, Unit Control Office, Corsets and Brassieres, Intimate Apparel, all the dressing rooms. You can't name a place I didn't clean. I know this store inside out. I know more about it than the people who own it." Prolonged squeals of relish. "I planned the whole thing. I just been waiting for the woman. Not any woman. The right woman. I followed you tonight for an hour. Then I tagged you. You were the piece I wanted."

He sat up straight in the chair now and put his hands on its arms, as if about to rise. He ran his tongue along his full upper lip. This small gesture was what set her off. She screamed. But he did not rise. He sat there, grinning at her.

"We're all alone in this big store, rabbit," he said. "There's no way out of it. We have it all to ourselves. And do you know what I'm going to do to you in a few minutes? In some aisle, first, and then in Home Furnishings, on a bed, and then in the president's office, on that big couch of his?"

She knew.

"No!" she whispered. Behind her back her hand groped for the door knob. He saw what she was doing. He made no motion to rise. "I know every nook and cranny of this store," he said. "You can't hide from me. I can find you anywhere."

He sprang up from the chair, and there was an urgent, heated, hungry quality in his gaze. "Run, rabbit, *run!*" he cried. "I'm going to track you down!"

With a shriek she turned and plunged through the door into the uncharted darkness of the department store from which all human presence had been withdrawn until the next day's dawn.

She burst through the curtained doorway and crashed into the counter across the aisle, which ran at right angles. Gasping with fear, she stumbled off to her left through the blackness. After a dozen steps the floor dropped from beneath her feet and she avoided plunging headlong only because her flailing arm caught a handrail to which she clung while her feet righted themselves on an unseen stairway. She felt her way down the steps and when she reached the bottom her outstretched hands found walls and a door that led her into the basement floor.

From some distant point a single light cast a wan glow on the ceiling and made crags and hillocks of counters and tables heaped with merchandise. Before her a passageway seemed to stretch straight and clear. She began to run and covered a distance that might have been thirty feet or a hundred feet when she tripped and went sprawling to the floor.

She lay where she fell, listening, but the pounding of her heart and her raucous breathing were at first all she could hear. Then she heard footsteps, quick, short-paced, and businesslike. They seemed to come from in front rather than the direction from which she had fled, and she had no idea how far away. Remembering her own high-heeled shoes, she drew them off and waited, listening as the steps slowed and came to a halt.

Suddenly he called out her given name.

"I knew you'd be in the basement, be-

cause either way you ran you'd fall down the stairs. So I took my time." He was matter-of-fact, filling her in with information he knew she'd want.

She lay still, fighting to keep her gasps down.

"I don't want to do it here in the basement. I got a spot on the street floor, right on the main aisle near Cosmetics. Must be a thousand women go by it every day."

She waited a moment more, then got to her knees and crept off in what she thought was the opposite direction. But the rustle of her dress must have reached his ear, because he called her name again and she heard his footsteps coming in her direction. Panic urged her to flee; fear commanded caution. Her hand groped desperately for some clue and found a waist-high object that she judged to be a showcase. She worked her way down its length until it ended. She rounded the corner, sank to the floor behind it, and tried to shrink.

In a moment the footsteps passed down the aisle beside her. In another moment she heard a thud, then a tinkle, and finally the brittle cry of glass disintegrating in thousands of fragments on impact with a hard surface.

After a brief while he called out her name again. "That was a display table," he announced to the dark.

Silence.

"I know how worried you must be that maybe I cut myself." Giggle.

Silence.

"You're not a rabbit, you're a pigeon. I didn't think there was anybody who didn't know how the arrest is always made *outside* the store."

Silence.

"Aren't you going to run, rabbit? It's no fun to catch you if you don't run."

Silence.

"I'll make you run," he said with finality. "I'm going to turn the lights on."

The terror that now welled up in her was the same she had known as a little girl when her father had punished her by locking her in the cellar. Only her father had said with similar finality, "I'm going to turn the lights *out*."

She crouched, ready for renewed flight, her hand outstretched. It found the showcase, and, hanging from it on a hook, the familiar form of a telephone. It was several seconds, during which she used the phone to support her weight, before she realized its possible significance.

Of course! The store was full of phones. Any one of them was a link with the outside. Help was only minutes away. Ever so slowly, so that no slightest click might betray her, she lifted the phone and brought it to her ear.

The phone was dead.

Automatically her other hand found the hook and jiggled it. Nothing happened. She jiggled it some more, frantically.

A burst of laughter echoed through the basement. "Number plee-uz," he sang in falsetto. "Number plee-uz." More laughter, and his normal voice again. "A hundred phones in this store and all of them dead." And suddenly light flooded everything.

Behind the counter in darkness was sanctuary; in the light it would be a trap without escape. Stooping, head below the top of the showcase, she peered into the aisle. To the right, not fifteen feet away, lay the overturned table in its bed of shattered glass. To the left the aisle ran straight between counters and tables of chinaware, glassware, pots and pans until it brought up against a wall lined with glass shelves. Directly across from her was another showcase. "The Perfect Wedding Gift. Set of 8, $7.95." The sign was propped against a felt-lined box of steak knives, each polished blade agleam from point to bolster. They were behind glass. To break it would bring him on the run.

She fought hard against the temptation to raise her head above the counter tops for a quick look over the rest of the floor. Still crouching, she stole down the line of counters toward the far wall, marshaling unsuspected resources of courage for the perilous passage of the intersecting aisles.

At the end of her aisle her eye traveled along the shelf-lined wall and found a doorway over which hung a sign that read LADIES' LOUNGE. Relief swept over her. If she ran for it she could get to that traditional safety before he could. Almost at once her hope drained from her. The rules, she knew quite well, had been suspended. And at the instant of this realization she heard pounding footsteps behind her and saw him coming toward her. She fled down the nearest passage toward the middle of the store. He was gaining fast when dead ahead of her she saw the escalator. Without slackening speed she flung herself onto the steps. She dug her stockinged feet into the steel-ribbed treadboards and, grasping the rubber handrails on either side of the stairway, half ran and half pulled herself upward. She missed her step once and came down hard with her shin on the toothed edge of the riser, feeling the sharp bite of metal into her flesh. But now she had learned that moving stairs at rest are not like any other stairs. The treads are almost twice as deep, and to negotiate them quickly one must fling oneself forward as well as upward in a kind of ice skater's lope. This she did, quickening her pace as she mastered the rhythm. From behind her came sounds of stumbling and cursing; it seemed that she was doing the better job of learning the lesson of the moving stairs.

At the top, she plunged into the dark-

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ness of the first floor, and like a rat in a maze fled down unseen aisles, stumbling, falling, picking herself up, running again. She no longer knew whether she was running from danger or toward it, but she knew that she must keep running.

She drove hard against an obstruction with her head and one shoulder, and as she slid to the floor, dazed, her hand grasped the edge of a partly open door. She worked her way through the opening and drew the door shut behind her. Immediately she was entangled in a mass of coarse-woven hangings and she fought them with her remaining strength, ripping and clawing, until she had struggled free. There was dim light in the place, and now suddenly the glare of sunlight blinded her.

Squinting, she saw that she was on a sun-drenched beach, gay with giant umbrellas, cartwheel hats of straw, and canvas chairs in bright reds, greens and blues. Happy children, beautiful women and robust men glowed with sun-tanned health in gaudy swimsuits and beach robes. Each face was shining with manic bliss.

Close by she saw a little girl about Sally Ellen's age sitting with pail and shovel. Even as she looked, the child toppled slowly toward her until she hit the sand and her head came apart from her body. It rolled over once before it lay still, smiling into the cloudless sky.

She realized that she was in a show window.

She went to the glass and leaned her forehead against it; then cupped her hands around her eyes to shield them from the glare behind her and to overcome the mirror effect. Outside was the street with an apparently endless line of cars. Hundreds of people to give her aid! As she watched, the cars before her began to slow down; moved faster again; twitched forward and slowed; came to rest. Red light.

Directly opposite her, the light from her window picked out a hardtop idling in the line nearest the curb. The face of the driver was hidden by his arm, resting its elbow on the open window, his hand grasping the rain gutter. She rapped on the window, sharply with her knuckles, a short burst that bounced back like shots and terrified her by the noise it made.

The arm in the car window made no move.

She rapped on the glass again, harder and longer. The arm dropped, revealing a face in profile. The face swept a casual glance from one end of her window to the other and turned back to stare through its windshield. Then, a double take, it came around a second time and looked straight at her.

So that's where it's coming from, she read in his eyes.

Help me.

Must be a window trimmer.

Help me! Call the police!

Pretty late for trimming windows.

Call the police!

Probably some advertising stunt to catch the cars going home from the game.

A long blast from a horn behind him snapped his head back to the windshield and the discovery that the cars in front of him had moved silently on. His car lurched forward and the cars behind him picked up speed. In a moment they were flashing by.

She drew back from the window and shifted her focus from the street outside to the sheet of glass itself. You fool, she thought. It's nothing but glass. Break it and you can walk out of here in a second. She raised both fists and brought them with all her strength in a wide arc from behind her head against the window. Nothing happened. She turned and darted her eyes over the happy seaside group behind her. The smiling head of the little blonde girl lay a few feet away. She picked it up and was so disappointed by its incongruous lightness that she let it fall again. She turned back to the window and began to pound on it. She had no clear idea whether the entire wall of glass might crash into the street or only enough of it for her to crawl through. Neither happened. After six or seven blows she sensed that she was no longer beating against an ungiving barrier but against a pulsating, elastic membrane. The huge window was buckling in and out. In terror lest the window shatter on an inward pulsation and inundate her, she stepped back.

She felt desperation climbing up her trunk. The noise she was making would surely attract her pursuer. Her time was running out. She grabbed a plaid ice bucket that was planted in the sand. It had an empty bottle in it and it was heavy. She hurled it with all her strength at the window. The crash was followed by a shriek from the window as a crack appeared from ceiling to floor. And in that instant the lights went out.

The tension in her had been almost too much. Now, in the shocking darkness, it broke her down. There rose through her a wave of what she knew to be hysteria. It engulfed her at once. Her head went light; her mind scattered. All around her were shadowy figures, menacing in the shifting light from the street.

"All right," she blurted, "which one of you turned out the light?" She laughed, smothered it, and laughed again, a high-pitched whinny.

A longer, blood-curdling giggle answered her. "I did," his voice said. "I knew the lights went off automatically at eleven. I been watching you for the past five minutes. You ready now, rabbit?"

She saw his dim outline in the next window, feeling his way past the obstacles between them. She stumbled toward the door; fell; fought the curtain again; found her way to the handle; fell again, into the aisle; picked herself up and ran blindly into a flight of stairs to the second floor. Moaning, sobbing, she crawled up them. Behind her she heard a thrashing and pounding as he too freed himself of the window. Then, strangely, as she crept upstairs on hands and knees, all was silence.

Was she alone on the second floor? Was she safe again, for a while? It seemed so. Except that she could not keep the sounds from coming out of her, to advertize her whereabouts — sobs, gasps, little cries. She tried to stifle them but they were beyond her control. She lay down on the floor and held both hands over her mouth. The sounds came through her nose. Help me, help me, ran through her mind. She could not keep the sounds back.

She could not wait either. She stood up and her eye was caught by a red glow at the very far end of the aisle. Wracked beyond endurance, out of control, she yet remembered what she had learned in P.S. 65: Red Light—Fire Exit. Never locked.

Stooping, holding her hand over her mouth, she scuttled toward the red light. There was not a sound in any part of the store. Where was he? At the last cross aisle she paused and listened again. Not a sound. Ahead of her, ten feet away, was the heavy metal door to the fire escape. She put her head out and looked in both directions. The way was clear! She was safe!

She stumbled to the door, heaved it open, and plunged into the night.

He was standing on the fire escape. He grabbed her with one arm and reached out with the other to hold the door open. The triumphant grin on his face, not six inches from hers, said hunger about to be gratified. She was struck dumb by this miscarriage of her great and last hope. He dragged her back inside.

And now he did not giggle. Now that the chase was over he was hard, purposeful, and arrogant. "Hello, rabbit," he said. "Do you realize what I did just now? *I locked myself outside the store!* I knew you were upstairs, I knew you would see the fire door, I knew you would go for it, I knew the door wasn't wired to the alarm system. *I knew you would come to me!* I knew I had my little rabbit." And only then did he allow himself a low chuckle.

She screamed. She did not stop screaming when his uncompromising mass, exuding heat and damp, crushed her to the floor while his full, moist mouth sought to attach itself to hers with eager sucking sounds.

• • •

Bracken looked at the half-conscious

woman in the chair, and then at the tall man, who seemed to be holding himself as much as possible in the shadows. "Been doing protection work long?" he asked casually.

"Oh, off and on."

"Who broke you in? On Protection, I mean."

A pause. "Jonsen did. Mr. Jack Jonsen. He broke me in. He's head of Protection here, you know."

"Yes," Bracken said dryly, "I know. Think he did a good job of showing you the ropes?"

The man was emphatic. "He's the best in the business. Say, listen" — changing the subject — "I'm pretty bushed. Why don't you fellows take her in and I'll go home and get some sleep and check with you in the morning?"

He was edging toward the main aisle as he said this. His way was blocked by Dravchuk and Martin, who showed no inclination to move, and he was deciding whether to try walking around them when Bracken spoke. "Wish we could, but somebody's got to sign the complaint or the boys here won't book her. Jonsen told you about signing complaints, didn't he?"

"Oh, sure. I just thought you could lock her up for the night and I'd come down in the morning."

"It'll just take a few minutes at the station house and then you can get your sleep." Pause. "You say you tackled her on the fire escape?"

"No," the man said. "I got her right where you saw us. On the five-yard line, you might say." He managed to produce a laugh.

"Well," Bracken said. He leaned down to the woman in the chair, who reached out and gripped his forearm. "Miss, can you come with us now? You're among friends. We want to get you to a doctor."

The woman stared at him with eyes to which comprehension was returning. The man threw a glance at the policemen's two drawn revolvers and at the fire door, now thirty yards away. "Say, I ought to call home, let my wife know why I'm late. I'll just duck down the fire escape to the phone booth in the parking lot and meet you in about two minutes at the squad car."

Bracken did not even bother to answer him. "Keep an eye on that fellow," he said in a matter-of-fact voice to the police officers. "He's a fake. The window isn't wired. The fire door is wired. Any real protection man would know that. OK, let's shove off." There were three flashlights burning, and they threw a good deal of light. In it they could see the man lick his lips and they could see his frightened eyes, rather like those of a rabbit in a trap.

things you check

(continued from page 62)

decision in a coat may be the always-correct, slightly-fitted, semi-chesterfield classic with its natural shoulders, fly front, flap pockets, and notched or semi-peaked lapels. Or, if you prefer, there's the nattily casual British Warmer. This double-breasted stand-by is a good fashion bet in either its original military shade of pinkish tan or in recently introduced olive, blue, gray or brown. Or you may favor the traditional fitted dress coat in dark gray or brown luxury fabrics. Slightly longer than knee length, it sets off rich suitings extremely well. Peaked or semi-peaked lapels (just a shade wider this year than last), button-through front, and patch or angled pockets are distinguishing characteristics of this breed.

When casualness is the keynote, there is another coterie of coats from which to choose — notched-collar raglans to be worn with Ivy and conservative suits, double-breasted polo coats for sports wear, the modified ulster for fair weather and foul, and the British-inspired balmacaan that's the perfect cover-up for sports jacket and slacks.

The guy with a head on his shoulders makes a point these days of having a hat on his head, a pleasant enough task, since styles have never looked better, and the assortment of models, colors and trims is more varied now than a season ago. Most of the new models feature a smaller silhouette. This whittled-down shape, becoming to most everyone, is the result of proportionately lower crowns. The new-breed felts actually have more brim than is at first apparent, an optical illusion created by taking a moderately full brim and giving it a deep roll. This is particularly suited to the fellow with a full face.

Black is still the big color in dress hats. Covert shades trimmed with black bands and brim-edge-bound with gabardines are an innovation worth noting. The contrasting color trims are showing up on smooth felts, new silk finishes, multi-hued mixtures, scratch finishes and soft, suede-like felts, as well as luxurious velours.

In gloves, there's a whole fistful of fresh Continental ideas. Olive, antique brown and vicuna are supplementing the classic browns, tans, grays and blacks. Luxurious lightweight leathers include butter-soft capeskins, split pigskins and new reverse lambskins. Back vents, shorter lengths, off-center decoration, embossed or latticework effects are interesting on-hand additions. The inside story is told in elasticized cuffs, and foam or pile linings. Smart and practical, too, are the stretch gloves with Helanca sidewalls.

Along with the classic knits and woven plaids, today's well-mufflered man has a fresh and wide choice for dress wear — pure silks in neat as well as bold patterns, regal cashmeres, and reversibles that switch from pattern to plain, wool to silk, color to color. And speaking of color, the muffler works well as a bold accent against a topcoat's solid tones. Check them out carefully to make sure that the things you check garner admiring glances from the hat-check chick.

"Is there room for one more?"

Come On Out, Daddy (continued from page 46)

as a doctor friend of mine suggests, because of a protein deficiency due to her vegetarian diet; but she's going to an osteopathic surgeon who approves her eating habits and is sure everything will be all right, especially if she increases her daily consumption of pi-nuts (rich in proteins). I would be happier if she wore a bandage over the hole but she is opposed to bandages on the theory that every part of the body, most particularly the damaged parts, should have a chance to breathe freely. She and her friends say they are getting at a new and more fundamental reality and claim to have had full glimpses of it under LSD; not to be brushed aside, no really intense groping is. You don't have to be cultist about it, just open-minded. People out here are beginning to take this lysurgic acid seriously now that Cary Grant has stated in public that he has been using it under his psychiatrist's direction and that it's made a new man of him. Call this a failure of nerve if you want. It may be an opening of significant doors. Of course, Marian *should* cover up her stigmata. I feel stirrings and awakenings. Marian has put my name on the list of volunteers for the UCLA experiments."

Five weeks after his arrival Gordon Rengs stopped writing to his friends altogether. Not because of Marian Huddlesfield. He had met Wilhelmina Sproulle.

• • •

It came about this way. On a certain Tuesday morning, at ten-fifteen, Gordon arrived at the writers' building. As usual, Jamie Beheen came over to his office; as usual, they had morning tea prepared for them by their secretaries. This day the ceremony was particularly pleasant because Gordon's secretary had brought in some homemade pecan buns which were almost as tasty, though not as heady, as Marian Huddlesfield's pot cakes.

"I've something to do tonight," Jamie said, "and I wonder if you'd be interested, Gordon? There's an all-Negro musical being done in town, somewhere in the Negro district. My New York agent has wired me that the man who wrote and produced and directed the thing is said to be quite talented, and she'd like me to see it and send her a report. I've got two extra tickets for tonight—would you and Marian like to come along with me and my wife?"

Gordon called Marian. She said it sounded like fun. She liked Negroes because they were very Zen. That night they all had drinks (Marian had carrot juice) at the Beheens', a fine Japanese-modern house high up on Sunset Plaza Drive, well above the smog level; then, close to eight, they set out for the theatre. It was a small place just off Western Avenue, a converted warehouse or garage. The writer-producer-director, a soft-spoken man named Mitchell Bascoyne, was more than pleased to see them. He had been told that Jamie Beheen was scouting, in a sense, for his New York agent, with whom Bascoyne wanted very much to sign. There were four seats reserved for the Beheen party in the first row.

This was a little theatre in every sense of the word. It had no elevated stage; the performers simply came through a side door and took up positions on the floor immediately in front of the first row. There were fifty people in the cast and hardly more than thirty in the audience. The house lights went down, the spots over the playing area came up; the dancers came high-stepping out in a sort of Haitian cakewalk and the show, an extravaganza having to do with a highly musical election campaign in a Caribbean island town, was on. Marian slipped her hand into Gordon's but he did not caress it with his fingers; it was the one with the open wound.

Almost from the first scene, a Mardi Gras fiesta featuring several barefoot girls with bunches of bananas on their heads, Gordon was tensely aware of the girl in the leftmost position in the chorus. She handled herself gracefully enough and sang with a sweet husky contralto, but it was not her talents that held him. She could hardly be more than twenty-two; as against the more polished girls in the cast she carried herself with an almost awkward, endlessly touching, pertness, a held-in zest, a faintly comic air, as though she might at any moment jump away from her assigned role and burst out laughing. Though short, she was beautifully built, with well-fleshed thighs, ample hips, a fine prideful jut to the rear and high, perfect breasts. She was creamy in complexion, a beginner brown, and the shiny, jet-black, perfectly straight bangs that framed her wide, thrust-cheeked face made her look almost oriental. Absurdly, but marvelously, her eyes were a cool blue.

She was special. Gordon could not look away. Often she was standing inches from him, it was a real temptation to reach out for that generous, curvy body that was made to be taken hold of. Early in the performance she became aware of him and began to look his way, checking to see if his eyes were still on her.

After a while he worked up enough courage to smile at her. At first, though with what seemed an effort, she kept her face at rest; then she began to smile back, in little darting movements of the full lips. She had delightful dimples.

Holding Marian's hand with just his fingertips, to avoid touching the wound, Gordon began to feel a bubbling excitement. This was the first absolutely unplanned, unprogramed gush of enthusiasm he had experienced toward any girl since coming to Hollywood. And there seemed to be a response in her. He could not be absolutely sure, but weren't there signs? Glancings, dimplings?

When the girl was not on stage he studied the program in the dim light, hoping to locate her name in the cast listings. But there were six girls in the chorus: Maxine Frettengille, Georgianna Balsam, Teri White, Wilhelmina Sproulle, Bettina Rouse, Babette Fortunata; no way to single out anybody's name from such a roster. How to make contact with this girl?

With Marian and the Beheens along, he could hardly excuse himself after the show and go trotting off backstage—which might be awkward anyhow, since the girl could be married (though there were no rings on her fingers) or tied up with one of the young men in the cast. But if she had been returning his looks, if some interest had really been sparked in her, she just might come out in the lobby after the show to give him an opportunity to speak to her. It was a long shot, but one worth exploring.

Luckily, there was good reason to linger out front: Jamie had to chat with Mitchell Bascoyne. While the two men were exchanging pleasantries, Gordon stood to one side with Marian, watching the doors.

In a matter of minutes the girl came out.

She looked directly at Gordon as she advanced slowly down the lobby. She was wearing skin-tight toreador pants of electric orange, their stretched material was alive with taut ripplings as the full bold muscles of her thighs worked. She walked slowly, deliberately, to the sidewalk, then made a turn toward the parking lot alongside the building. She disappeared into the dark there.

In another moment she came into sight again, sauntering back to the theatre. All the while she looked directly and deliberately at Gordon.

He waited until she was a few feet past him. Then he left Marian and walked rapidly over to her, catching her as she was nearing the door.

He would not have felt free to go after her if there had been anything serious between him and Marian. There wasn't. Sometimes they met for dinner or to see a movie or a play, that was about it; in between meetings they both understood they were free agents. If on this or that night she stayed at his place, or he at hers, she did not take this as a commitment on either side. Gordon knew (she had told him herself) that

from time to time the bass player with the habit, the one she had lived with, came to spend the night with her; she enjoyed talking with him about Zen and the twelve-tone scale. She said herself, with the casualness she believed everyone should have about personal strivings, that she did not have a strong physical urge and was more interested in the spiritual side, in purging herself of toxic acids and the negative thoughts they gave rise to. Though she was perfectly willing to lend herself for the pleasure of men she liked, she was against any spirit of possessiveness in them or herself — the idea of private property as applied to living beings she took to be the most negative thought of all. She was ready to be enjoyed but she would not be claimed. She hated the idea of people plastering no-trespassing signs over each other, it disrupted the true placidities and prevented the higher concentrations.

The girl had stopped at the door and was looking at Gordon expectantly. He put his hand lightly on her forearm.

"I liked the show," he said. "Particularly you. I thought you were fine."

"Thank you," she said in her [illegible] manner.

"I wonder," he began. He was about to ask what her name was, and give her his, then approach the possibility of their having lunch together — but there was a hand at his back and Jamie's voice was saying, "Well, Gordon, are you about ready to go?" With Jamie was his wife, behind them, Marian, looking placid.

So he had to answer her encouraging smile with a hasty, ambiguous twist of his own lips, with a little humorous lift of the shoulders, and go off with his party. He still had no idea whether she was a Maxine, a Georgianna, a Bettina, or what.

Driving through the mountains next morning, Gordon found himself thinking about this little dancer. There was, he could not help feeling, something pathetic about her, about all the actors in the show. They were obviously people who worked during the day as busboys, waiters, clerks, cashiers, stenographers, beauticians; if, in addition, they were ready and willing to spend six tough nights a week performing before a handful of spectators for something even less than Equity minimum, there had to be a big thirst in them. In all their heated minds, certainly, were shimmering images of Lena Horne, Sammy Davis, Jr., Harry Belafonte; how could you point out to them the many thousands of Lenas and Sammies and Harries who'd fallen by the wayside, not always because of deficient talents? Why should Negro theatrical hopefuls be any more subject to dissuasion than whites? The show-business bug ignored color lines and was impervious to common sense; it was simply a double misfortune when it took up its obsession-breeding quarters in a Negro because, while it was color-blind, movie and television producers were not. But Hollywood was a dream world. Here they made, and lived, dreams about rich, and therefore free, people. Negroes became as dreamy as the rest. They dreamed of themselves being rich enough to be free, or free enough to be rich, free-rich, very white.

Gordon knew why these thoughts were running through his mind. He was determined to meet this nameless girl — the picture of those solid thighs and unskimped bosoms was not to be shaken loose from his mind — and suddenly, for the first time in his life, he, Gordon Rengs, lone-wolf novelist with no institutional connections in this world, was smack in the center of show business and immediately identifiable with all its institutions. He knew that if he could arrange to meet this girl she would see him, not as the isolate he was, the bystander, but as an important man in a key position at a major studio — and the bug in her would begin its soft shoe. Certainly he did not want to make Jamie's picture in such a way as to make *him* important too? If there was any headway here, or anywhere, on the basis of a grotesque mistake about who he was: he would not have this or any girl sleep with him in the expectation that he could do things for her. He knew very well that he was still, rich Charlemagnes to the contrary, the two grand a week notwithstanding, the writer of serious books that nobody read, a man without connections, and he had to hold to his identity, it had been won too hard. The main reason he had taken up the now-and-then relationship with Marian Huddlesfield was that she was not after anything from him, she merely offered herself on a plain redwood platter, hand-carved, garnished with pi-nuts, while she went on thinking undisturbedly of Zen precepts, inner unities, unsprayed tomatoes.

That morning, over tea, Gordon said to Jamie Beheen, "Jamie — there was a girl in that show last night, I don't know her name. I'd like to get in touch with her and to do that I've got to call the theatre, there's no other way. You must tell me — will it embarrass you if I pursue this?"

"Pursue away, my boy," Jamie said. "If it's that little trick you were talking to in the lobby, I thought she was quite a fetching thing myself. May the race go to the swift — and if you carry it off, bring her to dinner one night."

So Gordon called the theatre. The man who answered the phone identified himself as Mitchell Bascoyne; apparently he ran the box office too.

"This is Gordon Rengs," Gordon began. "I was with Jamie Beheen's party at your theatre last night?"

"Yes, truly, Mr. Rengs," Mitchell Bascoyne said. "I remember you well and it's nice to hear your voice."

"Nice to hear yours. I enjoyed your show, Mr. Bascoyne. We all did." Gordon cleared his throat. "Mr. Bascoyne. There's a girl in your chorus — I'd like very much to know her name, she's small, rather buxom, with a wide face and big dimples, her voice is a deep contralto . . ."

"You mean," the softly neutral voice said, "the girl you spoke some words to in the lobby?" It was a carefully factual statement; you could read either accusation or congratulation into it, anything you wanted.

"That's the one. I couldn't tell from the program what her name was . . ."

"Wilhelmina Sproulle. Yes, that would be Wilhelmina." A pause. "Mr. Rengs — may I ask — what, just for purposes of information, is your connection with Mr. Beheen?"

The sense of the question was clear. Bascoyne wanted to sign with Jamie's agent, so Jamie was important to him. He was asking: did Gordon figure in [illegible] early you. I thought you [illegible]

"Well, then, thanks," s[illegible] to be any flirtering over Wilhelmina — Bascoyne was not closing doors on any possibilities prematu[illegible] — the stakes had to be defined . . ."

"Mr. Bascoyne," Gordon said, rais[illegible] his voice a little, "I'm a friend of [illegible] Beheen's, that's absolutely all. W[illegible] both writers here at the studio, we happen to share offices in the writers' building, we don't work together, we're simply friends, but Miss Sproulle impressed me last night and I was wondering . . ."

"Will you allow me to put in another question, Mr. Rengs? To get ourselves oriented around this thing, if you don't mind — is the nature of this call what you might term professional?"

Well put. There was the crux of it, of course. And here now was the big temptation: not to lay it on the line but to throw out sneaky, standard lures. Gordon wanted above all to remain intact. He wanted this girl but he cherished his sense of himself too. He knew quite clearly that he was the peripheral writer of peripheral books, the man way over to one side, not in any sense a good contact . . .

"Let me make this very clear, Mr. Bascoyne. I'm not a Hollywood writer, not primarily. I'm a novelist, you wouldn't have heard of me, I live in New York, I'm out here on my first movie assignment, I don't mean to stay . . . The best way to put it, Mr. Bascoyne, is this — I'm not in a position to do anything for anybody, I don't carry any weight in the movie industry, my interest in Miss Sproulle is a personal thing, I'd like to contact her and take her to lunch, I thought, if I could reach her, with your

help. that is, I might ask her to lunch here at the commissary . . ."

At this point Gordon clicked his teeth together. He could not believe that this last statement had come from his mouth. Lunch, yes, lunch was a fine idea — but why at the studio commissary? The lure, the pitch, the come-on, after all? He was suddenly despising himself for having added those four strategy-dictated words that exploded his sense of self and stood all his down-the-line intentions on their heads.

"Personal, Mr. Rengs?" The voice was some shades cooler. "May I ask your meaning in that, please?"

"Mr. Bascoyne — I thought Wilhelmina Sproulle was a very attractive young lady. I'd like to know her better. If you will be good enough to put me in touch with her, I'd like very much to take her to lunch — at any place that's convenient for her." Gordon immediately felt better for having gotten that phrase out. "Would you ask her to call me at my office? I'll be here all day."

"I will communicate the message, Mr. Rengs." There was another pause. Then, with something that was no longer hope but a nostalgia for hope long gone: "Mr. Rengs — do I follow your meaning — you share some offices with Mr. Beheen? Your connection with him is, you're in the same offices with him, that's the whole extent of it? I was wondering, if you're from New York, if by any chance you have an agent back there, I know Mr. Beheen has an agent . . ."

It had to be said once more, still more unequivocally:

"I have an agent in New York, yes, but it's not Mr. Beheen's. I've never met his agent, I don't have anything to do with her, but if you can manage to get word to Miss Sproulle . . ."

"The message will be conveyed, Mr. Rengs. The young lady will be informed, and thank you for your interest . . ."

When he hung up, Gordon had the sweaty feeling that he had come close to the ordeal by fire. He knew for the first time the full meaning of temptation, the devious ways in which sharp memories of thighs and dimples can make the tongue spring from its true tracks and juggle plain truths. But, except for those four upstart words, he hadn't faltered, he had stuck to his course and his concept of himself. He was not proud, exactly. He simply had the sense that he had survived, that his head was still above water.

Exactly seventeen minutes later his secretary buzzed him to say that a Miss Wilhelmina Sproulle was on the line. He reached energetically for the phone. Did Miss Sproulle remember him? Sure did. She'd gotten the message about lunch, his wanting to invite her to lunch? Oh, right. Mr. Bascoyne had explained the whole deal. She would accept the invitation? Why, why not, sounded like a cool idea, most any time and any place, why didn't he name it? Well, he'd like to do it tomorrow, Thursday, and about the place, why didn't she pick a restaurant near where she worked, he assumed she worked somewhere, he could easily drive over? Well, Mitch, Mr. Bascoyne, he had been saying something about lunch at the commissary, she had a car, she could easily make it? Good enough, the commissary, he'd leave an auto pass at the main gate for her, why didn't she come to his office say about twelve-thirty? Twelve-thirty, fine. Wonderful, and he'd be looking forward to it. All right, then, deal, fine, cool, she'd be looking forward too, twelve-thirty it was, Thursday, his office.

• • •

All her accessories, linen shoes, floppy hat, mesh gloves, wide leather belt, were white with tiny, pale blue polka dots, and her very tight dress, choked to an impossible slimness at the waist, was pastel blue; from these unexclamatory background colors her bronze limbs and exposed chest sprang like patina'd objects of art; the generous haunches soared, the only partly captured breasts ballooned. And above all this delicious suggestion of momentarily arrested expansion, of stop-frame heave, there under the wavy-brimmed hat, were the working dimples and the wide, wide and laughing eyes of blue — she was a vision of Hollywood form-exaggerating chic, she was sensational.

As soon as they took their seats in the crowded commissary — where, from the moment of their entrance, Gordon was itchily aware of all the eyes turning their way — she began, unaccountably, to call him daddy.

"Daddy," she said. Again: "Oh, daddy."

At first he thought that, with the easy malice of twenty-two, she was making tart comment about the difference in their ages; he was already a little sensitive about that. But she wasn't even looking at him. Her eyes were directed across the room and her words were reined exclamations.

"What is it, Wilhelmina?" he said.

"It's Henry Fonda," she said.

"Yes."

"And, daddy, there's, there's Rock Hudson."

"Right."

"Look over that way, daddy. There. James Stewart."

"I see him."

Jamie Beheen sat down to chat for a moment. He was very happy to see Miss Sproulle, very happy indeed. What movie was he on? Well, it was the story of Noah, more exactly, *a* story of Noah, in it Noah was to be portrayed as a sort of exalted veterinarian, it was one possible approach. No, Noah, this Noah at least, didn't have any daughters, there weren't any daughter parts, and no, while he didn't know this for an absolute fact he was pretty sure there weren't *any* young-girl parts open, shooting was due to start quite soon, the major casting had been done. But it was a genuine pleasure to see Miss Sproulle again. She was even more attractive off stage than on. If she wanted to see how they went about making a movie he would be very happy, as soon as shooting began, to have her visit the set as his guest. Whether or not Gordon happened to be free on that particular day. What was she asking? What was this Noah a veteran of? The animal kingdom, he supposed. Or the shipwrights' union, he very possibly organized it. In any case, he was delighted to be able to have a few words with Miss Sproulle. She looked well and happy and it was gratifying to feast the eyes on her once more. He would most particularly relish seeing her again, whether or not Mr. Rengs could make it.

"The corner," she said when Jamie had gone, "see there in the corner, daddy. Jeff Chandler."

"Sure," Gordon said.

"Oh, *daddy*. Oh, *daddy*. *Cary Grant*."

"That's who it is." If there had been any point to it he would have added that Cary Grant was taking LSD and reported good results.

"All in one room," she said almost in a whisper. Meaning: a room she was in. A room with a dream view, and she doing the viewing. All the rich, rich people and she, seam-busting Wilhelmina Sproulle, in the middle and therefore almost free, if not yet rich.

"I want to explain something, Wilhelmina," he said. "They're all working here, some in television, some in the movies. It's a big studio, I don't know any of them. I don't know anybody around here except for a couple of writers who work in the same building with me. The thing I'm working on, this movie, it doesn't have anything to do with these stars, it's not in production at all, they won't get around to making it until months after I'm gone. It's about Charlemagne, you know, a king of olden times. I'm just doing this movie script about an ancient king named Charlemagne. It's not even cast yet, I don't know who's going to be in it, that's not my end of things."

He suppressed the impulse to add: Charlemagne, who was very rich.

She said wholeheartedly, "*Cary Grant. Too much.*"

"Yes. He eats here all the time but I've never met him."

"Now, smile."

Marian Huddlesfield stopped by to shake hands. She wanted Wilhelmina to know, she assumed it was all right to call her Wilhelmina, how good it was to see her. Wilhelmina was a fine-looking person with positive thoughts, she, Marian, could tell by her unseeking eyes, and it might interest Wilhelmina to know that she, Marian, had lots of good friends who were colored, some of the best and most intelligent vegetarians she knew were colored, and she wasn't just saying that about having good friends who were Negroes, it came out under LSD, lysurgic acid, this new chemical that helped you to think and see right, under LSD she, Marian, felt important and rock-bottom unities with other people, felt a warm closeness with others, and often, more often than not, they were Negroes, many Negroes come to her in her bright visions. She felt, too, she should remind Gordon that his name was down on the doctor's list for LSD, she'd been around to the doctor's for a dose last weekend and he'd said Gordon would be hearing from him about an appointment very soon. Meantime, Gordon wouldn't forget this Saturday, she hoped, they had this date to go out to the Gashouse in Venice West to hear this authority on Zen lecture on Aldous Huxley and the gates of perception. It was a privilege to see Miss Sproulle, what nonsense, she didn't mean to cool it with formality, to see Wilhelmina. If Wilhelmina wanted to drop over to her place some evening, why, call any time, Gordon had the number, they'd have a long talk about LSD and things.

Marian left. For two or three minutes Wilhelmina was quiet. Then she said, "That's a thing, all right, to be eating every day in the same place with Cary Grant. Right here, where everything is. Daddy, you must have the good life."

"You don't understand, Wilhelmina. I'm here almost by accident, you might say. Yes. Just to do this one picture. Then I go back to New York. That's where I live. Mostly I sit in my apartment in New York and write books, novels, you wouldn't have heard about them, they're not read very widely . . ."

"You meet all kinds of people when you're in the movies," she said with pleased conviction. "All the big ones."

She was lovely, her dimples danced footnotes to her serene blue eyes, and there was no way to get it established in her dreaming head that a man might be in this business just passing through, an outsider, a nonentity by program. There was no room in that head for the concept of a truly unconnected man. She could not imagine a world without connections because all her dreams were of connections and her entire life was rooted in her dreams.

"The way it could happen," she said, almost as though pointing out vital facts that he had overlooked, "you could write this movie about Charles the Main and then they could get, say, Cary Grant to play him."

She was intent on building this kind of packaging dream around him, her one connection with the world of the connected ones. The implication in her words was clear — *he* could get Cary Grant to play Charlemagne, he, Gordon Rengs, personally, as easily as Jamie Beheen could get Cary Grant to play Noah. All he, Gordon, had to do was walk across the dream room and ask the dream man. People who ate in the same room with Cary Grant were very rich. They were all, finally, Cary Grant.

And she was lovely, she was lovely. Her pastel blue dress was astonishingly tight and low-cut. Her breasts were past belief, the only riches not yet signed over to the richest men of this rich world.

He got her to talk about herself. She was twenty-*one*, she worked as an electrotherapy technician in a massage institute, she was taking singing and dancing lessons, also, she went on Tuesdays to an acting class run by a New York fellow with a bright red beard who'd come out of Actors' Studio, she believed the times were ripening for another and bigger Lena Horne, she felt the race lines were being broken down fast, there would be wide chances for the talented ones of her generation in television and the movies, things were trending that good way, she didn't have to go back to the massage institute today, she'd taken the day off to go shopping in Beverly Hills for this sharp new dress and things, she'd wanted to look right for her first visit to a studio, she was free as a bird this afternoon, what did he have in mind?

It was too nice a day to work, he thought. They could run down to Malibu, do some swimming and get the sun, they'd have two good hours there, there was a writer in his building who lived out in Malibu, he'd gone to Palm Springs for a few days and left the key to his place with Gordon.

That sounded cool and she was with him. What about her car?

Easy. They'd go in his Alfa-Romeo, this was a day for an open car. They'd leave her car here at the studio and pick it up tonight. He'd make arrangements so they would let him in the back gate after hours.

She was with it, daddy. A gas, daddy.

• • •

They helped themselves to swim suits at the beach house and hurried down to the water's edge. She was something for the eyes to gourmandize on, this honey-colored Juno from the electrotherapy room: childishly slim at waist, knee, ankle, elbow, wrist, touching frailties at the vital junctures, and lush, lush, everywhere else, leavening in calves, thighs, bosoms, a study in burnished abundances. Somehow, in his swirling thoughts, she was becoming confused with the roses and gardenias and banana trees and Laurel Canyons of this luxuriating Hollywood; all the objects of generous curves and lovely colors, all the things in bloom that had called his body into a singing wakefulness, she was all of them, lying there dark and lavishly shaped against the sands, her breasts fearlessly in bloom, her blooming thighs rubbing tightly, slowly, one against the other.

"A gang of stars live in Malibu, don't they," she said. It was a statement of movie-magazine fact rather than a question.

He ran his finger the length of her forearm, down the soft folds radiating from the armpit, along her side.

"I guess so," he said. "The only one I know out this way is my writer friend, Ivan, the fellow who owns this house."

She looked back appreciatively at the structure with its dashing overhangs, an odd-angled sweep of glass and redwood beams, cantilevered out over the dunes and resting on sturdy stilts.

"I'll bet they have some crazy parties in that house," she said. "Lots of parties with gone drinks and all the celebrities."

He let his finger go softly over the blue-tinted seam of her full and outturned upper lip.

"Well," he said, "I've been to a couple of Ivan's parties. Cary Grant wasn't there."

"I've often wondered," she said, "about how you write up a part in a movie play. I mean, do you think of some one particular actor first and then write the words for that actor, like, or do you put down the words first and then find the right actor to play the part?"

He let his palm go over the firm rises of her upper leg, then closed his fingers on the fine lean place under the knee, the relief of hollow there, framed with cartilage. No open wounds on this perfect body, no stigmata, this was an unmarred bloom of a body.

"There's no one rule," he said. "Sometimes you do it one way, sometimes the other. The actor I'm supposed to have in mind for this Charlemagne script is Tony Curtis, I'm writing all the people like Tony Curtis."

He was startled to hear this last sentence come from his mouth; it was self-mockery of a sort he had not permitted himself since coming to Hollywood, precisely the kind of snide, self-nibbling joke his friends back in New York were fond of making, the kind he always got a little sore at. Had he said this to impress her or just to let her know, in the form of a joke, that there could be no part in his movie for her? But obviously

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Wilhelmina Sproulle was not the sort to be deterred by the threat of competition. She could imagine herself winning a part away from Tony Curtis too; ambition here could stretch that far, along with imagination, along with appetite.

"Well," she said, "Curtis can't do all the parts. You'll have to get other people, all kinds, I'll bet a whole gang of them."

He was playing with the tie-strings of her bikini halter, his fingers aching with the need to hold her completely, finally, and suddenly he was full of a babble and letting some of it out:

"Wilhelmina Sproulle, the movies are on the other side of the moon, never mind the movies, you're a jewel, the way you're made, you're a marvel. I don't know if you can understand this but for a long time, for years and years, I was living above my neck, drowning in myself, mired in me, my head full of projects and words, and I don't know, out here, all of a sudden, I feel the rest of me rising up, pushing up, it's because everything here sprouts so fast and in so many directions, there's such a stir of living stuffs." Both his hands were on the halter now, making their urgent claims. "And you're all the green and brown stirring things. You're the direction of all the want. Oh, you're worth having, Wilhelmina Sproulle."

She looked straight up at him, into him, with her wide, clear eyes; there was absolute unafraid candor and straightness in their deep blue as she dimpled just a little and said, "Well, sure, let's go in the house, daddy."

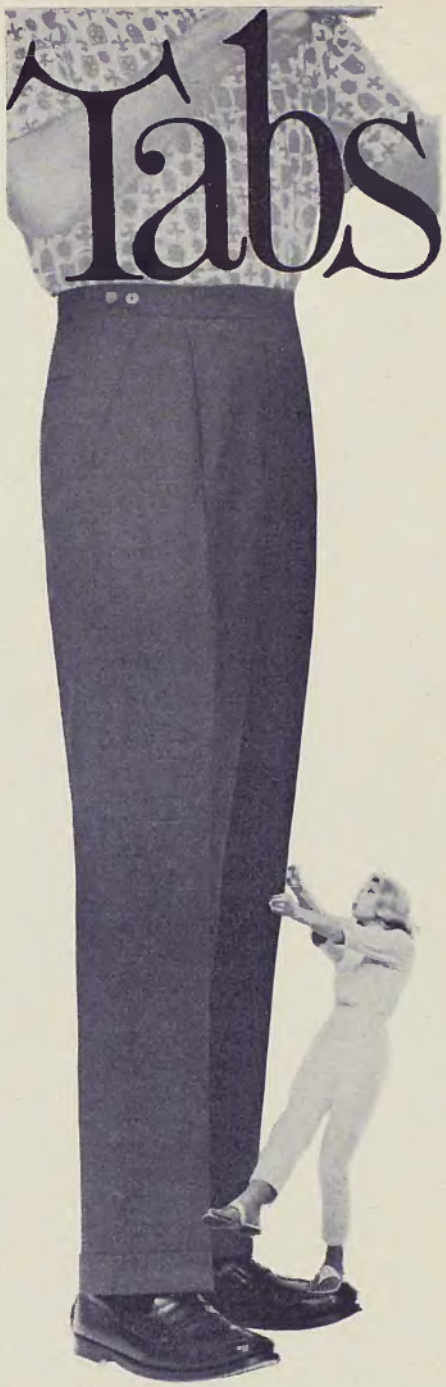
They went up the steps quickly, his arm tight around her shoulder, hers resting easily on his hip. He was irritatingly aware of the absurdity in a man like him, a man on the sidelines of everything but the main ideas, babbling papercover passions to a girl half his age, someone lightyears away from his aims, his focuses — but he didn't care. At this explosive point he was not afraid of being absurd. His want was as big as his consciousness and his conscience, blotting out all the want-damping thoughts. He needed the full feel of her for the only kind of concentration and validation that counted now.

As soon as they were inside the living room he reached for her, took hold of all of her, as though with enough pressure he could merge their bodies through the barriers of bathing suit and skin. She let herself go against him, all her length. She could not help but feel the wild and gasping excitement in him.

She tilted her head back and said calmly, "I guess I got to give you some."

They were the most incendiary words he had ever heard from a woman's lips.

He was exasperated with himself for letting these words burn him so. Because



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she had said them coolly — and in this coolness was the real source of their excitement.

"Yes," he said.

"Daddy," she said, thinking hard, "didn't they have *all* kinds of people in those olden courts? Didn't the kings and big ones get all *different* kinds of people around them?"

So she was announcing a moment of barter: herself, all of her, for a place near Charlemagne's throne and within camera range. But he was not a trader. There were parts of him he would not sell, no matter what the offered price.

"Let's talk about it later," he said. "Come with me now."

"No, listen, daddy," she said. "I can act, you know? They say good, good things about me, my teacher in acting class, he says I find real right things to use when I do my improvisations. I'm ready, I can do real good."

"You're probably very talented," he said, his voice unsteady, his fingers working at the ties of her halter; but the strings were firmly knotted, they would not come apart. "But, listen to me, lovely Wilhelmina, it's not so easy. Any young actress has to struggle, maybe for years. It's a thousand times tougher for you. It's not your fault but that's the way it is. There just aren't any parts for you. There couldn't be anything for you in my picture because there weren't any girls like you around Charlemagne. We'll talk about it later, Wilhelmina. If you can think of anything I can really do for you, you just have to name it, I'll do it. You think it over and let me know. We'll go into it another time. Come on, now."

Around the edges of his bubbling thoughts he felt a certain pride: he was being spectacularly invited to throw out the lures and he had not thrown, not much. She was doing almost all the throwing.

But she went on in her quiet, steady way: "You're the writer, daddy. You could write in most any part you had a mind to. If you made up some part that I could play I would do it real good, daddy, that's no hype. It doesn't have to be a girl like me, daddy. It can be any kind of a girl, I can play all the kinds, they say at acting class I'm very, very versatile."

And there it was: she had reached the point in her thirst where she had totally forgotten that she was a Negro, and therefore next to unemployable; had forgotten it, or had dismissed it as a roadblock to her ambition and therefore irrelevant. The color of her skin, being one attribute she had not been able to use in acting class, she had dropped from her list of attributes. She had fallen into the worst prison of all — the rosy idea that there are no prisons, or that the ones that do exist are flimsy enough to be broken through by dismissing negative thoughts and signing up for Method instruction. For the self-appointed rich, no walls too thick for tumbling. In this town of rich people, you could be anything you wanted. That was the definition of this democratic land and that was the definition of the acting talent. She was a good American and a good actress and so, obviously, she could play any Cary Grant part that any writer would be so good as to write in for her. Gordon Rengs happened to be the only functioning movie writer she knew. It therefore fell to him to write a part for her, any Cary Grant part, so that she could begin to function as an actress who could play anything. There would be rewards in it for him, big ones, immediately collectable. But they were not to be collected without the all-important down payment. It was up to him to arrange for her to play Pepin the Short, or Claude Rains, or either of the snails that came aboard the Ark — the male or the female, whichever part was open, name it. This rich town was a career town and she had her way to make. Writers would come and writers would go but her career was a constant and therefore the touchstone of her decisions as to how she would squander her person. If she had to give him some, he was expected first to give her some. The street of dreams was a two-way street. Until he made his move she was immovable; she stood perfectly still, resisting the efforts of his hands to urge her toward the bedroom.

Her soft masses were alive against him, jutting with promise. It was hard for him to breathe.

"All right," he said huskily, hearing the words coming from far off and shuddering from head to foot at the sound; she no doubt took this quiver for a further surge of passion but he knew what it was, all the revulsion he could or would feel in this life. "All right, Wilhelmina. Let me see what I can do. Maybe I can work up some part that would fit you. I'll look over the script tomorrow and see where I can work you in. When I get the part in shape I'll speak to the director and arrange a reading. I'll recommend you strongly for the part, I know what you can do, I've seen your work, I'm sure you can handle any role." He had come all the way awake in this hot California, his nerve-ends were reaching, reaching for the boons and bounties of wakefulness. "Come with me, Wilhelmina. Come on, let's go. Right now."

She leaned away from him. She looked straight at him again, a study in dimples, face full of warmth, and said, "You know I'm going to give you some, daddy, you know it."

She had found her rightful place alongside Charles the Main, or thought she had, she had lured him into dropping all the fake lures, and she now walked with pride and gratitude into the next room.

He went along behind her, arms curved around her, body concave to her delicious convexities, hands flat against her bare middle bold with promise; he knew that he was not on the sidelines any more, he was in the thick of it, a charter member of all institutions, a true belonger, a man connected with everything.

As the halter came away he thought: just a stranger passing through, and arrested all the same. The fine, blooming body came into sight and he told himself: arrested for speeding in this strange town, held without bail.

• • •

His friends in New York had not heard from him in weeks. Suddenly one of them got a peculiar, murky note which said, among other things:

"There's space. And it's cluttered. Weeks ago I went swimming in Malibu with a girl named Wilhelmina Sproulle. She'd left her car at the studio; late that night we drove over to pick it up. Somehow or other I got lost after we went through the night gate and we wound up in the back lot, an area I hadn't seen before. A turn in the road and suddenly we were surrounded by the debris of all the enterprises and all the institutions: Swiss chalets, Lower East Side tenements, Civil War stockades, a Hopi Indian camp site, a Burmese pagoda, a Victorian ballroom, a section of the Roman catacombs, assorted gambling casinos and torture chambers, several frontier saloons, a portion of Grand Central station, a space-probe launching site complete with missile, next to it a moldering stagecoach, and in the middle of all these uncollated goodies, lying there in this landscape of history's odds and ends — Noah's Ark, built full-scale. I couldn't help myself, I had to climb aboard with my partner Wilhelmina. We stood on the narrow deck, surrounded by the ghosts of the animals in paired terror, I could hear their hot breaths, they echoed my own. I drew Wilhelmina to me and kissed her heartily. I said softly to her, 'We'll get through it. These waters too shall recede.' She wanted to know what kind of oldtimey boat this was; I explained that they were getting ready to shoot the exteriors for Jamie Beheen's picture out here. She was excited about the whole thing because, as she remembers it, *all* sorts of creatures, all without exception, one lady and one gent from each of the species, were taken on board this Ark, which meant a holocaust of parts, a whole gang of parts, would be opening up. Just that afternoon, at lunch in the commissary, Jamie had told her the Noah picture was already cast, but she knew there was something in it for her, she just *knew* it. Couldn't I talk to Jamie and fix it for her? She knew I was a big man out here

so what was I doing pretending to be a nobody? She wanted her daddy to come on out in the open, stop hiding his important self, be the Cary Grant he so clearly is. So I came on out. I promised to do what I could to get her located on the Ark. (A few hours before, I'd promised to set her up in Charlemagne's court, possibly as Pepin the Short.) I didn't have the heart to tell her there wasn't any part for her on the Ark, either. How can you keep telling another living being that there are no parts for her anywhere in the world, that the whole damn stage is closed tight against her, that she's got to sink or swim in this special-effects flood without benefit of Ark? Besides, she had just made a present of herself to me, her daddy, under the impression that I was a very big man, a real Cary Grant who was somehow reluctant to come all the way out. I forgot to tell you, Wilhelmina Sproulle is a colored girl, a beautiful one. I've stopped seeing her because she expects me to get her set up with Charlemagne and I can't give her any progress reports. Jamie Beheen, though, Jamie's changed his tack with her. He now believes he can find a place for her on the Ark in some capacity, maybe as stewardess. He's been auditioning her all week. She's out at Malibu with him this afternoon, doing a reading for him. (He's got keys to the same beach house I've got keys to, the owner, a fellow named Ivan, is out of town auditioning some carhop or other in Palm Springs.) I won't be seeing Wilhelmina any more but I suppose there'll be other Wilhelminas. They come in assorted colors out here. This may not be a selling out, friend. It may amount to nothing more than joining the human race. When you make your application this late you've got a holocaust of catching up to do, a whole gang of catching up . . ."

The man who received this letter was disturbed by its tone. He tried to put in a long-distance call to Hollywood but Gordon Rengs was not home. At that precise moment he was stretched out on an oversized Japanese-style couch in a Beverly Glen cottage, kissing Marian Huddlesfield, who was saying placidly into his lips, "I've never told you this before but you have the odor of corruption on your breath, Gordon." He asked her what she meant. She explained that meat eaters have a lot of rotting matter in their systems, all sorts of toxic materials and mucus-producing elements, and so carry the odor of corruption on their breaths, as against vegetarians and fruitarians, who are free of mucus and sweet-smelling, like babies.

Gordon did not take offense. He knew perfectly well that Marian had not meant anything by this, she was merely conveying the evidence of her nostrils. Gordon was feeling too expansive to take offense at anything, he was keyed-up, in tune with himself and the outside: this morning, quite early, he and Marian had both had a dosage of lysurgic acid at the UCLA hallucinogenesis research center, they were now in the eleventh hour of exaltation and felt themselves literally bursting with love for all the lush, beautifully patterned, vividly colored forms that came from all directions as feasts for their wide, ready eyes. In all things, even in each other, they saw enticements and gifts. Marian was prepared to love and accept him regardless of the quality of his breath, and he was in the mood to hold her lovingly to him no matter what she thought of his diet and his ways.

He held her lacerated palm close to his eyes. He studied the open gash with close attention, with absorption, love. Deep in the glisteningly pink, gray-edged interior of the wound was an ancient craft, Noah's proud and seaworthy Ark, and two by two the animals were marching up the gangplank into the hold, into the bright-tinted, welcoming flesh. Gordon saw himself marching in the stately procession, hand in hand with Wilhelmina Sproulle. Deep into the warm and comforting flesh they walked, to the comfort of living stuff, to the depths of innermost hot flesh. Was this a prison, this warm, walled place they were going into? They were all meat eaters, they wanted only to ride out the storm so they could eat their meat again, two by two. Gordon walked into the steamy, cushy interior of Marian Huddlesfield's palm, deep into the secrets of her centers, hand in hand with Wilhelmina Sproulle, for whom he had finally come out, feeling warmed, groping along the damp soft walls of pink flesh, pulling the moist pink folds shut over his head, thinking that when prisons were pink and damp, slimed deliciously, you could walk in and feel good, very good, if you were a meat eater you could eat your way along and not worry too much about the quality of your breath.

Marian Huddlesfield began to say something in her relaxed and accepting way, something about the dangers of mucus over-production in chronic meat eaters, the stampede of toxic materials. He leaned over to kiss the yawning stigma in her palm, a prison he could make his headquarters in, a meal he could gorge himself on, a place where he belonged at last.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Fenner — let the chips fall where they may!"

SWEET SINNER *(continued from page 54)*

wrote my income tax song:

It is I mean blue in the sky,
It is I mean blue in the sky,
Oh what's to become of you and I?

© DALE DUBBLE

It scored enough out of the Nat Cole recording to pay my tax for last year, but I got a bunch of letters from English teachers saying, "You and me! You and me, crud!" But I couldn't oblige because I had my heart set on a rhyme, dig? Only later did Evie baby, smart girl, inform I that me could have said: It is I mean blue in the sea/Repeat/What's to become of you and me?

"I didn't think of it that way," I protested. "I was lying on my back and looking at the sky, and that's artistic integrity, honey baby."

"I should have been with you," she commented. "You'd have been more grammatical. And not so much on your back."

But she knew how I like to travel alone. Adventure, adventure, is what I search. Sometimes I find it. It's no worse than a bad cold.

She added: "You can say that again."

"What? What? I wasn't talking. I was thinking."

"I noticed," she said. "Usually you talk too much."

She was one for suggesting a silent record on the juke box — that type. She was meditative frequently. When she orgied, she orgied; and when she was an intellectual junior miss with heavy horn rims and her copy of *Zen Archery*, well, she was horrid. In such moods she made me feel like a baboon, when the fact is, I'm one of the most sensitive and intelligent rock-'n'-roll composers on upper Broadway. (I also do a little Country and Western to keep my Roots. I was born in the Bronx.)

Now after my trip, we sprawled out on the rug, meditative, getting reacquainted with each other through the medium of resentful silence. I sulked. She brooded. "It's wonderful to see an old friend again," I said.

"Great idea for a song," she grunted.

I gloomed. She pouted. I pulled a string off my sock. (It's better to singe it; otherwise you can unravel right up to your belt.) She combed her long glossy hair and brushed her bangs with her hand. We waited to cut each other down. Ain't young love grand?

"Your neck is brown," she said.

"Nature's Man Tan," I said.

She looked at her watch. "Nine o'clock," she murmured thoughtfully. "I thought you were going to take me to dinner."

"Nice place you got here," I said, examining her apartment with sudden interest. She lived on Charles Street in the Village, with a fireplace, a carpet (her great extravagance: a beautiful golden French antique it was), and her calculating ways.

"You know the place by heart," she snapped.

A small victory. I wanted her to remind me, and incidentally herself, of those Sunday afternoons we had spent together. She had served me breakfast, and then we had gone to the movies. Breakfast at five o'clock, and then just a few minutes of daylight before evening and the soothing dark of a double-feature horror show, with more reassuring sex at home afterward. I would goose her down Charles Street. Oooh, nasty! she would cry, and we would have a late supper, with me pleasantly jittery after too much coffee and love. And the smoky Manhattan evening cradling us. And the dim dreaminess of the Village all about us. And that Italian violinist beating his wife again next door. Yes, I wanted her to remember that I knew her apartment very well. "There might be a movie on the telly," I said. "You could just scramble us up some eggs, honey."

"Take me to dinner," she said. "It's ten after nine."

"I'll run down to the liquor store and we could have eggs scrambled with wine."

"In five more minutes I go alone to Whelan's for a club sandwich."

"Aw, honey."

"Four minutes and ten seconds."

"Come on now." I reached for her.

"Ten seconds."

"You are cruel, you know?"

Pause. Sniffing the cruel air. Squiggle of cruel nose. Cock of cruel head. Retard of cruel ankle.

"Bong. Three minutes," she said.

I took her out to Sammy's off Eighth Avenue, a favorite Nashville-style rock-'n'-roll hangout. We had chopped liver, knoedlock soup, Rumanian roast with an order of chitterlings on the side, and sent out for a pair of fortune cookies for dessert. My fortune said: *Keep trying, for what else is there?* Her fortune said: *A nervous man with contact lenses has come back into your life.*

Actually, as you may have suspected, this was a put-up job by my secret agents, namely, me. Sometimes my left hand, which plays pretty good barrel-house piano, hardly knows what my right hand, which puts in the contacts, is doing. (I had to look good for television. Dick Clark looks good; why shouldn't I?) Anyway, when Evie went to the Ladies' to cock her grenade or whatever she was planning to use for protection against me — I had forced her agreement to return to her apartment to watch a really important television spectacular — really important to me, that is, since I wanted to get in . . . Anyway, while Evie was there, oiling up her brass knuckles, I performed a quick illicit operation on the fortune cookies. They had originally borne rather discreet messages: *Fortune Cookie Bakers Local 31, A.F.L.-C.I.O.* and *Mao Tse-tung is a lousy poet.* Since the strips of paper were narrow and strong, I filed them in my jacket pocket to be used as emergency dental floss.

Then, for additional priming, I decided to spend another couple bucks on a quick visit to a Bazouki joint down on Eighth Avenue in the Thirties. Hell, I wasn't in a hurry. I was just desperate. You know those Bazouki places? I mean those Greek bar-restaurants where you eat stuffed grape leaves and tormented lamb and they play those hopped-up strings and wires, that wild Near Eastern music, followed by a bit of educational belly dancing. Actually, it's pretty darn cute, since the girl sits on the bandstand, dressed like an office chick, nodding in time to the music, wearing a tan gabardine suit. Then she excuses herself into a closet for a moment, and when she emerges she is wearing the classical flowing diaphanous robes of which Sappho sang, also brassiere and panties, which Sappho never mentioned; but she removes all these items in due course, while dancing the genuine, frenzied, ripple-nipple, happy-pappy belly dance. A few stray striptease bumps and grinds help her to popularize this primitive folk art. While she works, weaving in and out among the tables, educating us in anthropology and the glory that was Greece, the plump and happy male Greeks shower her with dollar bills, thrust them between her bosom, and in general make spendthrift pests of themselves. This evening the wild goatherd Peloponnesian folk melody happened to be adapted from the *Limelight* theme, by Charlie Chaplin.

"*You* know," I musicologically explained to Evie over a couple glasses of Mavrodaphne wine, "the one that goes —"

"Aren't you going to miss your spectacular?" she asked.

"Not if I have anything to say about it." I winked broadly, catching an eyelash. Evie rushed me to the bar mirror and extracted it while I squeaked with pain, and also missed the climax of the belly dance, where the lady (yeah! she of the tan gabardine suit!) got down on her back and scrubbed the floor with it, with only a small glass brooch and a few dollar bills between her and a summons from the Commissioner of Police.

I returned to my table in time to see her dimpled buttocks removing themselves into the closet where hung her Ohrbach's gabardine. Evie clapped her little hands together and said, "Good show, chaps."

"Well," I said, "now let's catch the news broadcast."

Sure enough, the orchestra had its break, the belly dancing was over, and they turned on the telly. *Now* I wouldn't get a lash in my eye, no, not me. "Isn't

that nice?" commented Evie, watching a senator declare how the administration is doing its best in every way to support world peace, justice and freedom for all.

"Shouldn't we go to your place?" I asked, agreeing with the senator.

"We got the news here," she said.

"But I want to watch the late show."

"OK for the late show," said Evie baby, "but not for the late *late* show. I told you how I feel about you now, since you left me that last time."

"How was that, honey?"

"It can be summed up in one word," she commented, checking her lipstick in a cute little mirror contained on a ring. Some girls wear diamonds, some mirrors. Well, I bought it for her once in a novelty shop in Mexico City — once when I was having a little vacation from her — but she used it without appreciating me.

"Well," I asked in suspense, "what's the word?"

"One word which sums it up for you."

"What is it?"

She blotted her lipstick and smiled. "This: *Bug off!*"

Rather primly I retorted, "That's two words."

"Not how I pronounce it," she said.

But I would try and try again, and urged her to pack up. If she let me past her door, I would try still a third time.

She let me past her door. She had promised me a farewell glimpse of Channel 9. She may have been overconfident, but she let me past her door. "Hooray!" I shouted, and then frowned. "I'm sorry, Evie, it just feels good to have a long talk with you."

"Maybe I should have left that hair in your eye," she said.

We sat down by the fire and I asked her to be reasonable. She took that to be a question about why she didn't build a fire. She explained patiently that it was warm enough without a fire, and besides, I always cheated as a fire-builder by splashing oil on the wood instead of building from kindling. I leered and took out my lenses. She understood that this was meant to kindle her. She said that I was too oily. I fluttered my eyes, hurt. She offered to make me some hot chocolate to console me for her unkind words. I demanded cognac instead. She poured for both of us. I waited until she had finished her snifter, talking rapidly to keep her from noticing that she was drinking nervously, and then I fell into a hurt silence. I had not put a paw upon her in over fifteen minutes. She wondered if I were sick.

All this is known as "The Battle of the Sexes." Over this or similar battlefields is strewn the wreckage of a million evenings. "Where will it all end?" I asked.

"Where?"

I pointed to my anatomy. I pointed to her anatomy.

"Not," said Evie, "not if help comes when I scream. And if it doesn't, I'll stick my finger in your eye and my knee in your —— "

"Don't be lewd. Think of the future — the sweet child I'll marry someday."

"Me?"

"Some innocent thing."

"By that time," she said musingly, "I'll be innocent enough for Humbert Humbert. I'm getting more innocent by the hour." Horn-rimmed glasses from her purse. Her sweet fingers hooking them behind her sweet ears. "Do you think they can do the true story in the movie — *Lolita*, I mean?"

I refused to speak. She was not going to distract me with a discussion of mass culture. All America fights this battle. "Aw," said Evie as I sat mute, "you has hurtie feelings, you sad-eyed hood?"

I said nothing. She might talk herself into a trap. I shifted my posture in order to get ready to be a trap if she talked herself into one.

"You sneaky thug," she commented. "You monster with lobster claws. You five-year-plan of a man."

I sighed. "Yes," I admitted, "I can think of only one thing when I'm with you, Evie."

Now let me tell you that women want to be respected and all that, it's true; but most of all they want to be respected for their female charm, which is the peculiar property of women. Sometimes they can get insulted if they think you are merely brutally interested in their virtue (the negation of), but in this case, since I had already paid tribute to Evie's virtue (negated it) in the past, it was clear that there was something permanently flattering in my return-again compulsion. The fire died out (I had finally built one with oil). The lights were turned low (she snapped the switch). "Bash," she said, and I leaped for her.

Pow. I was on my back. Evie's judo lessons. It turned out that she was using the word "Bash" not as an imperative verb but merely as the first name of Bash Shmulkov, the Soviet composer who had swiped my song. "Next time hear me out," she remarked, putting mercurochrome on the back of my head. Slight scalp cuts and abrasions. My hair would cover the scar. "As I was saying, I like what Bash did with that hot electrified violin. The Moussorgsky touch. Couldn't you work in a bit of Moussorgsky for Nat Cole's next record?"

"Ouch," I said. "When I comb my hair I'll break the scab. His A & R man wouldn't allow it. Ain't got that swing, so it don't mean a thing. Aw, come on, Evie, you owe it to me."

Having beaten me to a pulp, morally, spiritually and dermatologically, she was beginning to reconsider. There was still something left of me. I was intact financially. She cocked her head and examined the backs of my hands as I gripped the rug for support. Occasionally she may have sadistic impulses of revenge for my flightiness, but she was not a sparrow out for the dollar. No. Not Evie baby. It was not money at all. It was merely the eternal battle for corporate control. This room was her Executive Suite — the place of sweet execution.

I could sense the struggle within her. On the one hand, tenderness. On the other, revenge. On the one hand, salaciousness. On the other, schemes. On the one hand, the good comfort of her rug near the fire and the lateness of the hour and the convenience of my devoted heart. On the other hand, she wanted to wash her hair.

That decided her.

She said in a wee small piping surrendering pleading voice: "All right . . . but tomorrow, honey."

As you can each readily deduce from your own troubles in love, that meant that I had won — and tonight. I said bravely, "OK," and leaned forward to give her an abstract farewell kiss in order to seal our bargain. Now she could allow herself to return it. There was no danger of seeming forward. We hit it together. Sweet poetry, apples and pears and ripe currants, joy and trembling, murmurs, promises, and that Russian composer's first name again, this time as a verb. I felt the silken thread drawn sweetly through my body, and when it was drawn out, I was unstrung (© DALE DUBBLE).

Dot dot dot. The clock struck two, with its face to the wall, blushing.

"Aw honey," Evie said, "you promised you'd wait till tomorrow."

"It was bigger than both of us," I murmured hoarsely, sprawled by her side near the fireplace. With my fading strength I pulled a slipcover off a chair to cover us. I wanted to sleep, blessed restoring sleep. She wanted to talk. I tried to sleep. She talked. I pretended I was asleep. With her elbow she jabbed me awake to talk to her.

"*Listen*, honey!" she said. "I remember once my daddy tried to teach me to fish and my mother — now *listen*, Dale —— "

Now what I want to know is: Can't a man spend a quiet Sunday evening at rest without being bothered all the time by a girl? I began to dream with sentimental nostalgia of a long trip, away from importunating ladies like this here Evie baby honey. How could I break the news to her? Difficult. She had let me, and so there I was again, asking permission to leave.

She let me, like I say,
Oh she let me, like I say,
When is there a Pan Am flight
a-going away? © DALE DUBBLE

I was moving on. Martinique sounded interesting and far away. But after one of these returns, said that little rabbit quiver on the tip of Evie's nose, you will find me really absent, Buster.

Naturally I sincerely hope it won't be until the time after next.

midnight chef *(continued from page 58)*

evaporates. In a mixing bowl combine the sausage meat, egg, bread crumbs, cream and apple mixture. Mix very well. Shape into patties ½ inch thick. Sauté the patties, placing them in a cold ungreased skillet and cooking slowly 12 to 14 minutes or until patties are well browned on both sides. Discard fat in pan from time to time during sautéing. Serve on toasted hamburger buns.

CURRIED ROCK LOBSTER

1 lb. frozen lobster tails
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup finely minced onion
¼ teaspoon finely minced garlic
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 teaspoon ground cumin
1 cup light cream
6 ozs. cream cheese
2 tablespoons dry sherry
1 packet instant chicken bouillon
Salt, monosodium glutamate

Cook the frozen lobster tails, following directions on the package. When meat is cool, remove it from the shells and cut into dice about ½ inch thick. Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan. Add onion and garlic. Sauté slowly until onion turns yellow. Stir in the curry powder and cumin. Add light cream. Bring up to the boiling point but do not boil. Add cream cheese, broken into small pieces. Cook slowly, stirring frequently, until cheese is completely melted. Add lobster and sherry. Simmer until lobster is heated through. Add instant chicken bouillon. Add salt and monosodium glutamate to taste. Serve with white or wild rice.

STEAK SANDWICHES, SMOTHERED ONIONS

4 boneless shell steaks, 8 ozs. each
2 large Spanish onions
1 medium-size green pepper
3 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons meat extract
¼ cup dry red wine
2 tablespoons brandy
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper
4 center slices round Italian bread

Cut each onion in half through the stem end. Then cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Cut green pepper in half. Remove stem end and seeds. Cut pepper into thinnest possible strips. Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan over a low flame. Add the onion and green pepper. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until onions are a deep yellow, not brown. Add meat extract and mix well. Add wine. Simmer until wine is reduced to half its original quantity. Add the brandy. Do not blaze. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Keep the onions warm until serving time. Slash the fat end of each steak in two or three places to prevent curling. Heat a heavy frying pan with no added fat, or heat an electric skillet set at 390°. Panbroil the steaks until medium brown on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. While the steaks are panbroiling, toast the bread. (The single large slices of Italian bread are convenient for open steak sandwiches. Eight slices of regular white bread toasted may be used in place of the Italian bread. A preheated broiler is the fastest way of toasting the large slices.) Place toast on serving plates. Brush with butter if desired. Place steaks on toast. Top with smothered onions. Complement it with a bottle of sturdy California cabernet.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH ANCHOVY TOAST

6 ozs. sweet butter
2 teaspoons anchovy paste
2 teaspoons minced chives
¼ teaspoon lemon juice
8 eggs
Salt, white pepper
8 slices white bread

Let 3 ozs. butter stand at room temperature until it is soft enough to spread easily. Mix this butter with the anchovy paste, chives and lemon juice. Place in the refrigerator until needed. Preheat the broiler in order to toast the bread when needed. Beat the eggs thoroughly. Season them generously with salt and pepper. In a large skillet over a low flame (or in a chafing dish over hot water) melt half the remaining butter. Add the eggs. Stir frequently until eggs begin to set. Add the remainder of the butter, bit by bit, and continue to cook the eggs until done. Toast the bread. Spread each piece with anchovy butter. Cut the toast diagonally. Stack it or overlap it around eggs on platter or serving dishes.

SKEWERED MOZZARELLA WITH CANADIAN BACON

(For this you'll need four skewers approximately 12 inches long. Although this dish is baked, not broiled, the skewers are necessary to keep the morsels of food lined up in appetizing portions. Food on the skewers may be slid off onto serving dishes beforehand or may be disengaged piece by piece at the table.)

12 ozs. sliced Canadian bacon (28 slices)
12 ozs. mozzarella cheese
12 slices long French bread, ½ inch thick
12 slices raw tomato, ½ inch thick
⅓ cup salad oil
2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
Grated parmesan cheese
Paprika
Salad oil

You'll need 28 pieces of cheese to equal the number of slices of bacon. Cut the cheese into one-inch squares about ¼ inch thick. Fold a slice of Canadian bacon around each piece of cheese. Press the bacon firmly to hold the cheese in place. Cut each piece of tomato and each piece of bread in half. Heat the oil in a large skillet. Brown bread on both sides. Be prepared to turn bread quickly if necessary to avoid burning. It should be merely light brown. On each skewer thread alternate pieces of bacon wrapped around the mozzarella, bread and tomato. Begin and end with the bacon. Place each skewer in a shallow baking pan or shallow earthenware casserole. Be sure the folded top of each piece of bacon is up. Pour tomato sauce over each skewer. Sprinkle generously with parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and salad oil. Preheat the oven to 400°. Bake the skewers until brown on top. Serve immediately while burning hot, and warm the cockles of all hearts.

"This is the most unusual last meal I've ever seen."

 (continued from page 94)

Paris mannequins, and hell-bent on carving out in the commercial and residential world a niche to which they cling with a tenacity unrivaled by the women of any other city, large or small. Theirs is a restless and unabating quest for Room at the Top: a name in lights or block letters on some marquee, penthouse register, office door or marriage license. A few thousand more — nurtured like mutation orchids in the hothouse of New York's high society — already have it made. Their only remaining task — often a difficult one — is the addition of another hyphen to their patrician surnames, along with another string of zeros on the credit side of their well-fed bank balances.

With few exceptions, the girls are drawn to New York by the siren call of the symbol-manipulators. They unsuspectingly enter a kingdom in which words and pictures transcend and often replace the things they represent. Like Moslems to Mecca, they come nourishing the dream that Manhattan is the home of all that is new, meaningful and good in art, music and literature; in theatre and "live" television; in food, fashion and decor; and even in love. It doesn't take them long, however — happily involved in the mechanics of their chosen crafts — to adapt their dream to the specifications of the commercial world. Art, music and literature become metamorphosed to layout, jingle and copy. Theatre and live television they find to be a maelstrom of hard-boiled economics, of spot sales, Nielsen charts, cost-per-thousand and run-of-show contracts. They find themselves caught up in a headlong and heady competition with a hundred or more experienced gladiatrixes for every part on Broadway, every secretarial and receptionist's job, every position of humble or vaunted influence — and most of all, for every available male. They find themselves torn by an ambivalence that is peculiar to New Yorkers: the fear of isolation and the fear of contact. Aswirl in a sea of mass consumption, rapid transit and self-seeking humanity, they feel the loneliness and anonymity of a one-line listing in the 1800-page Manhattan telephone directory. And so they feel the need of companionship — particularly male — with an intensity that approaches desperation. But Manhattan — beneath its slick façade — is also a world of ferocious struggle to succeed; a world of sickness, brutality and perversion that seems to stalk every subway platform and darkened side street. And so the girls of New York tend to wear a shell of understandable withdrawal — however fragile — that draws them *away* from the very contacts they so passionately require, and constantly seek.

If the newcomer can weather this early period of strain, and most of them have the mettle to do it, she will find herself a functioning part of any one of a hundred microcosmic milieus — depending on her predilections — which coexist, separately but equally, in the patchwork quilt of professional, residential, artistic and intellectual communities that constitute the 12½-mile stretch of high-rent real estate known as Manhattan.

She will discover a way of life only slightly less zestful, variegated and urbane than the impossible daydream she once envisioned. The very immensity of the city which initially imbued her with a sense of anonymity will now bestow upon her a privacy and an elbow room for far-out self-expression that would have gotten her jailed or disowned, or both, back in East Overshoe. She will have plenty to write home about — but much more, happily, *not* to write home about. The particular in-group of which she becomes a member will be determined by the alacrity with which she fulfills three fundamental needs: a well-paid, preferably stimulating job; a well-located, preferably charming apartment; and a coterie of well-heeled, preferably unattached young men.

The most easily attained of these goals is, of course, suitable employment. One riffle through the Help Wanted pages of *The New York Times* will titillate her with come-ons like, "Receptionist, beautiful, able to meet celebs and movie stars, lots of excitement and no pressure, $70"; or "Secretary — right hand to young PR exec; go right to top with him, $100." To be sure, these romantic-sounding jobs are no more than precarious perches on the ladder to recognition. But with a hipness remarkable even for her resourceful sex, the New York girl parlays that perch for all it's worth. A showroom secretary in the garment district often winds up doubling as a lingerie model before her first day on the job is over. What she does on her first night, of course, is up to her, and to the well-heeled out-of-town buyers who happen to catch her debut.

The girl in bobby socks and club jacket who graduated from Lincoln High in Brooklyn last year and now commutes in a black sheath from a West Fourth Street walk-up to a receptionist's desk at a Broadway booking agency, can catch the eye — and maybe even the coattails — of the Great and Near-Great whose autographs she wouldn't have been able to beg, borrow or steal a year before. Or take the twenty-one-year-old journalism major from the University of Texas who sidles into a research job in the story department of some TV-packaging emporium on Madison. With any luck, she'll be a production assistant by the time she's twenty-three; at twenty-five, a full-fledged producer's wife — or at least his Girl Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Sarah Lawrence graduate from an upper-case family in Winston-Salem will find another milieu. She arrives in town with her sights trained on a secretarial job at *Vogue* — where even the receptionists, fully aware of their status as employees of publishing's most "in" magazine for upthrusting career girls, look and dress exactly like the ghostly mannequins pictured in its impeccably proper pages. Big-eyed, angular and mysterious-looking, she fits the image to her 32A cup. But finally, unable to master the peculiar speech impediment that *Vogue* seems to require of all its functionaries — an accent that sounds not unlike Katharine Hepburn talking with a dime between her teeth — she becomes the eleventh-floor receptionist at *Look* — where she gets to meet a lot more eligible men anyway.

Between 666 Fifth and 45 Wall Street, there are thousands of jobs like these, thousands of bright girls filling them, and thousands more waiting in line for them to get married or canned. The courageous New York male, standing on the sidewalk between twelve and one before any one of a hundred commercial lodestones in the mid-town area, will be joyously inundated in a gurgling flood-tide of female forms issuing from every available aperture. They come from publishing houses, ad agencies, literary and theatrical offices, dental clinics, life insurance firms, brokerage houses, network publicity departments, fancy Park Avenue corporations, cosmetic companies, high-priced women's shops — each with its own set of specialized preoccupations and intramural liaisons.

Wraith-like and Rubensesque, meek and mighty, U and non-U, they are all about to perform the convulsive New York ritual known as Grabbing Lunch. The intrepid observer can follow them into the chintz-draped recesses of that watercress victory garden known as Schrafft's; onto the leatherette toadstools of Chock Full O'Nuts — that monument to the discoverer of cream cheese on date-and-nut bread; into the maddeningly efficient and faceless impersonality of the Brass Rail at Fifth and Forty-third; even into the clattering charybdis of plastic trays, gushing spigots and peekaboo snapping windows known as Horn and Hardart's. In twittering phalanxes large and small, they march to countless drugstore counters, side-street delicatessens and glorified charcoal pits — of which Hamburger Heaven, next door to Saks Fifth, was the once-chic progenitor. A few renegades, incognito behind their sunglasses, even skulk into one of those ubiquitous short-order temples of fluorescence called Riker's. The lucky and resourceful ones, of course, will have shanghaied some

ardent junior executive or upstart copy writer — it doesn't really matter which, as long as he dresses the part and pays the freight — into the more refined and digestible atmosphere of Michael's Pub or Louis and Armand's — both hangouts for ad men, TV-radio execs and their respective flacks. An hour later, loins girded, the girls will all stream back into their cubbyholes for the last hard lap in the race for five o'clock.

A few hundred yards west, beyond the dividing line of Fifth Avenue, stretch the sooty vastnesses of an entirely different world of New York girls: those involved directly or indirectly, humbly or influentially, in the pursuit of Thespis. Broadway ingenue, TV extra, operatic maid-in-waiting, pavement-pounding hopeful—all crisscross and intermingle in an ever-circling pavan of hope and heartbreak. Even if she sings, dances, does impressions, and measures 36-22-36, the girl with designs on showbiz courts the spectre of disenchantment every day. The supply of willing and largely able talent — even in the capital of year-round theatre; of a hundred hits and misses on and off Broadway; of countless intimate but short-lived revues; of scores of nightclub and theatrical stage shows — simply exceeds the demand.

Not long ago, chorus lines pranced endlessly on dozens of weekly TV series, and live television gobbled up acts, actors and actresses as fast as they could get an AFTRA card. Today, the eager girls who would display face, figure and maybe even a little talent must send out their press glossies with a list of credits pasted to the back, cataloging everything from an off-screen bark in a Mother Hubbard Dog Food commercial and a six-week stand as The Other Woman on a daytime soaper, to a brief but glorious tenure as Miss Rubber Goods at a national druggists' convention. For better or worse, richer or poorer, they are wedded to this life, and they wouldn't change it for the world. The dream of The Big Break continues to shimmer mistily before their carefully-penciled eyes — and the dream comes true just often enough to keep them coming back for more.

Amid this whirl, more languorous and usually less talented, moves the long-stemmed beauty whose theatric function — on nightclub floor or musical stage — is to just stand there in filmy costumes and towering ostrich plumes and look superb while the smaller, bouncier types exert themselves in the chorus line. The combination of breath-taking beauty and heroic stature demanded of the showgirl by the entrepreneurs of such spangled *boites* as the Copa and the Latin Quarter has produced a small but exclusive species of glittering Amazon — and a species of stage-door charlies who don't mind the climb. The girl's hours may be long, but she can sleep as late as she likes — even in splendor, if she's not too particular where she wakes up. Her audience is a checkered cross-section of joy-buzzing conventioneers, the expense-account set, the sporting fraternity, and assorted others of more dubious pursuits. But whatever the clientele demands in worldly appetites, it makes up for in worldly goods.

Like a thin veneer of pancake make-up spread across the face of the city, the models of New York peddle their perishable but portable wares on the fringes of all the major industries, from the lingerie showrooms in the Seventh Avenue garment district to the glass-brick fashion studios on upper Madison. Thanks to the whim and bounty of nature, they can parlay the various parts of their body, and various degrees of its exposure, into a living which sometimes outstrips that of their well-padded employers. Adorning the faces and figures of the several thousand–strong legion of New York models who pace the city's canyons armed only with a hatbox, are the perfectly formed eyes, noses, ears, lips, hair, neck, shoulders, arms, hands, breasts, hips, legs and feet familiar to every reader and viewer of the medusa-headed mass media. Whether she models the skins of fur-bearing animals imported from Saskatchewan at great expense, or the pelt imparted to her by nature at no expense at all, the New York model imagines herself to be achieving the same kind of identity and recognition as her less narcissistic but more intellectual sisters. More than one Ohio lass has arrived in town consumed with visions of a Suzy Parker–like career in high fashion, and turned with equanimity to the less heady but more realistic satisfaction of seeing herself — all of herself — preserved for time immemorial in the salon section of a big-circulation photography magazine. So the dream survives, and the girls keep posing, swaddled and unswaddled, unshakeable in the conviction that they will finally reach high enough to grab the Golden Apple. The amazing thing is that so many of them actually do.

Woven along with the other subtle and obvious threads into the fabric that clothes the girl of New York, of course, is a somewhat warped woof of commercial sex. Aside from the wretched chippies who stalk the Times Square jungle with their opalescent pumps and transparent plastic purses, it is rather difficult to spot a professional. She is expensively, often tastefully, coiffed and gowned, well-mannered and sometimes college-educated — a custom-made product for the slick metropolitan market. Some of these metered courtesans even hold jobs of status and respectability during their "off" hours. New Yorkers still chuckle about the schoolteacher who lectured by day and lechered by night. Not infrequently these same New Yorkers pick up their morning tabloid to learn that the lovely girl next door who lends them ice cubes has been slapped into the cooler herself. The majority of the city's higher-bracketed houris — impelled by the same status drive as their legitimate sisters — have gravitated to the tony East Side town houses, despite iron-clad references demanded by many wised-up real estate agents. So the tumbrils sometimes roll down even the tree-lined mid-town side streets off Park and Madison, as some unfrocked off-Broadway stand-in or free-lance photographer's model is hauled off to Night Court.

Thanks to modern communications, New York has outgrown its need for out-and-out, iron-gated, mirror-lined, red-velvet brothels. The impersonal telephone answering services now do most of the work. There are twelve pages of answering services in the Manhattan classified, among them those which specialize in callgirls. The newly-arrived visitor, unversed in the pursuit and apprehension of amateur talent, can find out *which* answering services simply by crossing with silver the outstretched palm of a likely-looking servitor in almost any of New York's better transient hotels — the better the hotel, the better the service, in most cases. The customer has only to leave name, number and reference; the twenty- or thirty-minute wait that follows will be climaxed by a discreet knock at the door, and an introduction to a companion so charming, well-dressed and lovely looking that he'll find it difficult to remember the commercial basis for the friendship. The fare is almost always the same: $20 a trick, $100 a night — no checks, no big bills, no credit cards.

In an atmosphere of permissiveness rivaled only by the sloe-eyed capitals of Europe, in a town where the Big Break is often a long time coming, it isn't surprising that many of the no-tickee-no-trickee set have drifted into the business — just as in Hollywood — from the swirling periphery of show-business and the modeling world. It's not always for keeps, and if it is — well, an articulate, affluent town like New York can provide plenty of rationalizations, and compensations.

The vast majority of New York girls, of course, guard their amateur standing with the avidity of Olympic decathlon champs. They are perfectly willing to take part in all the events, but a certain homage — if only in name — must be paid to the ingrained shibboleths of their low-, middle- or upper-brow upbringing. Most of them beat this path all the way to the altar. But quite a few girls in their mid-twenties — too old to go steady, too young to throw in the towel — turn toward an informal liaison requiring no change in status, known locally as An Arrangement. It is a grati-

fyingly simple situation for both parties and, though it may not be the realization of a Rona Jaffe dream for the best of everything, it's still a fairly enjoyable and possibly even constructive preliminary to the main event.

Wherever she comes from, in whatever bastion of fashion, finance or communications she chooses to spend her daytime hours, the New York girl fits her domestic needs as well to the specifications of her master plan. The newly arrived chick often tarries briefly at the Barbizon or the Allerton — two Females Only mid-town hostelries. These forbidding fortresses are monuments to the vulnerability of their inmates — and to the resourcefulness of the determined males who continually attempt, sometimes with exhilarating success, to invade the sanctuary by masquerading as doctors and TV repair men. The girl who really wants to join the swim takes the hint early and strikes out on her own.

If she's smart — and she usually is, or she wouldn't have come to New York in the first place — she will latch onto some quaint one-and-a-half in a converted brownstone, preferably within walking distance of her job. Brooklyn Heights — a San Francisco–like literary and artistic ghetto across the East River from the Battery — is certainly picturesque, but it's still Brooklyn. Jackson Heights, out in Queens, is less expensive than Manhattan, but only airline stewardesses live there — and they're never home.

The Manhattan girl, like the city itself, seems to be in a constant state of imminent or actual flux — poised for the hoped-for jump around the corner to a better neighborhood. The competition for a roomy, well-located and preferably inexpensive apartment is as keen as for the plum jobs and peachy men. The rents are the highest in the world, but the New York girl soon learns to accept lofty land values as the price she has to pay for the excitement and adventure of the world's cosmopolitan capital. What she might have declined to use as a clothes closet back in Duluth, she will unprotestingly move into complete with hot plate in New York. Or she may choose the alternative of doubling and tripling up with a gaggle of similarly inclined girlfriends. Three hundred clams will buy some fairly lush and spacious digs, by New York standards, and divided by three, the girls can afford it. For the roving bachelor, the alternative is a happy one in either case: privacy with a solo flat-dweller, or the infinite delights of blind-dating and roommate-switching with girls who split the rent.

The acceptable neighborhoods are rather clearly defined: the middle East Side, roughly from the new Kips Bay Park development to Seventy-ninth Street; the vicinity of lower Central Park West, along with its wider and more heavily-trafficked side streets — especially in the resurgent area around the Coliseum; and Greenwich Village. The East Side girls build their nests in such storied purlieus as Murray Hill and Turtle Bay, and those with sufficient risk capital even make the Beekman and Sutton Place scenes. They pay high-ceilinged rents for low-ceilinged pads with air-conditioning, wall-to-wall carpets and a glimpse of the river — secure in the knowledge that an address in the East Fifties, Sixties and Seventies bespeaks a girl of means as well as substance. The really "in" places for dining, drinking and just being seen are all concentrated within a brownstone's throw, and it's a short jog to the vortex of their own particular daily free-for-all: Lex, Park, Madison and Fifth.

The girls of lower Central Park West and its environs choose to sleep as well as work on the West Side, commuting north by bus, IND or Seventh Avenue subway from their downtown haunts in the twilight world of show business. Their flats — often forested with the comfortably unfashionable Grand Rapids bric-a-brac that comes with all furnished apartments, astir with the amiable but hair-shedding presence of a small, bright-eyed poodle called Mitzi, strewn with the artifacts of their various muses (dog-eared scripts, paperback Shakespeares, leotards, ballet slippers, cans of half-used cosmetics) — tend to take on either a kind of snug Midwestern charm, or a murky nostalgia reminiscent of Miss Havisham's shuttered drawing room in *Great Expectations*. But the rents are really quite low, and the world's most sophisticated village green — Central Park — is quite near. If they can stick it out until 1962, they may even be able to lean out of their windows and catch the faint strains of the New York Philharmonic from the nearby Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts, a futuristic cultural nucleus now under construction.

The girls of the Village are, by and large, a breed of gentle rebel who choose to live in cold-water walk-ups which abound with sweet potato vines and avocado pits planted in mason jars, bristle with decor that is a strangely charming mixture of pre-Columbian, Second Avenue Baroque, Macy's Basement and Foam Rubber City. More than likely, there is also a recorder, a bongo drum and a Siamese cat who answers to a name like Praxiteles or Etoin Shrdlu. There are others, less insistent on preserving their "identity," who can afford a doorman, hot water and a self-service elevator in Washington Square Village, or one of those other faceless steel-and-glass beehives that continue to encroach upon the venerable brownstones and hallowed cobblestones of the Minetta Lanes and Washington Muses

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so treasured by tearful Villagers. Fiercely individual or not, many of the Village girls are a crossbreed of uptown nonconformists, who prefer the lingering charm of the city's old quarter to the status of its new one. Others are a downtown intellectual and artistic cadre of off-Broadway hangers-on, female artists and their models, and black-stockinged, almond-eyed purveyors of custom-baked on hand-hammered *objets d'art*. Transplanted or indigenous, they are an articulate, hard-working, fun-loving, self-willed and eminently realistic species of blossom who usually disdains the garish colors of the beatnik community with whom they live cheek-by-bearded-jowl.

Night plunges the New York girl into a multifarious social context somewhat more relaxed but no less knowing and demanding than her day.

Every area of the city has its characteristic cocktail hangouts catering to every stratum. But it's not as easy after dark to trace the girls to any particular set of them, for night brings with it a kind of musical chairs of societal and occupational milieus — with everybody playing. In the heartland of communications, the evening's preliminary joustings are conducted in such places as Michael's Pub, suddenly transformed by nightfall into a favorite of the fashion models, who are apt to arrive in full fig, feathers ruffling. The Ad Lib, the Barberry Room and Absinthe House, so recently a scene of businessmen's lunches and TV press interviews, now offer solace to the high priests of communication and their erstwhile vestal virgins. In these low-key way stations between the rigors of the day and the pleasures of the night, it is an unwritten law that the institutional drink-after-work need not be carried beyond seven — though the door, as at the U.N., is always left open for negotiation.

Whatever bargains are struck, the streets soon begin to clatter again — only now with the feet of those seeking food, culture, entertainment and company — from the spiked heels of West Forty-sixth to the alligator pumps of East Fifty-seventh, from the suede mukluks of Sheridan Square to the sequined evening slippers of the Plaza and the Sherry Netherland — all converging singly or otherwise on a thousand and one temples of Lucullus.

Lucullus usually — but not always — comes first for the New York girl. Certainly no woman in the world has the chance to tantalize her palate so voluptuously. From pâté maison to coupe marron, from beef bourguignon to veal Florentine, from brown ale to green turtle soup, from kasha to popovers, from rijsttafel to zabaglione, from bouillabaisse marseillaise to matzo-ball soup, from saltimbocca to moo goo gai pan, from blinchiki to guacamole, New York rains delicacies of every shape, size, temperature, consistency and physical state from the world's biggest, best and most expensive cornucopia of plenty.

Duly fed, the girls now turn to Thespis, who appears in New York in more guises — theatre, movies, opera, concerts (classic, jazz and folk), stage shows, night-club acts, live TV — than anywhere else in the world. Keenly hoping for an escort to get them there before their girl-friends, they dig Tennessee and Brendan, Mike and Elaine, Eugene and Bernard, Mary and Ethel, Kathryn and Helen, Paddy and Gore, Dick and Oscar, Tammy and Rex, Jason and Sir Larry — profoundly gratified, if not by the brittle badinage, at least by the reassuring knowledge that they are in the Presence of Greatness. When they've used up Broadway, they can always recapture at least a pale reflection of its suffusing aura — and sometimes a bright one — with José, Sean, Bertolt and the rest of the gang down at the Cherry Lane, the Circle in the Square, the Sullivan Street Playhouse, or one of the other diminutive dramaturgical dens that dot lower Manhattan like gopher holes.

Other girls, hearing the sound of different drummers, pay homage to Wagner at the Met, Cary Grant at Radio City, Bernstein at Carnegie Hall, Peter Sellers at the Sutton, Mort Sahl at Basin Street East, Mabel Mercer at the Knights of the Roundtable Room, Tallis at the Telemann Society, Zutty Singleton at the Metropole, Jack Paar at Rockefeller Center, Miles Davis at the Village Vanguard, Irwin (World's Foremost Authority) Corey at the Blue Angel, satirical sophisticates at the Upstairs at the Downstairs, sophisticated satirists at the Downstairs at the Upstairs, Herbie Mann at imperishable Birdland, Bobby Darin at the Copa, Thelonious Monk at the Jazz Gallery.

Because of the compactness of the city and all its overlapping enclaves, New York girls are walking girls. They walk to lunch. They walk to shop. They walk with dates. They walk their dogs. They often walk to work, and sometimes even walk to walk. They march resolutely and wander aimlessly. They stride gazelle-like and panther-like. They ankle, amble, ramble, rove, stroll, weave and waddle. They trek and tramp, stalk and swagger, scurry and flounce, gad and gallivant, pad, pussyfoot and promenade. They dogtrot, hobnail, heel-and-toe, shanks-mare and pound the pavement. They sidle and saunter, swing and swivel. They jog and jiggle, fishtail and sideslip, tack in the wind and scull with the tide. They migrate, emigrate, perigrinate, and some say even somnambulate. All of which makes chance acquaintance that much less chancey.

Whether bedecked in plumage plucked from the racks of high fashion's omnipotent arbiters of taste, accoutred in the bush-league afterimages of mark-down shangri-las across the wide East River, or caparisoned in the hemp, thongs, eye shadow and monk's cloth of the Bleecker Street irregulars, the New York girl is an irresistible lodestone for uncounted thousands of male pilgrims to the girdered minarets of the Unforbidden City.

Conjure up her composite and the image emerges a brilliant blur. It is her infinite variety that puts the spice in Manhattan's life. There are the Gittel Moscas playing two for the seesaw with woebegone dreams of a career in ballet. There are the disarmingly naive Sister Eileen types, winsomely resolute in their quest for men and success, not always in that order. There are the girls upstairs willing to scratch a seven-year itch, and the girls downstairs with an itch of their own. There are the too-articulate coeds from Finch, Barnard and Hunter, with money from home, a cheek full of sass, and a well-turned rump. And there are the home-grown debutantes, modish to a fare-thee-well, who dally in the arts, putter in the social sciences, hostess at Junior League brunches, ride with the hounds on weekends, caper to the other side of the tracks on weeknights, but, it is said, never go to the West Side except en route to Europe.

Whoever she is, wherever she comes from, and wherever she's going, the New York girl stands apart — with one foot slightly ahead of the other — from the rest of her sex. Is it her versatility, her shrewdness, her self-sufficiency, her worldliness, her ambition, her attractiveness? Yes, but more. She is a creature uniquely attuned to the city in which she lives, loves and labors. She enacts her role against a shifting panorama of coexisting danger and excitement, glory and infamy, restlessly groping in a thousand different directions for the dreams — tangible and intangible — that she's sure are just around the corner.

She breathes the heady air of a town where, if she can stay aboard the whirling carousel, she may be able to grab for a hundred golden rings — one of them, perhaps, on her finger. And if she can't reach them, she can still place or show with the world's best money for her run. For the male who climbs aboard to ride the pink horse with her, the perils and satisfactions are equally exhilarating. But more meaningful, and perhaps more surprising, is the discovery of tenderness, sensibility and compassion beneath the lacquered façade of hipness and hauteur. She may not be anybody's idea of The Girl Next Door, but then The Girl Next Door isn't anybody's idea of her either. And that, as they say, is what makes horse racing.

it's june in february *(continued from page 87)*

every wish. At pool- or beach-side, the Warmer deserves your attention: with a bright new selection of terrycloth cardigans, solid and striped denim shirt jackets, the imaginative sun-worshiper will be able to create a variety of coordinates to supplement his wardrobe of lightweight sweaters and sweat shirts.

Whether he digs the golf-and-tennis gambit, or simply wants to take the chill out of early mornings and late evenings as an idle spectator, the winter wayfarer can harvest a crop of new resort sweaters that is bright and breezy, woven of porous fibers that both warm and ventilate. The textures are soft, the colors rich to look upon. Desert tones of rust and camel are very right, with highlights of orange and yellow accenting the earthy hues. Olives and golds will be making their presence felt, too.

Once the exclusive property of bold dandies, patterned slacks have become a classic part of the male resort wardrobe. This year they will be bigger than ever, but not their patterns. Brash, blatant plaids and checks are out. The tasteful dresser will wear patterned slacks that are subtle and subdued, to harmonize with one of his handsome solid-color sports coats. And he will be wise enough to use them, however muted in tone, not as a replacement for his solid and simple-striped slacks, but as a knowing complement to them.

Twills should be given attention, too — poplin, tropical, worsted, gabardine, mohair, and the ubiquitous wash-and-wear fibers which pack well and travel light. Seersucker — cool, crisp and comfortable — will be back on the scene with prodigious varieties of new color treatments and pattern printings. Let's not forget, however, amidst this profusion of colors and designs, that plain white remains the basic resort slack — whether teamed up with the impeccable navy blazer, the batik jacket or the informal knitted or cotton shirt for beach or golf course.

If you're aware of the importance of stripes you're dressed in perfect taste. In walk shorts and sweaters, shirts and slacks, blazers and sports coats, stripes are taking over — wide stripes, narrow stripes, boater stripes, candy stripes, multi-colored Continental stripes. You name the fabric — wool, cotton, silk, denim, seersucker — and you can find it done up niftily in stripes.

Batiks are taking the place of madras in the affections of jacket, walk short, sport shirt and swim trunk designers. In odd jackets and blazers, especially, batiks of every persuasion will provide the favorite new motif of the season — from circular patterns and diamond-shaped all-overs to abstract designs in vertical and horizontal stripes. Though they come in both light and dark grounds, the dark-ground batik for sports coats is the one we give the nod to. (You can expect to see the same motif crop up soon in neckwear and cummerbunds.) Even this year's resort hat — the impudent but practical palmetto straw and the newer raffia crushable straw — will be accented by bands of batik.

No matter if your taste runs to terrycloth or watered silk, you can really cover the waterfront through judicious combinations of tops and bottoms that mix and match. One pair of solid walk shorts, for instance, will combine equally well with a batik print or madras plaid blazer, a bold-striped shirt jacket, or a contrasting monochrome cardigan. A second pair of shorts — this one a British-look glen plaid or district check — can be used interchangeably with a pin-striped cotton shirt, a simple-patterned separate jacket, or a classic knit pullover. The same applies to sweaters and swim suits, shirts and shorts, hats and jackets. All you have to remember is to combine plain and fancy, dark and light, sleek and nubby — and not to embarrass any ensemble with too many riches of pattern or color.

But before you close your Val-pack, remember to leave room for one more indispensable item. Whatever else you leave behind, you must pack a suit of formal dinner clothes. However free-form the afternoon's protocol at an increasing number of resorts, nightfall demands an equal degree of obeisance to tradition. The conservative can tote standard natural-shoulder, trim-lapel evening jacket, the rebel his Continental cutaway with piped edges in tropical worsted or elegant silk mohair. But black is the color whichever way you turn. On the islands and the cruise ships, white still makes an occasional appearance, but it's a losing battle. The colored dinner jacket — from maroon to mustard — has been given the deep six along with the filigreed dinner shirt.

"Well, here's the way I see the ad: we could have the cartoonist draw one of those silly Madison Avenue types with the pinched-in ivy league look, the trick mustache, the little-bitty knot in the knitted tie, the big heavy horn-rimmed cheaters, the stupid crew-cut, and the goofy vest."

VOICE OF THE TURKEY

(continued from page 64)

in order of worth. *Man Bites Dog* wound up in 150th place. There were 150 plays produced on Broadway that season.

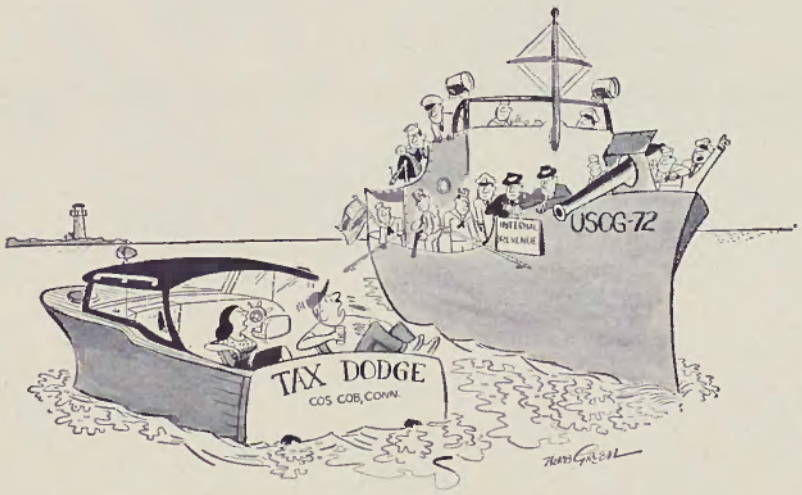
Probably the only show in Broadway history that never had a closing night was a loud, raucous would-be successor to the hit *Sailor Beware*, which opened at the Lyceum Theatre on January 18, 1933. It was called *Battleship Gertie* and starred Burgess Meredith. The critics liked it and the cast settled in for a long run. After the first matinee (the day after it opened), the Sheriff arrived with a bill of particulars that charged it with being, among other things, obscene and inflammatory. He ordered the show closed and close it did: at its second performance without the usual formality of notice, bad reviews or a closing night.

To a real flop buff, the night of nights was December 25, 1933, when a play titled *No Mother to Guide Her* opened at a theatre on West 48th Street for the shortest run in Broadway history. In terms of caste among the Turkey Worshipers, being one of the handful of people in the audience that night was a little like being a sport fan who saw Babe Ruth hit that sixtieth home run in 1927 or helped Jack Dempsey back into the ring when Luis Firpo knocked him into the laps of the ringsiders.

No Mother to Guide Her was billed as "an old-fashioned melodrama — hiss the villain, beer and pretzels and false mustaches distributed to the audience." It had one rather important distinction that no other beer-and-sawdust drayma, before or since, could claim. It was acted by a cast of midgets. The producer, Lester Al Smith, carried the wall-to-wall midget motif out throughout the theatre. The usherettes were midgets. A tiny bar in the basement of the theatre was presided over by a thirty-four-inch bartender who dispensed tiny hot dogs and small bottles of beer. The management of the President Theatre (now part of Leone's restaurant) turned a deaf ear to the producer's plea to change the name of his playhouse to The Midget Theatre. He agreed, after a lengthy argument, to make the change on the night the play celebrated its hundredth performance. Having seen a dress rehearsal, he wasn't worried about putting up a new marquee. One of the backers (he had a ten-percent interest in the play, the touring company rights and the movie rights, for a three-hundred-dollar investment) was Harry Golden, at the time the desk clerk in the Forest Hotel across the street from the theatre. Golden gave free opening-night tickets to hotel residents who paid their bill on time, and when he complained to the producer that of the seventy-six first-nighters, more than forty of them were in on passes he'd issued, he was told that word of mouth and rave reviews would fill the house to capacity for subsequent performances.

The thirty-six paying customers got more than their money's worth. In addition to the drama, they were treated, between acts, to feats of daring by wire-walkers (midgets), and sang songs projected on lantern slides led by a midget torch singer. A small orchestra in the pit (midgets) alternated *Hearts and Flowers* and *Humoresque* throughout the melodrama.

During the course of the third act, one of the male members of the cast objected to being upstaged by the tiny leading lady. He hauled off and kicked her in the ankle. This led to a general riot among the pint-sized actors that ended with all of them leaving the stage, putting on their hats and coats and walking out of the theatre. *No Mother to Guide Her* at that moment won an enduring place for itself in the record books: Broadway's shortest run, three fourths of a performance.



"I told you not to name it that!"

HYPNOSIS

(continued from page 74)

anyone practicing hypnosis of any kind make certain he "clears" the subject of each and every suggestion made to him, whether or not the suggestion was acted upon. The greatest danger of parlor hypnosis, where no ill is intended, lies in not taking hypnosis seriously enough.

Delusions are very different from hallucinations and, as we shall see, they can be quite important in the relationship between hypnosis and crime. When the gentleman in his club petted his polar bear, that was a false sense impression, a hallucination. But when the church deacon rushed around on all fours, barking like a dog, that was a false belief, a delusion. If we tell a subject that he is President Lincoln, he will *be* President Lincoln. And if we give him a copy of the Gettysburg Address, he will read it with all the dignity, emotion and regard that we would have a right to expect from a man in his position, at that historic moment. If we tell a good subject that he is Frank Sinatra and ask him to sing us a song, he will be delighted to do it and he will probably do a fair job of it, since most of us can carry something of a tune if we're not nervous or embarrassed. The hypnotic subject, of course, is not nervous or embarrassed in the slightest. Why should he be? He is Frank Sinatra. If we tell the subject that he is Van Cliburn, hypnotism will not give him the ability to play the piano, if he could not play it before, but he will sit down and try to "fake it" in the real sense of that phrase.

It is characteristic of the good subject in post-hypnotic suggestion, that he will defend his assigned position, however absurd it may be, with persistence and cunning, sometimes apparently instinctively selecting the one feasible line of defense. Estabrooks tells of a man given the delusion that he was God. An Oxford professor said to him, "I have not the least doubt that you are God. There is something I would like to ask you, God. I have always been baffled by the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. I am unable to understand it. Now, since you thought it up, I'm sure you can explain it to me." The man in the post-hypnotic state looked at the professor with a calm and level gaze. He spoke: "God never talks shop."

Dr. Estabrooks describes a subject who is told that he has been to Utica that afternoon between four and six and that he visited a railroad station, and while there he saw the President of the United States pass through the station on his way to the Hotel Utica. The subject, upon being awakened, insists that this is true and that he really did spend the afternoon in Utica, despite all

attempts to show him it is ridiculous. Now the next step: "You saw the President pass through the station. Then you went into the taproom. There you overheard two men discussing a plot to assassinate him that evening as he boarded the train for New York City. Here are the pictures of the two men. Be sure you remember them, for you will see them again tonight at the Utica station." Once again a delusion, or false belief, mixed with hallucinations and a post-hypnotic suggestion, and one which might make things very unpleasant for two innocent men in Utica. The application of this form of hypnosis in the fixing of false witnesses for real crimes is obvious. And it would be foolish to assume that while this example of assassinating the President was only a laboratory experiment, real criminals are not using hypnotism to gain false witnesses for themselves, cover crimes and avoid justice.

The thirty-two-year-old man in the bar, who seemed to be enjoying a six-year-old's birthday party, was undergoing a common but fascinating hypnotic phenomenon known as regression. Under hypnosis, it is easy to pick out all manner of memories that have been lost to the conscious mind, but are still hidden deep in the subconscious, where hypnosis moves with ease. But regression is actually something more than that. Rather than simple islands of memory, in regression the somnambulant subject is able seemingly to "go back in time" to an earlier age, to relive so completely an earlier time in his life, that he can remember all manner of the smallest details, describe where he is, who else is there, what clothing they are wearing, etc. He will be able to report every gift that he received on his sixth birthday, who sits about him in class at school, his teacher's name, and any number of other facts that have long vanished from his conscious memory. One subject of our acquaintance, a young woman, had lost her mother in early childhood, and having been raised in an institution, had never seen a photograph of the mother, and so had no idea what she looked like. In a deep hypnotic trance, she was regressed to her early childhood, was able to describe completely the home in which she lived, and both of her parents who lived there. Before she was brought out of the trance, the subject was told she would remember everything that had occurred, and so, today, she has a clear mental picture of her mother. The memory was there all the time, of course, buried in the subject's subconscious, but through hypnotic regression it was possible to bring the mental image out as a conscious memory. In hypnotic regression a subject may write approximately as he wrote at the age to which he has been regressed, and the handwriting will change markedly at fifteen, and ten, and again at six when it becomes a childish scrawl; if given psychological tests, the subject's score will often approximate also the age to which he has been regressed.

Hypnotic regression ends where memory ends and the talk of recalling "other lives," à la Bridey Murphy, is nonsense. Although the subject may sincerely believe he is remembering another life, he is simply pulling something unusual out of his own past experience that he cannot consciously account for. A classic case concerns a woman of quite ordinary educational background who recited ancient Greek in a trance. Her performance could have been turned into a Bridey Murphy case if anyone had cared to, with the implication that the woman had actually lived in ancient Greece in another life. But ultimately it was discovered that the woman had, as a child of three or four, been taken by her mother to the home of a professor who was in the habit of walking around his workroom declaiming in Greek. The little girl remembered a great deal of what she had heard. It may be that every word of a quarrel that you overheard between a policeman and a streetcar motorman when you were four, is stored in your subconscious. The more emotionally meaningful the early incident, the more likely it is to be buried deep within your mind, perhaps complete and intact. Hypnosis can release the dormant transcript.

Post-hypnotic suggestion is a thought implanted during a trance that is acted upon or becomes real after the subject has been brought out of hypnosis and seems normal again, in every way. The post-hypnotic suggestion can include hallucinations, delusions, in fact anything we can achieve in a hypnotic trance; yet the subject will seem to be completely free of any hypnotic influence and normal in every way, immediately before and after the post-hypnotic suggestion is acted upon. What is more, the post-hypnotic suggestion may be activated a short time after the trance has ended, or a long time later. There have been cases of post-hypnotic suggestions that lasted for years. Some examples of simple, typical post-hypnotic suggestion: The subject is told, while in a deep trance, that sometime after he awakens the operator will remark about the weather. The subject will then have an uncontrollable urge to smoke a cigarette; when the operator remarks that it is getting rather late, the subject will throw the cigarette down, announcing that it is stale. The subject is then told that he will remember nothing whatever of these instructions, and he is brought out of the trance. Everything goes along normally until the operator remarks about the weather, and the subject reacts to the subconscious cue and asks for a cigarette. The subject has absolutely no idea that he is acting on a post-hypnotic suggestion and will laugh at the idea, if anyone suggests that there is a relationship between the remark about the weather and his picking up a cigarette. Why did he pick up a cigarette at that particular moment? Why, because he felt like smoking, of course. And why did he throw it down, when the operator remarked that it was getting late? Because the cigarette was stale, and for no other reason, he will stoutly insist.

Auto-suggestion, or self-hypnosis, can, with practice, be achieved by anyone capable of being hypnotized and, since it is possible to achieve anything under self-hypnosis that can be achieved in hypnosis produced by another, this is obviously an area of very great potential, since it means that a great many of us, with relatively little effort, can successfully maintain controls over ourselves to a degree previously undreamed of. Would you like to be able to cut off headaches and other pains at will? Actor Cary Grant, who became intrigued with the subject of hypnosis some years ago, can. He can anesthetize any part of his body at will, simply by thinking the pain away. Would you like to be able to concentrate for hours on end on a given subject, without being distracted? Child's play. Would you like to break that bad habit that has the best of you — smoking, nail-biting? If not too deep-rooted, hypnosis can take care of it, but there are some other considerations in the forced cure of bad habits that we may wish to consider, and will touch on in a discussion of the medical uses of hypnosis, a few paragraphs hence.

Nevertheless, auto-suggestion supplies a potentially remarkable control over oneself, including even one's sex life. For a good deal of sexual impotency is really just a problem of mind over matter, and with auto-suggestion at your beck and call, you have a real control over the body in which you live.

There are dangers to auto-suggestion too, of course. The pain that you arbitrarily take away may be there as a warning of something more serious. The pet bear that plagued Dr. Estabrooks was produced by auto-suggestion and for a time it was under wonderful control, but it got out of hand, which is the problem with a great many hallucinations. There is the general danger in auto-suggestion that it may easily lead to disassociation. In theory, the subject should be able to guide his own treatment and become the master of his own personality, but it may just as readily encourage a tendency to disassociate oneself from reality in the development of neurotic traits. In the application of hypnosis to any kind of problem, it is important to have the cool objectivity of the professional. And auto-suggestion is

most meaningful when taught by a professional as an aid to whatever else is being accomplished for the subject by hypnosis. Auto-suggestion can be of considerable value in aiding and abetting the breaking of a bad habit or the improvement of some condition for which hypnosis has been prescribed.

In medicine hypnosis can be used as anesthesia for procedures ranging from the preparation of dental caries for filling to childbirth and amputation. (Esdaile reported amputations under hypnosis as long ago as 1845.) It is necessary only to suggest to the patient that he can feel nothing in his left leg. He accepts this suggestion as fact. He now *cannot* feel anything in his left leg. He is told that he cannot hear any sound at all save the sound of the hypnotist's voice. He becomes deaf to extraneous sound. He will not react to a shotgun fired in the room, and so he lies there serene, oblivious to the whine of the surgical saw.

Less spectacularly but not less efficiently, hypnosis is useful in treatment of any illness of psychosomatic origin, a category including some of the most persistent and painful maladies. It has been frequently demonstrated that peptic ulcers will respond to hypnotic treatment; so will chronic gastritis and colitis, some asthmas, migraine, high blood pressure and other circulatory difficulties, certain cases of hives and eczema and sexual frigidity in the female and impotency in the male. Startling feats of sexual endurance may be possible in a normally potent male who is also adept at autohypnosis. There would seem to be very real possibilities for the use of hypnosis in supplying the often very important "will to live," which may be missing in some patients recovering from serious physical illness or accident. Hypnosis may also prove valuable as a means of avoiding the serious secondary effects in accident cases, caused by shock.

The alteration of habit patterns by hypnosis is comparatively so easy that anyone who attempts, for example, to stop smoking by another means is probably indulging in an absurdity. Rationing, smoking by the clock, the use of so-called "will-power" and other such primitive devices equate poorly with the hypnotic subject's conviction that he loathes tobacco and would not put a match to it for a million dollars. The suggestion will need periodic reinforcement, of course, but it will take the addict over the difficult first few weeks as nothing else will.

The only real problem which exists in the elimination of bad habits through hypnotism is that these may be only compulsive symptoms of a more serious disorder, and removing the symptoms will not solve the problem. Psychotherapists like to tell the tale of the patient who went to a hypnotist to cure his nail-biting and was now a chain-smoker. The hypnotist made the very sight of cigarettes repulsive to the subject, but he returned in a few months with a serious drinking problem. The hypnotist wisely decided not to make alcohol repugnant, which might have pushed the subject over the edge to a serious mental disorder, but led him instead back to nail-biting, which seemed the least of several evils. The story is probably too pat to be true, but it points up a real truth: if the habit is a superficial one, hypnosis can cure it with no unwelcome secondary effects; if it is actually a release for compulsive or neurotic tensions, then bottling it up may be the worst thing to do. In that case it's better to leave the habit alone and go after the root of the problem.

Hypnosis will probably make its heaviest contribution to medical science in the field of psychotherapy, once the resistance of the orthodox Freudians and Jungians, now crumbling, is finally overcome. On the face of it, hypnosis would appear to be a weapon of enormous utility in the analyst's armorarium. The basic purpose of the Freudian therapy is to bring the patient to an understanding of himself by helping him to dredge up from the subconscious, and examine, in the light of certain set principles, the various traumatic incidents in his life that have disturbed him. The process is often absurdly extended — analyses running from five to seven years are commonplace — because the patient has simple mechanical difficulty in recalling, and often because he does not *want* to recall a painful incident. Analysands, as the customers are dubbed in the trade, have spent six months and $3000 in discovering that at the age of four they happened upon their parents in the carnal act. Under hypnosis the same discovery might have required a very short time. It is easier for the patient to recall painful happenings under hypnosis than under standard therapy. In standard therapy his resistance may completely overcome the effort and the therapy may end in failure.

Orthodox analysts argue that Freud used hypnosis, and dropped it. So he did. He stated that he did so because cures wrought by hypnosis were temporary, the induction process was laborious, that it was limited in scope, and that there was an undesirable element "behind" it. Says Marcuse: "Relapse into sickness has never been shown to be more or less frequent with hypnotherapy than with other therapies . . . hypnotic induction is neither more nor less laborious than other forms of therapy . . . the objection concerning applicability of hypnosis contains a measure of truth. However, no claim is made that therapy is accomplished by hypnosis alone . . ."

The mysterious element "behind" hypnosis may be explained in Freud's autobiography. A woman patient, coming out of hypnosis, embraced Freud as one of his servants entered the room. Freud was seriously embarrassed. A modest man, Freud could not account for the woman's behavior on the basis of his own animal appeal, so he ascribed it to hypnosis, and apparently became convinced that hypnosis was somehow associated with the libido. There is no agreement on this point, but it appears to have been one of the reasons Freud abandoned hypnotherapy.

Some analysts maintain that the suffering and struggle of the analysand in his effort to haul traumatic material out of his subconscious are important to the treatment. This appears to be of a piece with the centuries-held belief that it was evil to alleviate the suffering of a woman in childbirth, since obviously God had ordained it. Orthodox analysts argue further that to break through the patient's defenses quickly may upset him. It is not necessary in hypnosis to break through quickly; the therapist can take what pace he thinks best. Nor is deep hypnosis necessary. Says Milton Kline: "Many highly complex and subtle changes in psychological functions can be brought about by extremely light hypnotic states."

The lightest possible hypnotic state may be that induced by contemporary American advertising. The legendary George Washington Hill of American Tobacco may have been the first really to understand the potential of the hypnotic concept in advertising. Before Hill, and before Albert Lasker, the giant who founded Lord & Thomas, American advertising tended to resemble British advertising. There was a hat-in-hand air about it. "Glotz Chocolates are GOOD Chocolates," it said, amiably. George Washington Hill knew that a company that advertised in that fashion would never find it necessary to build steamships with which to rush cacao-beans to the factory. A potential customer addressed in that fashion *might* buy Glotz Chocolates, but he might also buy Glumley Chocolates. There had to be a better way.

There was, of course. The better way was to grab the prospect by his shirt-front and say, "G is C and C is G and G is C and C is G and Glotz is Chocolate and Chocolate is Glotz" and do this over and over again until the prospect was so conditioned that whenever he thought of chocolate, in whatever form, he would inevitably think of Glotz.

Seize the prospect's attention. Make him concentrate. Repeat the instruction. Do it again, and again, and then again. Hypnotize him.

Some people thought that George Washington Hill's advertising was not efficiently planned because some of it

was irritating. It was meant to be irritating. This was one solution to the problem of getting the subject's attention. In laboratory hypnosis, the subject willingly gives the operator his attention. Seizing his attention in the middle of a workaday world is another matter. Suppose you are driving to work and your car radio is on. A familiar commercial theme comes up — a catchy tune, loud and very repetitious. Then the announcer gives his pitch: "Glotz! Glotz! Glotz! Gopher Glotz, All-Alabam fullback, says, 'I GO for Glotz!' " The repetitious theme music comes up again. You catch yourself listening to it. You shake yourself and turn your attention again to the road. You don't know it, but you've been taken to the edge of a light hypnotic trance. Big Brother Glotz has almost hooked you. Next time, maybe he will.

When Harold Ross, late editor of *The New Yorker*, embarked on a successful one-man fight to prevent canned advertising commercials from being broadcast in New York's Grand Central Station, he wasn't trying merely to protect the tired commuter from annoyance. He considered that he was fighting an assault, albeit a small one, but an assault nonetheless, on our basic freedoms. If a man flips on a radio, he expects to be sold something. He has his guard up. People milling around in a railway station form the aptly-named "captive audience" — the huckster's delight.

The radio or TV commercial that appeals to a man's conscious mind through legitimate sales techniques, at a time when he is more or less paying attention and consciously prepared to receive such a pitch, is not open to criticism here. But the "captive audience" in New York's Grand Central Station presumably had other things on its mind, and so the commercials could be beamed directly to the subconscious in much the same way that the hypnotist gives suggestions to a subject while misdirecting his attention with soothing patter or the spinning of a shiny object. In the same way, extremely repetitious, monotonous radio and television commercials dull the active conscious mind that exercises free choice and permits the message to reach the unguarded subconscious, where free choice does not exist. In this regard, the radio or television audience is being conditioned to buy Glotz Chocolates by the repetition of sounds, both musical and verbal, in much the same way Pavlov's dog was conditioned to salivate at the sound of a bell in the classic experiment on the conditioned reflex. (The conditioned reflex and hypnosis are actually separate manifestations of the same phenomenon.)

Many authorities are openly frightened of "subliminal" advertising — advertising in which, typically, a message is flashed on a television or movie screen so quickly that it is placed just below the level of consciousness. The eye receives the image, but for so short a time that it is recorded only by the subconscious. Through this means it would be possible to build up in an individual such a passion for Glotz' Chocolates that he would throw a brick through a candy store window to get a box of them — and afterward be quite unable to explain why he had done so.

Mass hypnosis, in the laboratory sense, is demonstratably possible on both radio and television (an ideal medium — supplying, as it does, both visual and verbal stimuli), and the British Broadcasting Company has banned hypnotic demonstrations on British TV and radio. Formal experiments have shown that a competent operator could put a major number of a typical listening or viewing audience into a trance — without their consent, or even their knowledge. This huckster's dream could make frightening fact out of Gahan Wilson's fanciful cartoon in last June's PLAYBOY, depicting a bug-eyed shopper in a supermart loading up her cart with breakfast cereal under the hypnotic influence of a sign bearing two gigantic eyes and the words "You *will* buy Crispies!" And what would work for Madison Avenue would also work for the politician and tomorrow's demagog.

Hypnosis is all around us, like the air we breathe. Its power to influence us staggers the imagination, and so it is imperative that we understand it. If the pen is mightier than the sword, hypnosis may very well be mightier than the H-bomb.

Using today's techniques, no operator could hope for one-hundred-percent effectiveness in a random audience. But he might expect eight out of ten to be drawn into a light trance and two of that number to fall into the deepest, somnambulant state. Those only lightly hypnotized the first time would be more easily and deeply hypnotized the next. In a police state in which the government controlled all means of communication, hypnotic messages could be beamed at the masses via television, so that the random audience of ten became a million, ten million, or one hundred million — and two hundred thousand, two million or twenty million, and eventually most of the population, could be virtually enslaved, responding on subconscious levels to governmentally controlled subliminal cues, without freedom of selection or choice. One has only to witness the compulsive directness with which a good subject acts out a post-hypnotic suggestion to realize how helpless he or she is in the hands of the operator. The subject may even be informed beforehand that he has been given this post-hypnotic suggestion and be told to resist the suggestion if he can and still be totally unable to resist it when the cue is given. Such a subject appears perfectly normal before the post-hypnotic cue. Having failed to resist it, the subject may describe afterwards having "blacked out," while he executed the post-hypnotic suggestion. In a somewhat lighter trance, the subject may successfully avoid executing the suggestion for a while, only to be eventually driven to it some time later. Estabrooks offers an excellent example of this compulsive quality in a post-hypnotic suggestion. He told a subject in a trance that sometime after he had been awakened the doctor would use a key word, after which the subject was to go to a desk in the office, pick up the deck of cards there, and remove from it the ace of spades, giving it to the doctor. When the subject awakened, he announced that he remembered the instructions and that he would fight the impulse to carry them out. The operator offered the cue word, but the subject successfully resisted the urge to get the card, or so it seemed. The experiment over, Dr. Estabrooks purposely failed to "clear" the suggestion from the subject's subconscious. The following day the subject called the doctor on the phone. He had been unable to study that evening, he said (he was a student at the university where Estabrooks was teaching), nor could he sleep. He was unable to put the card from his mind. Would the doctor please meet him at the doctor's office, so that the subject could take the ace of spades from the deck and give it to him, and so free himself from the compulsion that was so strong that he was unable to concentrate on anything else. And not until the subject had taken the proper card from the deck and handed it to Estabrooks did he feel, as he later described it, "set free."

Would it be possible for a political candidate to beam hypnotic messages at the public via network TV which would virtually guarantee his victory on election day? Yes, if he were allowed to, it certainly would. And in a one-party country, in which the state controlled television, there would be no one to stop him.

If hypnosis exists as such a mighty force, for good or evil, why do we read so very little about it and why is most of what we do read limited to the less sensational medical applications of the phenomenon? Quite simply because hypnosis has been, for so long a time, in disrepute that few experts in the field of human behavior know very much about it. It has existed, in America especially, as an interesting psychological oddity the far-reaching implications of which have received almost no attention from the modern scientific world. Few laws have been passed to control its use and yet, as we shall see, its possibilities in the execution of crimes and the avoidance of detection and successful prose-

cution are frightening to contemplate. "It is probably correct to say that little is known about hypnosis, compared with what will ultimately be discovered," says Andrew Salter. "The position today may be analogous with the discovery of the Roentgen ray, or X ray. The full potential of hypnosis for good is not known to us, nor is the full danger. In all matters involving hypnosis I counsel conservatism and caution."

Some of the political potential inherent in hypnosis has already been demonstrated by Adolf Hitler. When a hundred thousand Germans, their faces upturned in the light of smoking torches, screamed as one, *"Sieg Heil! Sieg Heil!"* we had a very real example of mass hypnosis. It took more than an elaborate hypnotic trance to lead the German nation down the bloody road of world conquest, of course, but Hitler had many strings to his bow for he was not, as William L. Shirer has so painstakingly pointed out, a madman, but an authentic political genius, who supplied many seemingly legitimate rationalizations to his followers for their incredible acts of atrocity and aggression. Nevertheless, the hypnotic influence was clearly there, affecting both the nation and many of those most closely associated with him.

In the late Thirties, Charles Lindbergh returned from a trip to Germany, during which he was decorated by Field Marshal Goering, to tell the American people that we would be foolish to become involved in a Second World War, because the Luftwaffe was invincible in the air and would beat England to its knees in short order if an outbreak occurred. This was an unpopular notion coming from so highly regarded an American, and *Life* magazine published a story wherein a stage hypnotist demonstrated how Goering might have hypnotized Lindbergh during the moment in which he pinned the medal on him, the suggestion being that Lindbergh was then enacting a post-hypnotic suggestion. This is the stuff that Sunday-supplement features are made of, and it seems much more reasonable to assume that Lindbergh was so impressed by the German war machine in the late Thirties, contrasted to the ill-prepared English and Americans, that he sincerely believed we would lose a war. But whatever the facts, the hypnosis theory was theoretically possible; it *could* have happened.

The same stage hypnotist who got his name in the papers with the Lindbergh-Goering story popped up again some twenty-odd years later. He was widely quoted in the press after both of the Ingemar Johansson–Floyd Patterson fights suggesting that Johansson had been in a hypnotic trance during both bouts. There is no question but what hypnosis can have a considerable effect on an athlete's prowess: can increase a fighter's stamina, make him immune to fatigue and pain, and remove any fear of an opponent. Whether or not hypnosis played any part in the two heavyweight championship fights must remain conjecture. The Johansson camp stoutly denied it, and if hypnosis was used, it is clear from the outcome of the second match that not even a deep hypnotic trance can make a real champ out of a second-rate contender. But those who viewed the second bout and believe the hypnotic theory point out that Johansson stumbled as though in a daze when he first entered the ring, that he wore a supercilious smile throughout the fight while being thoroughly and brutally beaten by Patterson, and that when he was knocked out it took an extraordinarily long time for him to awaken.

Hypnosis can have such a tremendous effect on the participants in many sports, especially those involving great strength or endurance, that it is difficult to imagine that it has not been used, and widely. And it is an example of how little we understand the phenomenon, that while most sporting events have rules, and even state and federal laws, governing the use of drugs, no such regulations have been set down controlling the use of hypnotism, which can produce many of the same bodily changes. And even if laws were enacted, how could they be enforced? You can discover the use of drugs on a suspect sports participant through chemical analysis, but how do you test for a post-hypnotic suggestion?

If a football team is losing at halftime and instead of the customary pep-talk from the coach they are put into a hypnotic trance and told that they will go out in the second half and play as they have never played before, they will go out in the second half and play as they have never played before. There is the very real danger, of course, that some may play beyond their physical endurance and do themselves serious harm. Under hypnosis, a fullback could even be made to play on a broken leg, if it would hold him up. Dodger pitcher Don Newcombe's career was endangered by his irrational fear of airplanes. Four visits to a hypnotist made him indifferent to the possibility of a crash.

Consider such Olympic sports as weight-lifting. Here technique is important, certainly, but much less so than it is in, say, fencing. And the expenditure of sheer energy is absolutely vital. The ability to *force* the musculature to accept two more pounds of tension has won world championships. (Under hypnosis, a girl weighing 110 pounds can make her abdominal muscles so ironhard that a twenty-pound granite rock can be placed on her and broken with a ten-pound sledge. She may suffer severe internal injury, but she will not know it until she is brought out of the trance.) A weight-lifter given the correct post-hypnotic suggestion would be able to lift a maximum possible weight when, normally, he might quit five pounds short of his potential, convinced that he had absolutely extended himself.

Consider the mile run. Great milers judge their performances by one big yardstick: If, one step past the tape, they are in a state of collapse, they have run a well-paced race. If, on the other hand, they have enough energy left over to step off the track onto the grass of the infield, they've goofed. That much energy would have cut a split-hundredth of a second off their time, and that's where it should have been expended. Under hypnosis a runner could drive himself to the outer limits of his ability.

If hypnosis is used in sport, it will be little publicized, you may be sure, and not by the winners. It has been suggested that the Russians, who pretty thoroughly trounced us in the Olympics, used hypnosis to do it. Perhaps. We don't know that they did. We do know the other factors in their success: a big country full of healthy people under a system that searches for athletic talent, trains it, pays it well, honors it if it wins and disgraces it if it loses. The use of hypnosis by Soviet athletes would be consistent with present U.S.-S.R. attitudes. Hypnosis is an intellectual activity, and the Russians clearly understand that in the race for world domination, victory will go to that country that makes best use of its intellectual resources. There are those who believe Pavlov may have been the most important Russian who ever lived. Just how far Russian scientists have carried his first experiments in the conditioned reflex, delved into habit formation, hypnosis and related human behavior, no one knows for sure. We do know that Russia has placed a heavy emphasis on the sciences dealing with mind and body, and the relationship between the two, especially since the end of World War II. The more they understand the human animal, how he thinks, acts and reacts, the better equipped they are to conquer and control the world without ever having to fight a war to do it. It seems unlikely that Pavlov, watching his laboratory dog salivate to the sound of a bell, could have imagined that his work might someday supply a key to the controlling of men's minds, help one man to run faster than another, or enable a man to kill another and never be found out.

The old folk-saying, "murder will out," probably has as little basis in fact as the old election saw about the state of Maine. The only murders that "out" are the murders that prove unsuccessful. Most criminologists, while they are disinclined to say so for publication, believe that the number of undetected

murders in the United States runs into many thousands. Poison alone must account for hundreds. After all, the autopsy is a rarity in most jurisdictions, and in some Southern states any sudden death that isn't caused by something as obvious as a cut throat can be certified as "heart failure." If this is true, consider the possibilities in hypnosis, particularly in the light of the incredible nation-wide ignorance of the phenomenon, ignorance that allowed a Chicago judge, for example, to refer to hypnosis, and this only a few months ago, as "hocus-pocus"!

How can hypnosis kill? Dr. Estabrooks' remark about the cat is pertinent: "Persuade him that chloroform is good for fleas." Killing a man would be easier. The only necessary pre-condition is that the intended victim be a good hypnotic subject. If this is the case, then as the old folk-saying goes, he's dead. One way out of fifty: The hypnotist picks a suitable moment and hypnotizes his subject. Deep in a trance, the subject is given this post-hypnotic suggestion, "Two weeks from tonight, on April 17, at midnight, you will go to the roof of your apartment building. You will stand on the parapet on the river side of the building. You will feel nine feet tall. You will feel stronger than you have ever felt in your life. You will feel more agile than you have ever felt in your life. You will jump from your roof to the roof next door. It will be easy for you. It won't even take much effort, it will be so easy for you. When you get to the other roof you will turn around and jump back. Now, when I count to three you will wake up, and you will feel calm and rested and content. You will remember nothing of what I have said, absolutely nothing, until the night of April 17!" And so on. At midnight on April 17 the victim will jump from his roof, but he won't quite make it to the other roof, because it's twenty-five feet away.

If your intended victim isn't a good subject then you can get someone to do the job who is. Pick him for his low moral character, so that a well-motivated killing won't upset his ethical standards too much, then put him into a trance and condition him into a ferocious hatred for the intended victim. This would be child's play for any competent hypnotist. Next, the hypnotist sets up a time-and-method chart for the murderer, gives him a post-hypnotic suggestion, and, to be on the safe side, arranges to be in London when the killing is done. If you can't find a low moral type for the job (for whom murder presents no moral conflict), or if you have two specific people in mind that you wish to eliminate at one time, you simply approach the one you know to be the good hypnotic subject and introduce the killing in a disguised manner: a poison that the chosen killer does not know is poison, a gun that the killer believes to be a toy (and a pre-established situation in which he is to use it, which you may wish to plan for broad daylight before several witnesses), or a post-hypnotic hallucination that turns the victim into a ferocious bear that must be killed by even the most moral and ethically upstanding of persons. Naturally, you wipe all memory of the hypnotic suggestion from the chosen killer's conscious memory, but there are risks involved in this one just the same, because it provides for the killer's being around for some little while after the deed has been done. The risk is greater the more sophisticated the environment of the crime. For example, this gambit failed in Denmark recently, tripping up an amateur hypnotist named Neilson. Neilson had given one Hardrup a post-hypnotic suggestion to murder a third man. Hardrup duly killed him as instructed, but was caught. His operator-subject relationship with Neilson was known. An international authority on hypnosis, Dr. P. J. Reiter, was the State's chief witness. Neilson got the maximum penalty under Danish law, life in prison. Hardrup, who had actually committed the murder, was given a two-year sentence. It is depressing to have to admit that so enlightened a view as this would probably not prevail anywhere in the United States.

Another method: A gives B a post-hypnotic suggestion to this effect: "On Wednesday at ten o'clock you will go to the airport and pick up a suitcase, using a locker-ticket which I will give you. You will then go to the Trans-American Airlines counter and pick up a ticket *in my name* for Flight 179 to Buenos Aires. You will board the plane at 10:15 and you will immediately fall into a deep and restful sleep. You will sleep soundly for the next six hours . . ."

In fact, B will sleep for longer than six hours, or at least he will never wake up, because the bag he picks up at the airport contains twenty-seven blocks of Gelignite, a clock and a detonating apparatus. Three hours after the plane takes off, A will be officially dead. Mr. A's wife collects an impressive amount of life insurance, joins him in Paris, whither he has repaired under a pseudonym, and they live it up forever after.

Wild? It is, except for the end, exactly what authorities believe happened in the case of William Allen Taylor of Tampa, Florida, who boarded a National Airlines plane last year using the name of a friend and acquaintance, Robert Vernon Spears. The plane blew up over the Gulf of Mexico with Taylor aboard and the FBI caught up with Spears in Phoenix, Arizona. The only evidence tending to show that hypnosis was used was a statement by Taylor's wife that she knew Spears was a hypnotist.

Too complicated? A good hypnotic subject can be made to kill himself.

"Well, my goodness — is Christmas over already?"

How's this for an Ellery Queen puzzler? Supposing a dentist is in love with a patient's wife. The dentist is a hypnotist, as many are today, and uses hypnosis to produce anesthesia on the patient involved. Supposing the patient drives home from work every night, and passes a lightly-fenced precipice, a bridge abutment, a big tree, or whatever. The dentist merely tells him that the next time he comes to a certain place on the road, a clearly-defined and easily-recognizable place, he will suddenly spin the steering wheel to the right. Nothing to it, really.

Of course the problem may be complicated if the matter comes to the attention of the increasing number of law enforcement officers who are studying hypnosis. While monumental ignorance is still the rule, there will usually be, in any sizable police department, at least one man who has a smattering of knowledge about hypnosis, and he can be dangerous.

One clearly demonstrable value of hypnosis is its ability to aid recollection. Using groups of trained officers, hypnotists have repeatedly demonstrated, by the so-called "dramatic test" that their ability to recall pertinent facts will be increased by hypnosis. The method is this: A group of police officers, listening to a lecture on hypnosis, are suddenly startled by the apparent commission of a murder under their eyes. Perhaps a woman staggers into the room, screaming "Help me!" as a masked man appears in the doorway, shoots her and runs. Before things get out of hand — one demonstrator, forgetting that detectives are always armed, even if you can't see their pistols, nearly lost an actor — the men are told that they have seen a faked incident and are asked immediately to write down everything they can remember about it. Their accounts will vary notably. Next, they are put under hypnosis and asked to tell what they remember. Almost invariably their recollection of detail will show what seems an astounding improvement. Actually it is "astounding" only to those who don't know that the mind stores in the subconscious every impression it ever receives.

Some attempts to use this principle have gone awry, however. One such case was a Chicago prosecution for kidnapping a few months ago in which an airline hostess testified that a man had kidnapped her. Her identification was positive, but at the trial it developed that Paul Newey, chief investigator for the State's Attorney, had twice put the stewardess into trance to aid her recollection. It was in this case that the presiding judge, Thomas E. Kluczynski, characterized hypnosis as "hocus-pocus." The jury returned a non-guilty verdict.

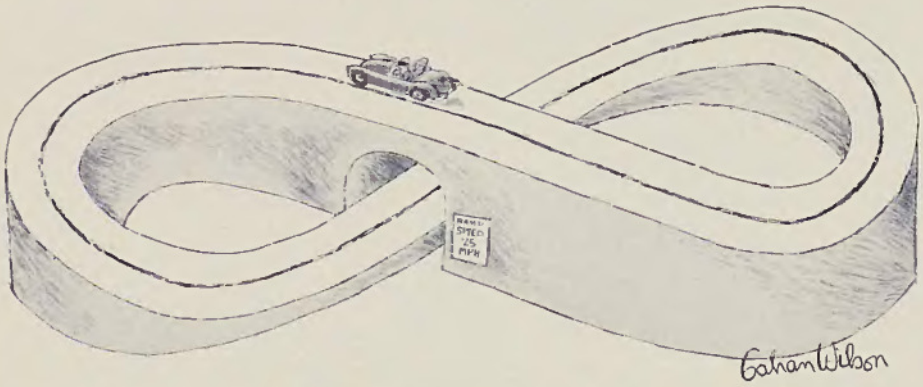
The potential of hypnosis in legal practice, on *both* sides of the courtroom, is fantastic. Supposing you commit manslaughter with an automobile and are picked up only because one headlight lens on your car is broken. You tell the police that you broke the headlight in parking and scream for your lawyer, who arrives promptly and is closeted with you in a small room. Aware of the hazards of existence, you have taken the precaution of retaining a lawyer who is adept in hypnosis. The lawyer (not too ethical, this one, and full of hope that the room is not bugged), immediately puts you into trance and expunges from your mind all recollection of the incident of your hitting the old man crossing the street. You now *know* that you did not do it. No amount of squad-room rough stuff will change your mind. You may be best advised to stay away from such hypnotic drugs as sodium amytal and other so-called "truth serums" but you can confidently volunteer to take a "lie-detector" test. Years ago, the writer stood off two of the best polygraph operators in the New York City Police Department for an hour and a half, completely confusing them, by using only the shallowest trance state.

To be on the safe side, your friendly barrister can provide a couple of solid witnesses. They'll be solid, all right, because they'll be convinced, through hypnotic suggestion, that they were playing pinochle with you twenty miles away from the scene of the crime. For additional insurance, when the matter comes to trial, your lawyer can avail himself of the probability that among the twelve people in the box there will be *at least* two superior hypnotic subjects, genuine somnambulists, on whom he can work to guarantee, at the very worst, a hung jury.

Warfare is of course crime raised to the Nth power, and the name, rank and nationality of the first officer to ponder the use of hypnosis in warfare is known to no one. That it has been so used, and for a very long time, is certain. Its most attractive utility is obvious: in the training of secret agents. An agent whose only protection against torture is a poison vial sewn to the lapel of his coat may be a very brave man, but he will not be a wholly effective agent. But supposing he has been fully trained in hypnosis? Supposing there have been implanted in him the strongest possible post-hypnotic suggestions buttressing the "cover-story" without which no agent is ever sent out on an important assignment? Now he really does believe that he is not Agent 518, he is M. Paul-Henri Delour, wine merchant. His knowledge of wines is encyclopedic. His recollection of detail is astounding. And, most of all, his mental agility and resourcefulness are superb — because he is wholly serene. He is *not* a captured enemy agent, subject to the death penalty. He is M. Delour, wine merchant. He *knows* he is, so he is tranquil and serene, he shows none of the nervousness and tension that so often betray the spy to a clever counter-agent. He will not fall into any of the traps that have brought death to so many underground operators — and some of them are fiendishly clever.

One extremely resourceful German agent, picked up behind Allied lines during the Battle of the Bulge was absolutely "clean." There wasn't a trace of evidence against him, and he was flawless in his role as a stupid, semi-literate Belgian peasant. But one of his interrogators, a man of long experience, sensed that there was something, somewhere, that did not ring quite true. He decided to attack the suspect's statement that he spoke no German. He made many approaches, such as having the man watched carefully in his cell while a sudden turmoil was staged in the corridor, with cries of "Fire! Fire!" in German. There was not a flicker of reaction to this gambit or a half dozen others.

Finally, he had the man brought before him. He asked him many questions in Flemish. He paused. He dropped to his desk the sheaf of papers he'd been holding. He looked up at the prisoner and smiled and said, in German, "Obviously, you're innocent. You can go now." The man smiled back, and had



"I can't figure how we got on it in the first place."

half-turned to the door before he caught himself — too late.

A hypnosis-trained agent could not have been so trapped because he would have given himself a suggestion that he had forgotten how to speak German — and he would have forgotten.

Much more complicated usages are possible. Estabrooks points out the possibility of setting up actually varying personalities in one man, so that on one layer he would be truly a dedicated Communist, for instance, and on another layer truly a dedicated anti-Communist. Such an agent would be tremendously effective in the circumstances for which he had been trained.

"Brainwashing" is a relatively new wrinkle in warfare and international skullduggery and its relationship to hypnosis is obvious. Actually, brainwashing includes rational appeals, reflex conditioning and hypnosis all at the same time, practiced under ideal circumstances, with an opportunity for endless repetition. The world witnessed the results in Stalin's time, when many old-line Russian Bolsheviks stood up and denounced themselves and were led away to die for crimes everyone knew they had not committed. With the political prisoner in enforced concentration, the Communists have the ideal human guinea pig for their experiments in reshaping men's minds. Here is the proof, if further proof is needed, that the Russians have indeed developed Pavlov's simple conditioned reflex to a highly sophisticated art. Men of many stripes and backgrounds have borne false witness against themselves in open court in Moscow, without the aid of drugs or physical torture, and been taken out and shot. It is torture of a far more insidious kind that dulls the conscious mind and then enters the subconscious, where no will to resist exists, to shape and remold to the dictates of the operator.

If these things are possible with hypnosis as it is rather crudely practiced today, what must tomorrow hold, since we must assume that advances in this technology will be made? Hypnosis is an old art in history, but very young in the light of the brief time that has passed since men began to seriously study it.

Hypnosis offers man a means of influencing and controlling both himself and those around him, to a degree only now vaguely hinted at. It is imperative that we draw the dark curtain of superstition and disrepute away and study most seriously hypnosis and its implications as they affect the behavior of mankind. There is a very great need for legislation, for controls, and most of all, for greater public understanding. Hypnosis offers too great a power, for good or evil, to be left any longer in the shadows.

PLAYBOY ALL-STARS

(continued from page 84)

Monk, at least the d.j.s seemed to be scheduling more Ella and less Fabian.

Television, except for a couple of fine shows on CBS' *Robert Herridge Theatre* (one with Miles and Gil Evans, another with Ben Webster and Ahmad Jamal), was quiescent. The use of semi-jazz scores on cops-'n'-robbers stanzas continued, but jazz spectaculars and big-loot sponsors just couldn't see each other. Happily, such acts as Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, rarely seen on TV, could still be dug on *Playboy's Penthouse*.

A more durable form of jazz subsidy appeared on the academic level. By late 1960 it had become clear that the tendency to treat jazz as a subject for study was no passing fad. The jazz clinic at the University of Indiana expanded its courses from one to two weeks, with Stan Kenton, Russ Garcia, Conte Candoli et al. on the faculty. Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Ed Thigpen and some academically-minded cronies in Toronto started a series of four-month courses in jazz playing and writing at their Advanced School of Contemporary Music in Toronto. Twenty-six groups competed at Notre Dame in the second annual Collegiate Jazz Festival. Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond were among the judges at an Intercollegiate Jazz Festival held at Georgetown U. in Washington, D.C. Iowa State Teachers College held its twelfth annual Dimensions in Jazz concerts.

Having perused *Billboard*'s files and checked these findings with other reliable sources, we've come up with six of the top jazz sellers of the year. Alphabetically, they are: Cannonball Adderley with *Quintet in San Francisco* on Riverside; Miles Davis with *Kind of Blue* and *Sketches of Spain* on Columbia; Pete Fountain's *New Orleans* on Coral; Ahmad Jamal with the continued success of *At the Pershing* as well as *At the Penthouse* on Argo; Henry Mancini with the deathless *Peter Gunn* and *Mr. Lucky* of TV on RCA Victor; George Shearing with *White Satin* on Capitol. PLAYBOY's own third LP package, *The Playboy Jazz All-Stars*, Volume Three, featuring three 12" discs, with sounds by all the winners of the previous poll, including recorded highlights from The Playboy Jazz Festival, sold more copies than the first two PLAYBOY jazz volumes combined.

As the year drew to a close, jazz stars and PLAYBOY-reading jazz buffs alike were again asked to name the artists who had impressed them most during the previous twelve months. The winners of the PLAYBOY readers' poll, the biggest popularity contest in jazzdom — and bigger this year than ever before — each took a place of honor on the maga-

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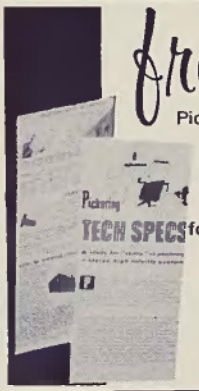

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zine's dream aggregation: the 1961 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. The jazz stars themselves, winners in last year's poll, were asked to choose their own favorite in each category for our Playboy All-Stars honors. In some cases the musicians' and the readers' choices were identical; in other cases, they differed radically. All the winners will receive the coveted sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medal.

The jazz artists who won medals in last year's contest and were thus eligible to vote in this year's All-Stars' All-Stars balloting were: Louis Armstrong, Chet Baker, Earl Bostic, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, the Four Freshmen, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Frank Sinatra, Jack Teagarden and Kai Winding.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: A Duke still outranks a Count among jazz royalty. Ellington placed ahead of Basie for the musicians' own choice of the outstanding bandleader of the year the second time in a row; together Ellington and Basie earned a majority of their fellow musicians' votes. Maynard Ferguson replaced his quondam boss, Stan Kenton, in third position. An odd trick of fate tied two veterans, Evans and Kenton (both born in 1912), for fourth place, while similarly linking two youngsters right after them, Jones (1933) and Mulligan (1927), in sixth place. **1. Duke Ellington;** 2. Count Basie; 3. Maynard Ferguson; 4. Gil Evans, Stan Kenton; 6. Quincy Jones, Gerry Mulligan.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: A 1960 LP by Dizzy Gillespie, titled *The Greatest Trumpet of Them All*, proved a truism as Dizzy took this crown for the second time. Miles Davis was a close second again as a favorite with his fellow jazzmen, and, interesting to note, Davis' original idol, Clark Terry, was a finalist this year, placing in fourth position after Art Farmer, which dropped Satchmo down a position. **1. Dizzy Gillespie;** 2. Miles Davis; 3. Art Farmer; 4. Clark Terry; 5. Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: The first three musicians' choices — J. J., Brookmeyer and Teagarden — are also members of the readers' All-Star Band, but Kai Winding, who has managed to win a place of honor five times in a row in the reader balloting, didn't place with the musicians this year. Curtis Fuller, a youngster heard in early 1960 with the Jazztet, moved up into fourth place, however. **1. J. J. Johnson;** 2. Bob Brookmeyer; 3. Jack Teagarden; 4. Curtis Fuller; 5. Urbie Green, Bill Harris.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: The candid Cannonball calls won out over the delicate Desmond tones that earned Paul first place in last year's poll, as well as both years' readers' polls. The controversial Ornette Coleman found himself in fourth place, a possible prelude to still stronger showings in the future. **1. Cannonball Adderley;** 2. Sonny Stitt; 3. Paul Desmond; 4. Ornette Coleman; 5. Lee Konitz.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: A victory *in absentia* (he spent the entire year in Europe) showed the firmness of the Getz grip as Stan won a silver medal from fellow musicians for the second year. On the other hand, Sonny Rollins' year in complete retirement toppled him from the top five. Zoot Sims' felicitous teamwork with Al Cohn and later with Mulligan lifted him from fifth to second place. **1. Stan Getz;** 2. Zoot Sims; 3. John Coltrane; 4. Ben Webster; 5. Coleman Hawkins.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: This category, for readers and musicians alike, remains Gerry's private bailiwick, with only two other baritone men in existence as far as musicians are concerned; the fourth and fifth spots remain blank. **1. Gerry Mulligan;** 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Benny Goodman returned to full-scale activity in 1960, jumped up from the fourth spot and almost took the silver medallion away from DeFranco. Buddy, however, wound up with his second medal, while Tony Scott replaced Peanuts Hucko as a finalist in the top five. **1. Buddy DeFranco;** 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Jimmy Giuffre; 4. Jimmy Hamilton; 5. Tony Scott.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Out of the LP limelight, due to his running legal battle with Columbia Records, Erroll Garner fell from first to third place with his fellow jazz artists, while Peterson scored resoundingly, earning more points than Garner and second-place Evans combined. **1. Oscar Peterson;** 2. Bill Evans; 3. Erroll Garner; 4. Dave Brubeck; 5. Horace Silver.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: The immovable Barney Kessel was again followed by Jim Hall, but Tal Farlow, now in retirement, dropped out, while Wes Montgomery, who did not place last year, finished third. **1. Barney Kessel;** 2. Jim Hall; 3. Wes Montgomery; 4. Kenny Burrell; 5. Herb Ellis.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: No problem at all for Ray Brown. The Peterson Trio's magnificent string man has now won himself eight PLAYBOY victories — five from the readers, three from musicians — which means that he has picked up all the marbles in every PLAYBOY poll. This year, the All-Star musicians gave him more points than the other four finalists combined. **1. Ray Brown;** 2. Paul Chambers; 3. George Duvivier; 4. Milt Hinton; 5. Red Mitchell.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: Philly Joe, who almost edged out Shelly Manne last year, finally made it this time in a tough two-way contest with Art Blakey. Mulligan's West Coast stick expert, Mel Lewis, was a surprise recipient of the third spot as Shelly slipped to fourth, while Buddy Rich and Max Roach disappeared entirely from the top five listings, leaving fifth place to Brubeck's Joe Morello. **1. Philly Joe Jones;** 2. Art Blakey; 3. Mel Lewis; 4. Shelly Manne; 5. Joe Morello.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: This year, Milt Jackson received more votes from his fellow musicians than almost anyone else nominated in their balloting. Don Elliott remained in second place. Victor Feldman, who tied him last year, slipped to fifth. Gibbs, Hampton and Stuff Smith are all newcomers to this category. **1. Milt Jackson, vibes;** 2. Don Elliott, *vibes and mellophone*; 3. Terry Gibbs, *vibes*; 4. Lionel Hampton, *vibes*; 5. Vic Feldman, *vibes*, Stuff Smith, *violin*.

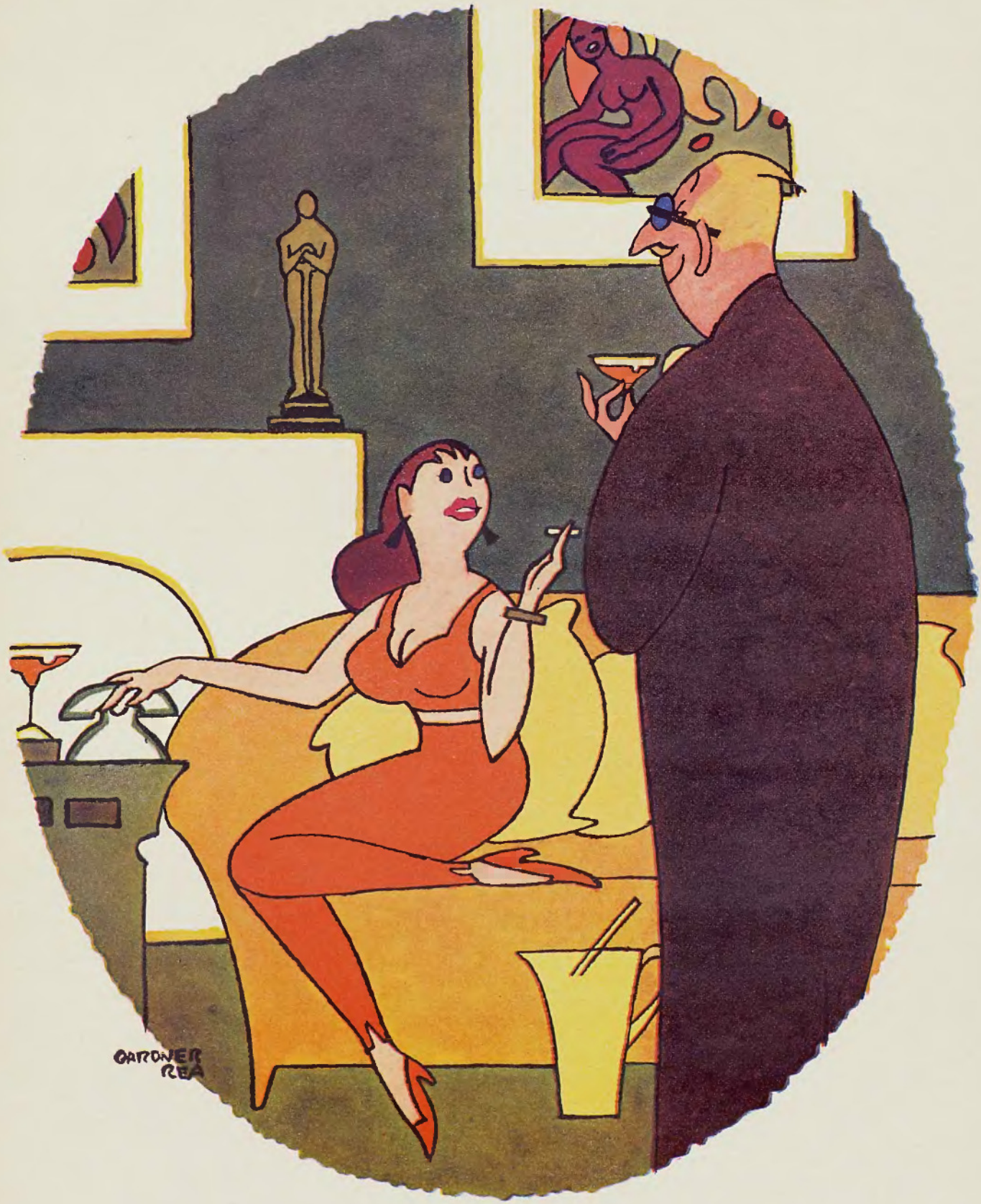
ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: No significant changes here. Sinatra's ninety-nine-year lease on PLAYBOY's vocal penthouse seems unlikely to be broken in the foreseeable future. **1. Frank Sinatra;** 2. Joe Williams; 3. Nat "King" Cole; 4. Ray Charles; 5. David Allen.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: Ella Mack-the-Knifed her way to the top by a fantastic margin, earning more musicians' votes than anyone else in any category. Though the divine Sarah took second place once again, the rest of the votes were scattered, with a four-way tie for fifth place. **1. Ella Fitzgerald;** 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Dinah Washington; 4. Peggy Lee; 5. Helen Humes, Lurlean Hunter, Mahalia Jackson, Teddi King.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: Miles Davis moved from second to first place, easing John Lewis' MJQ down to second. Brubeck and Peterson held onto their 1960 slots, while Cannonball, whose quintet was newly formed at the time of last year's poll, appeared in the top five for the first time. **1. Miles Davis Quintet;** 2. Modern Jazz Quartet; 3. Dave Brubeck Quartet; 4. Oscar Peterson Trio; 5. Cannonball Adderley Quintet.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: Though they took it from the Hi-Lo's by little more than a quarter-note, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross managed to win the musicians' balloting for the second straight year. Except for the Four Freshmen, the other vocal groups who placed are newcomers to the top five in this category. **1. Lambert, Hendricks and Ross;** 2. Hi-Lo's; 3. Four Freshmen; 4. King Sisters, Mills Brothers; 6. Andy and the Bey Sisters, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral.

More readers cast their ballots in the fifth annual Playboy Jazz Poll than in any since its inception, but the 1961 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band was little



"Would you mind leaving a bit early tonight, Gerald? My press agent wants me burglarized and raped in time for the morning edition."

changed from last year's mythical aggregation. A place in this utopian jazz ensemble, once won, is given up about as readily as a seat on the Stock Exchange. Loyal readers and new-found fans joined forces to keep almost all the members in their 1960 places. However, there were some changes at the top of the various sections, some positions were held only after a real struggle, and there was considerable moving about in the positions directly below the winners' circle.

Stan Kenton, all dynamic six-feet-four-inches of him, towered over the competition to remain chosen leader of the All-Stars for the fifth straight year. Count Basie managed to move up from third place into second place, dropping Duke Ellington down to third. Miles Davis, Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie again appeared in that order as the triumphant triumvirate of trumpets, but the fourth winning chair found a "new" man playing in the Playboy All-Star brass section, as swing-era stylist Jonah Jones, in his fiftieth year, captured the honors. Italy-based Chet Baker lost his place among the Playboy All-Stars for the first time in the five years the poll has been in existence, dropping all the way to sixth place, while Maynard Ferguson moved up from seventh to fifth, and Art Farmer, in his first flush of fame as a leader, climbed from ninth to seventh. Filling out the brass section was the same firmly-set trombone foursome that has now won five years in a row: J. J., Kai Winding, Brookmeyer and Teagarden.

Bossmanship paid off, too, for Cannonball Adderley, who moved up from fourth to second place, and a silver medal, just behind top man, Paul Desmond, of the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Cannonball's shot dropped Earl Bostic out of the winners' circle, to third. Ornette Coleman, plastic saxophone in hand, blew his way from twenty-fifth place in last year's poll to sixth in '61.

What they heard on LPs was enough to convince readers that Danish resident Stan Getz still belongs in the winning sax section, with Coleman Hawkins, Gerry Mulligan and Benny Goodman still seated by his side as members of the reed dream team. On tenor, John Coltrane moved up from sixth to third place, just outside the chosen few, and on clarinet, Pete Fountain moved from fifth to second.

The piano bench, always one of the hotly-contested seats in the PLAYBOY reader poll, turned out to be in doubt until the very end of the balloting. But by the November 1 cut-off date, Dave Brubeck had moved into the top position, recapturing the spot he lost to Erroll two years ago, and Garner had collected enough votes to hold onto second place; Ahmad Jamal was third, but with very few votes separating the top three.

Barney Kessel, the annual guitar winner, had a surprise runner-up in Chet Atkins, a part-time jazzman, whose Nashville All-Stars have had quite a bit of air play lately. Chet did no better than a tie for twenty-fifth place last year. The excellent Charlie Byrd, seventh in 1960, rose to fourth place in the readers' popularity poll. Ray Brown was the first bass man, as usual, but Charlie Mingus surprised us by leaping from tenth to second position, while Paul Chambers amassed enough additional votes to move up from sixth place to third. If Oscar Pettiford had lived, his votes would have placed him in fourth position. (Artists deceased before our publication date are not shown in the results.)

Shelly Manne, the West Coast ace, missed taking top honors in this year's musicians' poll, but had no difficulty beating out the opposition for the fifth time in a row when the readers cast their votes for skin man of the 1961 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. Long-time favorite Gene Krupa remained in second place, and Brubeck's brilliant Joe Morello moved up from fourth to third. Art Blakey moved up from eighth position to fourth, and Philly Joe Jones, the musicians' choice as outstanding drummer of the year, placed ninth with readers. Lionel Hampton hammered out a victory on his vibes for the fifth year in a row under the Miscellaneous Instrument category, followed again by the musicians' favorite, Milt Jackson. Miles Davis' popularity on any sort of horn gave him sixth place for his Flügelhorn, an instrument for which he was not even nominated a year ago.

Until "The Voice" decides to retire or stick strictly to acting, there seems to be little chance of his being displaced in the Male Vocalist department, but a number of relative newcomers were scrambling for the positions just below Sinatra. Johnny Mathis, with song stylings that become more sweet and gooey with each new best-selling LP release, held onto the second-place position he moved into two years ago. An extremely popular r & b singer for the last half-dozen years, Ray Charles moved from eighth position a year ago into third place (two years ago he could not gather enough votes to even find a place in the 1959 listings). Bobby Darin, fresh out of his teens and his dedication to rock-'n'-roll, is after bigger game now with (like Charles) a smash nightclub show and best-selling LPs, such as *Darin at the Copa*; he's moved up from sixth place a year ago into fourth. Bobby, too, was nowhere to be found in the final listings two years ago. With all this scrambling for attention going on among the relatively new vocalists, Nat "King" Cole has dropped in position from fourth to eighth, while actually receiving a larger number of votes than a year ago. Jon Hendricks, of Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, moved up impressively to tenth position, following his first nomination in the Male Vocalist category. Frank D'Rone, still one of the best new vocalists around, although relatively unknown, rated nearly the same as last year, while amassing nearly one third more votes. Bill Henderson, who recently triumphed at The Playboy Club in Chicago, is another up-coming jazz vocalist to keep an eye on; he copped this year's *Down Beat* jazz poll award as an outstanding new vocal talent.

Ella Fitzgerald is, of course, as irreplaceable in her top spot as Frank is in his; but directly and distantly below the First Lady of Song are a number of talented chirpers who are very close together in the ratings. June Christy still has second place, a spot she's held since the beginning of the PLAYBOY poll five years ago. Right behind her this year, and just a handful of votes off the pace, is Julie London, replacing Dakota Staton in the third-place spot. Peggy Lee has moved up from eighth position to fourth. Nina Simone, almost entirely unknown until less than two years ago, moved from ninth up to fifth, trading places with Keely Smith.

Dave Brubeck won top Instrumental Combo honors in the readers' poll for the fifth year in a row. Despite Ahmad Jamal's strong showing on piano, he was unable to hold onto the second spot; the MJQ recaptured it, dropping the Jamal Trio into third, and the Miles Davis Quintet moved up from fifth to fourth.

The voting for Vocal Group provided something of an upset: a rousing victory for the sensational Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, who put their own words to the big-band arrangements of Basie and others. Though L, H & R's appeal to fellow-musicians earned them a victory in the All-Stars' All-Stars segment a year ago, and again (but by a narrower margin) in 1961, their first victory in the readers' balloting was especially impressive when you consider that they relegated to supporting positions such firm popular favorites as The Kingston Trio (second again), the Four Freshmen (down from first to third) and the Hi-Lo's (down from third to fourth).

Following is a tabulation of the hundreds of thousands of votes cast in this biggest of all jazz polls, with the names of the jazzmen who won a place on the 1961 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band set in boldface. In some categories, there are two or more winners to make up the complement of a full-scale jazz orchestra. Artists receiving less than one hundred votes are not listed; in categories where two choices were allowed, those receiving less than two hundred votes are not listed; in categories where four votes were allowed, no one with under four hundred votes is listed.

LEADER

1. Stan Kenton	**5,530**
2. Count Basie	3,553
3. Duke Ellington	3,421
4. Henry Mancini	2,881
5. Ray Conniff	1,365
6. Maynard Ferguson	1,297
7. Gil Evans	1,283
8. Gerry Mulligan	1,141
9. Benny Goodman	1,097
10. Nelson Riddle	790
11. Quincy Jones	731
12. Pete Rugolo	557
13. Dizzy Gillespie	505
14. Lionel Hampton	432
15. Shorty Rogers	425
16. Ted Heath	402
17. Les Elgart	398
18. Ray Anthony	392
19. Michel LeGrand	323
20. Les Brown	307
21. Woody Herman	295
22. Billy May	215
23. Harry James	183

TRUMPET

1. Miles Davis	**16,891**
2. Louis Armstrong	**10,705**
3. Dizzy Gillespie	**9,906**
4. Jonah Jones	**7,510**
5. Maynard Ferguson	6,379
6. Chet Baker	5,677
7. Art Farmer	5,631
8. Shorty Rogers	4,281
9. Bobby Hackett	3,779
10. Nat Adderley	3,061
11. Harry James	2,534
12. Billy Butterfield	2,275
13. Ray Anthony	2,246
14. Red Nichols	1,734
15. Pete Candoli	1,602
16. Roy Eldridge	1,467
17. Donald Byrd	1,400
18. Conte Candoli	1,367
19. Lee Morgan	1,303
20. Cat Anderson	1,061
21. Bob Scobey	855
22. Buck Clayton	797
23. Charlie Shavers	714
24. Wild Bill Davison	693
25. Kenny Dorham	596
26. Clark Terry	594
27. Muggsy Spanier	580
28. Don Cherry	561
29. Harry Edison	519
30. Don Fagerquist	508
31. Joe Newman	503
32. Al Hirt	487
33. Blue Mitchell	438
34. Frank Assunto	403

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson	**19,576**
2. Kai Winding	**14,107**
3. Bob Brookmeyer	**9,417**
4. Jack Teagarden	**8,764**
5. Buddy Morrow	5,499
6. Frank Rosolino	3,707
7. Urbie Green	3,032
8. Turk Murphy	2,513
9. Trummy Young	2,260
10. Kid Ory	2,123
11. Curtis Fuller	1,989
12. Slide Hampton	1,971
13. Jimmy Cleveland	1,879
14. Benny Green	1,876
15. Milt Bernhart	1,791
16. Carl Fontana	1,681
17. J. C. Higginbotham	1,671
18. Bill Harris	1,523
19. Tyree Glenn	1,307
20. Wilbur De Paris	1,244
21. Fred Assunto	1,025
22. Vic Dickenson	771
23. Bobby Burgess	762
24. Abe Lincoln	756
25. Al Gray	743
26. Quentin Jackson	707
27. Conrad Janis	533
28. Lawrence Brown	529
28. Kent Larsen	529
30. Murray McEachern	508
31. Jimmy Knepper	481
32. Benny Powell	461
33. Lou McGarity	451
34. Bob Enevoldsen	450
35. Julian Priester	446
36. Britt Woodman	429

ALTO SAX

1. Paul Desmond	**12,280**
2. Cannonball Adderley	**7,876**
3. Earl Bostic	6,555
4. Bud Shank	3,790
5. Johnny Hodges	3,088
6. Ornette Coleman	2,756
7. Art Pepper	2,472
8. Sonny Stitt	1,878
9. Lee Konitz	1,717
10. Zoot Sims	1,615
11. Benny Carter	831
12. Lennie Niehaus	703
13. Pete Brown	597
14. Charlie Mariano	593
15. Lou Donaldson	555
16. Jackie McLean	527
17. James Moody	509
18. Phil Woods	447
19. Herb Geller	443
20. Gigi Gryce	415
21. Willie Smith	363
22. Al Belletto	330
23. Hymie Shertzer	285
24. Gene Quill	237
25. Hal McKusick	220
26. Jerome Richardson	216

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz	**10,258**
2. Coleman Hawkins	**5,633**
3. John Coltrane	5,077
4. Sonny Rollins	3,116
5. Charlie Ventura	2,878
6. Jimmy Giuffre	2,477
7. Zoot Sims	1,823
8. Paul Gonsalves	1,387
9. Bud Freeman	1,346
10. Georgie Auld	1,339
11. Dave Pell	1,074
12. Benny Golson	1,051
13. Illinois Jacquet	1,040
14. Sonny Stitt	1,020
15. Ben Webster	991
16. Vido Musso	903
17. Al Cohn	884
18. Bob Cooper	880
19. Sam Taylor	875
20. Richie Kamuca	763
21. Bill Perkins	683
22. Flip Phillips	637
23. James Moody	538
24. Yusef Lateef	521
25. Buddy Tate	507
26. Jimmy Heath	505
27. Eddie Miller	462
28. Hank Mobley	425
29. Gene Ammons	361
30. Frank Wess	352
31. John Griffin	315
32. Bobby Jaspar	307
33. Bill Holman	298
34. Jack Montrose	267
35. Paul Quinichette	241
36. Lucky Thompson	221

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan	**19,430**
2. Bud Shank	1,322
3. Pepper Adams	937
4. Harry Carney	912
5. Al Cohn	889
6. Jimmy Giuffre	724
7. Tony Scott	471
8. Ernie Caceres	316
9. Ronnie Ross	287
10. Lars Gullin	209
11. Cecil Payne	208
12. Charles Fowlkes	201
13. Pat Patricks	161

CLARINET

1. Benny Goodman	**7,167**
2. Pete Fountain	3,989
3. Jimmy Giuffre	3,679
4. Buddy DeFranco	2,625
5. Woody Herman	2,137
6. Tony Scott	1,331
7. Buddy Collette	1,286
8. Art Pepper	1,121
9. Matty Matlock	565
10. Jimmy Hamilton	510
11. Sam Most	437
12. Pee Wee Russell	432
13. Paul Horn	391
14. Edmond Hall	374
15. Sol Yaged	367
16. Barney Bigard	278
17. Bill Smith	239
18. Peanuts Hucko	230
19. Jerry Fuller	206
20. George Lewis	145

PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck	**3,996**
2. Erroll Garner	3,836
3. Ahmad Jamal	3,794
4. André Previn	3,188
5. George Shearing	1,991
6. Thelonious Monk	1,658
7. Oscar Peterson	1,434
8. Horace Silver	772
9. Duke Ellington	758
10. Count Basie	735
11. John Lewis	611
12. Ramsey Lewis	480
13. Bill Evans	453
14. Teddy Wilson	436
15. Eddie Heywood	323
16. Nina Simone	317
17. Red Garland	311
18. Wynton Kelly	219
19. Les McCann	194
20. Earl "Fatha" Hines	188
21. Ray Bryant	159
22. Mose Allison	157
23. Bob Darch	146
24. Don Shirley	123
24. Billy Taylor	123
26. Bobby Timmons	119
27. Lennie Tristano	116
28. Bud Powell	109
29. Hampton Hawes	105
30. Pete Jolly	103

GUITAR

1. Barney Kessel	**6,544**
2. Chet Atkins	4,123
3. Eddie Condon	1,768
4. Charlie Byrd	1,665
5. Johnny Smith	1,407
6. Bo Diddley	1,220
7. Laurindo Almeida	1,157
8. Wes Montgomery	1,029
9. Kenny Burrell	1,021
10. Herb Ellis	941
10. Les Paul	941
12. Sal Salvador	880
13. Jim Hall	693
14. Mundell Lowe	525
15. George Van Eps	519
16. Freddie Green	436
17. Tony Mottola	428
18. Tal Farlow	337
19. Joe Jones	309
20. Oscar Moore	205
21. Al Viola	197
22. Joe Puma	141
23. Barry Galbraith	133
24. Irving Ashby	128
25. Billy Bauer	114
26. Chuck Wayne	104
27. John Pisano	102

BASS

1. Ray Brown	**4,598**
2. Charlie Mingus	2,527
3. Paul Chambers	2,164
4. Leroy Vinnegar	1,594
5. Percy Heath	1,312
6. Norman Bates	1,089
7. Red Mitchell	1,030
8. Chubby Jackson	991
9. Israel Crosby	989
10. Buddy Clark	941
11. Arvell Shaw	732
12. Eddie Safranski	683
13. Gene Wright	675
14. Milt Hinton	553
15. Bob Haggart	509
16. Don Bagley	493
17. Sam Jones	450
18. Monk Montgomery	447
19. Slam Stewart	389
20. El Dee Young	347
21. Howard Rumsey	325
22. Al McKibbon	287
23. Joe Benjamin	216
24. Scotty LaFaro	193
25. Eddie Jones	179
26. Red Callender	177
26. John Hawksworth	177
28. George Duvivier	167
29. Joe Mondragon	163
30. Johnny Frigo	160
31. Jimmy Woode	143
32. Bill Crow	133
33. Wendell Marshall	126
34. George Morrow	116
35. Richard Davis	112
36. Curtis Counce	111
36. Carson Smith	111
38. Mort Herbert	101
39. Doug Watkins	100

DRUMS

1. **Shelly Manne** **7,078**
2. Gene Krupa 3,506
3. Joe Morello 2,514
4. Art Blakey 1,896
5. Chico Hamilton 1,803
6. Cozy Cole 1,653
7. Max Roach 1,417
8. Buddy Rich 1,294
9. Philly Joe Jones..... 1,258
10. Jo Jones 639
11. Louis Bellson 619
12. Sonny Payne 445
13. Candido 309
14. Connie Kay 297
15. Vernell Fournier 260
16. Sam Woodyard 249
17. Stan Levey 219
18. Joe Dodge 181
19. Mel Lewis 173
20. Nick Fatool 160
21. Barrett Deems 159
22. Ray Bauduc 153
23. Ed Thigpen 129
24. Red Holt 126
25. Louis Hayes 125
26. George Wettling 117
27. Don Lamond 113
28. Osie Johnson 107

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

1. **Lionel Hampton, *vibes* 6,535**
2. Milt Jackson, *vibes*.... 3,417
3. Cal Tjader, *vibes*..... 2,224
4. Herbie Mann, *flute*... 1,525
5. Red Norvo, *vibes*..... 1,510
6. Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn* 1,487
7. Candido, *bongo* 1,069
8. Don Elliott, *vibes & mellophone*. 786
9. Terry Gibbs, *vibes*.... 785
10. Bud Shank, *flute*..... 750
11. Art Van Damme, *accordion* 729
12. Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn* 703
13. Jimmy Smith, *organ*.. 701
14. Buddy Collette, *flute*.. 464
15. Frank Wess, *flute*..... 317
16. Yusef Lateef, *flute*.... 309
17. Shirley Scott, *organ*... 275
18. Fred Katz, *cello* 269
19. Bob Cooper, *oboe* 237
20. James Moody, *flute*... 233
21. Moe Koffman, *flute*... 231
22. Milt Buckner, *organ*.. 229
22. Victor Feldman, *vibes*. 229
24. Jean "Toots" Thielemans, *harmonica* ... 222
25. Sam Most, *flute*..... 220
26. John Graas, *French horn* 202
27. Paul Horn, *flute*..... 194
28. Julius Watkins, *French horn* 158
29. Joe Venuti, *violin*..... 157
30. Peter Appleyard, *vibes* 156
31. Steve Lacy, *soprano sax* 144
32. Buddy Montgomery, *vibes* 138
33. Joe Rushton, *bass sax*. 136
34. Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn* 113
35. Emil Richards, *vibes*.. 107
36. Stuff Smith, *violin*.... 106
37. Cy Touff, *bass trumpet* 103

MALE VOCALIST

1. **Frank Sinatra** **11,210**
2. Johnny Mathis 2,441
3. Ray Charles 2,109
4. Bobby Darin 1,538
5. Harry Belafonte 1,288
6. Joe Williams 1,194
7. Mel Tormé 917
8. Nat "King" Cole..... 908
9. Sammy Davis, Jr..... 749
10. Jon Hendricks 525
11. Frank D'Rone 390
12. Mose Allison 373
13. Louis Armstrong 329
14. Brook Benton 305
15. Jimmy Rushing 277
16. Tony Bennett 259
17. Fats Domino 237
18. Buddy Greco 233
19. David Allen 216
20. Al Hibbler 203
21. Andy Williams 201
22. Bill Henderson 180
23. Bing Crosby 179
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MONEY *(continued from page 52)*

neyed answers to whatever problems are placed before them. He worries and frets about things that are trivial and superficial — even unto wearing what someone tells him is the "proper" garb for an executive in his salary bracket and to buying his split-level house in what some canny realtor convinces him is an "executives' subdivision."

Such a man defeats his own purpose. He remains a second-string player on what he somewhat sophomorically likes to call "the team" instead of becoming the captain or star player on the squad. He misses the limitless opportunities which today present themselves to the imaginative individualist.

But he really doesn't care. "I want security," he declares. "I want to know that my job is safe and that I'll get my regular raises in salary, vacations with pay and a good pension when I retire." This, unhappily, seems to sum up too many young men's ambitions. It is a confession of weakness and cowardice.

There is a dearth of young executives who are willing to stick their necks out, to assert themselves and fight for what they think is right and best even if they have to pound on the corporation president's desk to make their point.

True, an executive who crosses swords with his superiors may sometimes risk his job in the process, but a firm that will fire a man merely because he has the courage of his convictions is not one for which a really good executive would care to work in the first place. And, if he is a good executive, he will quickly get a better job in the event he *is* fired — you may be sure of that. You can also be sure that the conformist who never dares vary from the norm will stay in the lower — or at best middle — echelons in any firm for which he works. He will not reach the top or get rich by merely seeking to second-guess his superiors. The man who will win success is the man who is markedly different from the others around him. He has new ideas and can visualize fresh approaches to problems. He has the ability — and the will — to think and act on his own, not caring if he is damned or derided by "the majority" for his nonconformist ideas and actions.

Among other things, the man who would be successful in business today must ignore the popular conformist laments about those factors which supposedly inhibit business and make it "impossible" for businessmen to get rich. These include the classic bugbears of "confiscatory taxation, creeping socialism, over-priced labor" and the "Communist threat." These are favorite alibis for incompetent conformists who must find excuses to explain away their failure to accomplish more than they have.

The excuses are lame. They will not stand up under even the most cursory examination.

No one can deny that taxes are high — very high — but I don't know of a single well-managed business that has been taxed out of existence. Nor am I able to go along with the oft-propounded theory that high taxes are making it impossible for business firms to expand. Business has burgeoned throughout most peak-tax years — and the expansion continues. One need only glance over the published facts and figures that tell the story of the current expansion programs being carried out by companies all over the country to realize that. The versatile and imaginative nonconformists in business are being neither throttled nor held back by high taxes. (The personal income tax for wage earners is another matter entirely, outside the purview of this article.)

Labor costs? The honest demands made by honest labor unions are — more often than not — reasonable and justified. The worker wants a share of the wealth he helps to create — and he's jolly well entitled to it. After all, the American worker is the American businessman's best customer. The businessman would be hard put to sell his products if the worker did not have the money with which to buy them.

As for socialism, it may be creeping, but it doesn't look to me that it has crept very far. The vast majority of American businesses are privately owned — and there is no sign that the situation will change in even the most dimly foreseeable future. I might add that I've often observed that the businessmen who howl loudest about "creeping socialism" are the first to clamor for government contracts — an apparent paradox which speaks volumes.

Then, there is the "Communist threat." Unquestionably, this is a very real and serious menace. The Communists openly boast they are fighting a no-quarter economic war against the Free World. The free-enterprise system can meet the grim challenge only if its businessmen are imaginative and forceful enough to devise ever newer, better and more efficient ways of producing more and better goods and services at lower costs. The economic war will not be won by timid souls who cling to outmoded concepts and methods. In my estimation, the mania for conformity can do the Free World's cause more harm than a dozen Nikita Khrushchevs.

The point I'm trying to make with all this is that the broken-record complaints and alibis given by the tradition-bound to explain why they can't succeed are entirely without value. The real reasons men fail in this era of unprecedented prosperity and opportunity are that they are afraid — or inept or downright incompetent — and pay far more attention to what the other fellows are doing than to their own affairs.

The men who will make their marks in commerce, industry and finance are the ones with freewheeling imaginations and strong, highly individualistic personalities. Such men may not care whether their hair is crew-cut or in a pompadour, and they may prefer chess to golf — but they will see and seize the opportunities around them. Their minds unfettered by the stultifying mystiques of organization-man conformity, they will be the ones to devise new concepts by means of which production and sales may be increased. They will develop new products and cut costs — to increase profits and build their own fortunes. These economic free-thinkers are the individuals who create new businesses and revitalize and expand old ones. They rely on their own judgment rather than on surveys, studies and committee meetings. They refer to no manuals of procedural rules, for they know that every business situation is different from the next and that no thousand volumes could ever contain enough rules to cover all contingencies.

The successful businessman is no narrow specialist. He knows and understands all aspects of his business. He can spot a production bottleneck as quickly as he can an accounting error, rectify a weakness in a sales campaign as easily as a flaw in personnel procurement methods. The successful businessman is a leader — who solicits opinion and advice from his subordinates, but makes the final decisions, gives the orders and assumes the responsibility for whatever happens. I've said it before, and I say it again: There is a fantastic demand for such men in business today — both as top executives and as owners and operators of their own businesses. There is ample room for them in all categories of business endeavor.

The resourceful and aggressive man who wants to get rich will find the field wide open. The Millionaires Club has a solid-gold membership card waiting for him. It's his, provided he is willing to heed and act upon his imagination, relying on his own abilities and judgment rather than conforming to patterns and practices established by others.

The nonconformist — the leader and originator — has an excellent chance to make his fortune in the business world. He can wear a green toga instead of a gray flannel suit, drink yak's milk rather than martinis, drive a Kibitka instead of a Cadillac and vote the straight Vegetarian Ticket — and none of it will make the slightest difference. Ability and achievement are bona fides no one dares question, no matter how unconventional the man who presents them.

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY proudly announce the founding of Playboy Tours, a new concept in sophisticated voyaging and another major step (like our jazz festival and key clubs) in making the good PLAYBOY life available to readers.

Starting this April, Playboy Tours will offer luxury trips to Europe, Mexico, Jamaica, Hawaii and other glamor outposts round the globe. All will be red-carpet tours with itineraries completely in keeping with the PLAYBOY zest for the adventurously unusual, the tastefully urbane. Each tour will be assembled with a sage eye for members' ages, and congeniality of interests and outlook.

The first Playboy Tour jets off for Europe from New York, Chicago and Los Angeles April 29, to be followed by fifteen others, leaving almost every week, with the last one scheduled to depart October 7. Most of the tours will run twenty-three days and include six countries for $1440 (from New York).

A typical European tour will start in England with five days in London, and a jolly good show of theatreing, nightclubbing, estate-hopping and sports-car sampling, move on to four days in Paris, followed by a two-day stay in Nice, with an excursion to a private club on the Cap d'Antibes. Then a visit to Monte Carlo, and on for five days savoring Rome. Another four days will be spent in Switzerland, with luxury digs at the Buergenstock Estate on Lake Lucerne.

Unusual activities checked off on our clipboard include: a jazz session in a Parisian Left Bank artist's studio, dinner at a private Roman villa, visits to an Italian motion picture studio, yachting on Switzerland's Lake Lucerne, backstage visits at London's famed theatres.

The Jamaican tours will be as romantically heady a brew as a rum swizzle on a palm-fringed beach — nine days at swank Montego Bay and exotic Ocho Rios encompassing all the goodies we described in our Jamaica take-out (PLAYBOY, January 1960) and more, at this most elegant Caribbean resort. Cost, including air fare (round trip) from Miami, $345.

PLAYBOY's Mexican sojourn comes brightly wrapped in a nine- or fifteen-day fiesta-filled package, with Mexico City and Acapulco as major stopovers. For a good idea of the very special fun that's planned, see *Playboy On the Town in Acapulco* (in our November issue). Tour prices start at $420 for nine days, including air fare from Chicago.

A tempting fifteen-day tour to Hawaii that will take in Oahu and the outer islands is in the advanced planning stage. Cost: from $414 to $633 plus air fare from San Francisco.

Whether you choose a jaunt to Europe or an ebullient fling in Jamaica, Mexico or Hawaii, a tour director and a PLAYBOY staff member will be on hand to see that all proceeds with silky smoothness.

For further information, write to Playboy Tours, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

"THE ILLUSTRATED WOMAN"—NEW FICTION BY **RAY BRADBURY**

MARLON BRANDO—THE TRAGIC METAMORPHOSIS FROM ACTOR TO MOVIE STAR

FERRARI—MOTORDOM'S MAGNIFICENT MACHINE BY **KEN PURDY**

PLUS A PICTORIAL ON **"THE NUDE WAVE IN HOLLYWOOD"** AND NEW ARTICLES AND SATIRE BY **BEN HECHT, BARNABY CONRAD, RAY RUSSELL, JULES FEIFFER** AND MORE **"TEEVEE JEEBIES"** BY **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

Smart way to find your favorite scotch

Making the ***blue-glass test*** is a very intriguing game. To play it, all you need are three blue glasses numbered 1, 2, 3—three different brands of Scotch whisky—and a pretty girl to act as umpire. Actually, the pretty girl, while very delightful, is not essential. A friend or a waiter at your club or at a restaurant can be a stand-in.

The idea is very simple. It is to enable you to judge impartially which Scotch is your favorite. The three brands of Scotch are served in identically the same way (with soda, water or on the rocks) in the blue glasses, so that all look alike and you will not know which glass contains which brand.

Be sure one brand of Scotch is Old Smuggler. The other two can be any brands you like. Sip each judiciously. Compare the flavor thoughtfully. Then decide which brand you like best.

Which Scotch will you pick? Frankly, we don't know. But we do know that among men who have made the blue-glass test, many find that their favorite Scotch is Old Smuggler.

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